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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize.
  Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
  The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
  And peace on earth to gentle men!

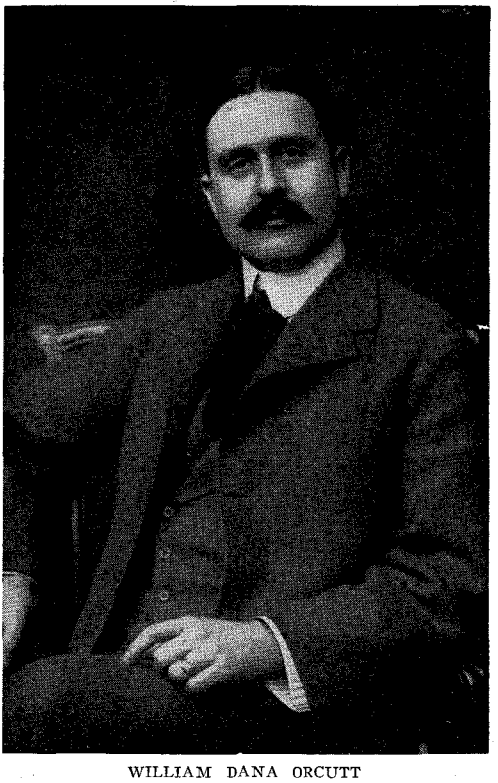
My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will.

Sophie's Orthography

An unfamiliar Dumas story. The great Alexandre was sitting at dinner with some friends. They had just complimented him upon the excellence of his kitchen. "Yes," he said reflectively, "I have a cook who is a wonder. Her name is Sophie. And do you know, she has achieved a miracle in orthography. She writes her first name without employing a single letter that belongs to it." "But it isn't possible." "Absolutely true, I give you my word. She writes it Caufy!"

The Lesser Evil

Mr. William Dana Orcutt belongs to a club most of whose members spend their leisure in motoring. Mr. Orcutt not only writes novels, but for eight hours every day manages a big business enterprise. One evening after dinner at the club the talk



WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

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was on the usual topic of motoring. One member turned to the author inquiringly. "Why don't you go in for automobiling? Don't you like it?" "Oh, yes," said the author, "I like it, but you see I use my leisure in another way. If I motored I couldn't write novels." An evening a week later Mr. Orcutt, on entering the club, paused a moment before the bulletin board. Posted conspicuously on the board was a subscription list to buy him an automobile.

JEAN WEBSTER

Two or three years ago it was Miss Montgomery with her books about a certain entertaining Anne who was associated at different times with places known as Avonlea and Green Gables who was causing us some little minor troubles for which she herself was in no way responsible. Now again we are confronted with troubles of exactly the same kind, and this time the innocent offender happens to be Miss Jean Webster, who won merited attention by *Just Patty,* and whose latest book is *Daddy-Long-Legs.* Not to hark back to the earlier experiences, let us confine ourselves to the complications of the present. Two or three weeks ago we received the following communication from the vice-president of the very dignified house which is publishing Miss Webster's stories.

Cross Reference

May we ask you to request the person in charge of classifications to keep a lookout for *Daddy-Long-Legs,* by Jean Webster, especially to see that it is not classified under the juveniles, either best sellers or otherwise. It was classified in the Sunday *Times* with the juveniles, and as the hero is a man of forty, and as it is a love story, the heroine a girl in college, it is hardly the proper place to put it. We would much prefer to have it left out entirely of any lists of best sellers rather than to see it among the juveniles.

Now we hasten to concede the complete justice of this protest and of those other earlier protests when it was a matter of Miss Montgomery's books. But as we have pointed out in our replies, we are quite powerless to change in any way any of the reports which come to us from the various cities throughout the country, and which are printed at length in the Book Mart in the closing pages of every issue of the magazine. While we fear that possibly there may have been individual cases where lists have been sent in not absolutely in accordance with merit, we are thoroughly convinced that in the bulk these lists are honest and accurate, and give a very reliable indication of the general demand for books by American readers. Certainly the last thing that we could afford to do would be to make editorial changes which might have the result of substituting one book for another in the eventual summing up of the "six best selling books." To confine ourselves to Miss Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs.* For the sake of illustration suppose that the returns from some city gave six other books as the "best sellers" under the fiction department, and indicated that *Daddy-Long-Legs* was the leading so-called juvenile. There is the predicament. Without inviting immediate and justified criticism, we could not drop any of the six books in the original list and substitute Miss Webster's story no mat-

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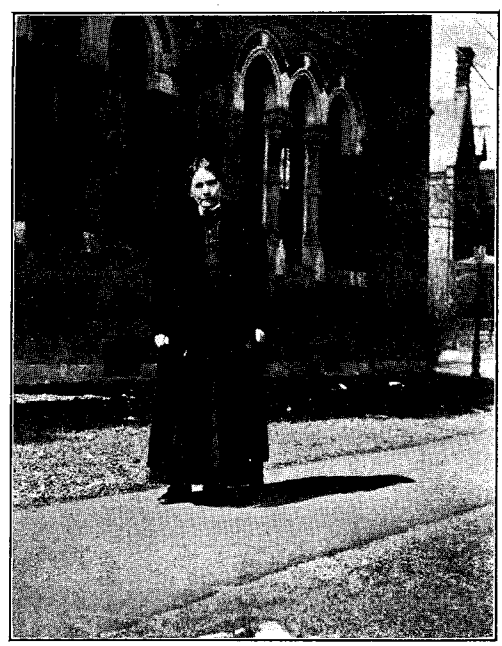
ter how strong our own convictions that it deserved a prominent place in the list. We intend this explanation not only for Miss Webster, Miss Montgomery and their publishers, but also beg to call it to the attention of our friends throughout the country who are supplying lists.

Jennette Lee

Jennette Lee, the author of *Mr. Achilles,* was born in New England and has spent most of her life there. But she was for three years in Chicago, where the scene of *Mr. Achilles* is laid. The character of Achilles was suggested to her by a story she heard Jane Addams tell of a Greek who came to Chicago full of the spirit of the past and looking forward to telling the Americans of the ruins and temples and gods of Greece; they would of course be eager to hear about them, since they had no ruins or beautiful things of their own! The story took shape as she listened, and when she went home she jotted down the notes of it substantially as she has written it in *Mr. Achilles.* But she did not actually write anything on it until a year or two later, and even then it grew a few chapters at a time. The first part of it was published as it was finished, in *Harper's Magazine,* and later chapters in *The Outlook* last summer. Many letters have come to Mrs. Lee from readers of these magazines, of pleasure in Mr. Achilles and in little Betty. The child's character had no prototype in Miss Addams's story. But she seemed a natural counterpart of the Greek.

There are several child characters in Mrs. Lee's work; the first story that she wrote was of a child, her first three books all had children's characters in them, and one of her best-known short stories, "A Village Child," is a village full of children. "The Village Child" was one of three stories accepted in the Collier short-story competition a few years ago. Twelve thousand short stories were submitted in the competition. Out of the twelve thousand Collier accepted sixty for publication, and of the sixty selected, three were written by Mrs. Lee. Mrs. Lee's time is divided into parts according to the days of the week. Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays she writes on some short story or book or play; and on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays she teaches a short time each morning at Smith College, where she has the position of Professor of English Language and Literature. On the days that she teaches she does no writing of any kind, and on the days of writing she forgets the college.



JENNETTE LEE ON THE SMITH CAMPUS

Mr. Arnold Bennett's Sin

A reviewer for the *New York Times* accuses Mr. Arnold Bennett of "deliberate insincerity or inexcusable ignorance" because in his book on the United States, reviewed elsewhere in this magazine, Mr. Bennett says he found no trace of the proverbial American "rush" at any time during his recent visit. He ought, says the reviewer, to have tried strap-hanging, and "it seems he did not try it." Therefore in the opinion of the reviewer he was dishonest or culpably negligent, "for it is as plain as the nose on a man's face that the 'rush' of New York is something no honest visitor to our shores can afford not to see, or even pretend not to

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see." Furthermore he finds in this and in other matters signs of a deplorable snobbishness on the part of Mr. Bennett. This seems unaccountably high dudgeon even supposing Mr. Bennett guilty of the crime. But was he guilty? It is a small matter, but while about it one may as well be exact. In the first place Mr. Bennett seems to be pretty well aware of the sort of "rush" to which the reviewer refers, that is, the homeward scramble of New Yorkers in the afternoon, in his description on p. 172 of the young wife who is forced to fight every time she takes a street car, and on p. 173 of the young husband, worn-out and nervous, "after his own personal dose of street-car." Nor does he seem altogether ignorant of strap-hanging when he speaks on p. 114 of a Boston host who took him on a car journey to Cambridge "as a sort of robustious outing" and of

the citizens of Brookline—reputed to be the wealthiest suburb in the world—strap-hanging and buffeted and flung about on the way home from church, in surface cars which really did carry inadequacy and brutality to excess.

STRAP HANGERS. FROM ARNOLD BENNETT'S "YOUR UNITED STATES"

If he studied the phenomenon at close range in Boston instead of New York it is proof rather of his good sense or good fortune.

Says the irate reviewer:

Even supposing a lavish American hospitality has so contrived it that the guest of the republic has been spirited about in limousines with only occasional lapses into taxicabs, it remains true that the New Yorker about his daily business—except for a quite inconsiderable number of him—does not travel so, unless perhaps he chances to be showing somebody from the Five Towns a time. . . . It was even his duty as a conscientious realist and first impressionist to try strap-hanging, and strap-hanging at the rush hour.

What would this merciless person have? Surely an honest "first impressionist" need not receive the impression on his own back or ribs. No humane reader will regret that Mr. Bennett's impressions of our street-car crowding were not indented on his bodily frame.

In the second place, the "rush" which Mr. Bennett did not find commensurate with his expectations had nothing to do with strap-hanging, as appears from his remarks on the subject on page 35. He had expected for some reason "an overwhelming violence of traffic and movement" in the business quarters of New York, and a reckless crowd "going furiously upon its financial ways" and a fearful racket in the Stock Exchange, and he was disappointed to find that these vivacities were equalled if not surpassed in certain capitals of Europe. He is not the first visitor to remark the comparative slowness of the American "rush" in certain respects. A year or so ago another Englishman was making the same complaint and presented in the *Atlantic Monthly* a really formidable bill of particulars.

The Chollop Tradition

But supposing Mr. Bennett had been altogether in the wrong, how account for the reviewer's indignation? Why does he care? And why, on the other hand, does he correspondingly rejoice when something

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American exceeds Mr. Bennett's expectations?

Every true American, whether his birthplace be Kieff or Omaha, must glow with honest pride at the praise which is bestowed upon Fifth Avenue.

Here, once more, we have that mysterious attitude of American reviewers toward the visiting impressionist on which we have so often pondered in these columns. Seldom do we find these quaint survivals of our early provincial anxieties, save in the pages of the newspaper reviews. Even there they are growing rarer. The true American glowing with pride or paling with wrath at what any scurrying British novelist says about Fifth Avenue would, we believe, be very hard to find. But there are reviewers who still think that he is numerous—reviewers who still live in the Hannibal Chollop tradition that the "country, sir, must be cracked up" and who would vindicate America against the impressions even of a balloonist who admitted that he had never once touched earth. Why should the stationary reviewer de-

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, WASHINGTON ROAD, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

"AND AFTER THE INN AND THE CLUB I WAS CONDUCTED INTO A TRUE AMERICAN HOME, WHERE THE LARGEST AND MOST FREE HOSPITALITY WAS BEING PRACTISED UPON A FOOTING OF UNIVERSAL INTIMACY. YOU ATE STANDING; YOU ATE SITTING; YOU ATE WALKING THE LENGTH OF THE LONG TABLE; YOU ATE AT ONE SMALL TABLE, AND THEN YOU ATE AT ANOTHER. YOU TALKED AT RANDOM TO STRANGERS BEHIND AND STRANGERS BEFORE. AND WHEN YOU COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY, YOU JUST SMILED INCLUSIVELY. YOU KNEW SCARCELY ANYBODY'S NAME, BUT THE HEART OF EVERYBODY. IMPOSSIBLE TO BE CEREMONIOUS! WHEN A YOUNG WOMAN BLUNTLY INQUIRED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT FAR-AWAY LOOK IN YOUR EYE, IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO REPLY FRANKLY THAT YOU WERE DREAMING OF A SECOND HELPING OF A MARVELLOUS PIE UP THERE AT THE END OF THE LONG TABLE; AND IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO EAT ALL THE THREE SEPARATE SECOND HELPINGS THAT WERE INSTANTLY THRUST UPON YOU! THE CHATTER AND THE GOOD-NATURE WERE ENORMOUS. THIS HOME WAS AN EXPRESSION OF THE DEMOCRACY OF THE UNIVERSITY AT ITS BEST. FRATERNITY WAS ABROAD; KINDLINESS WAS ABROAD; AND THEREFORE JOY. WHATEVER ELSE WAS TAUGHT AT THE UNIVERSITY, THESE WERE TAUGHT, AND THEY WERE LEARNED. IF A PUBLICIST ASKED ME WHAT AMERICAN CIVILISATION HAD ACHIEVED, I WOULD ANSWER THAT AMONG OTHER THINGS IT HAS ACHIEVED THIS HOUR IN THIS MODEST HOME."—ARNOLD BENNETT'S "YOUR UNITED STATES."

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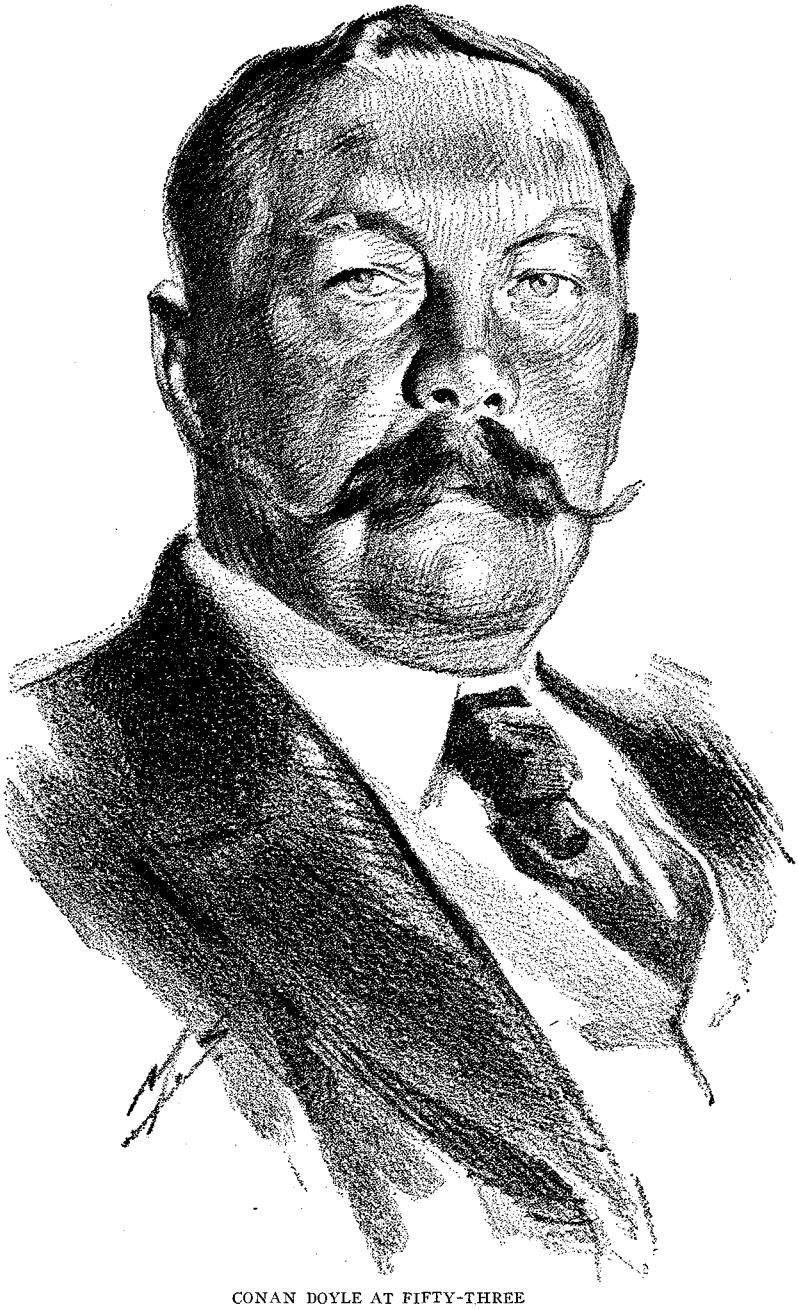

CONAN DOYLE AT FIFTY-THREE

mand that the impressions of each new bewildered, flying novelist be identical with his own? No man standing at the foot of a stairway has the same impression of it as the man who is rolling down. This truth is elementary, yet seems to be quite unknown to those who rebuke so solemnly the necessarily haphazard remarks of our whirling international impressionists. If Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for example, were to spend four days amongst us, leaping and dancing and praising God, and then in the next four days to produce the inevitable vol-

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ume, the result would no doubt be delightful and most people would understand the rules of the game. But of one thing we may be quite sure: A dozen serious American reviewers would immediately announce that Mr. Chesterton had misjudged the United States in several important particulars.

Robert Barr and Conan Doyle

About twenty years ago Mr. S. S. McClure conceived the idea of a series of "Real Conversations" between persons of interesting achievement, and one of these conversations was a dialogue between Conan Doyle and Robert Barr, recorded by the latter. Mr. Barr died last month, and Conan Doyle is a somewhat sedate Knight come to three and fifty years. But twenty years ago, or to be more exact, eighteen, Robert Barr was in the full swing of his achievements, a conspicuous figure among the clever story-tellers of the day; while Conan Doyle, after years of unremunerative struggle, both as a writer and as a medical practitioner, had found his "Open Sesame" in the creation of Sherlock Holmes, and was becoming a prominent literary light in England and in this country. This "Real Conversation" was genuine, because the men talked shop. As it was designed for publication in an American magazine it was naturally exceedingly polite to Americans, but for all that there was no reason to doubt seriously the sincerity of the talkers. Mr. Barr had a characteristic fling at the other conversations in the series by pointing out that in them everybody had agreed with everybody else, whereas, as a mater of fact, no literary man ever agrees with any other literary man. He sometimes pretends to like the books another fellow has written, but that is all humbug. He doesn't in his heart; he knows he could have done them better himself.

ROBERT BARR

WILLIAM H. ALLEN. DR. ALLEN'S "MODERN PHILANTHROPY" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

On this point Dr. Doyle chose emphatically to disagree. His argument was that a fellow-author knows the dif-

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ficulties to overcome; appreciates the effect aimed at; his criticism, even if severe, would be necessarily helpful and intelligent. Then the two turned to an amiable discussion of the writers of the day, Mr. Barr pointing out that Mr. Howells, who had no English axe to grind, considered literature in England to be a thing of the past, maintaining that authors no longer understood even the rudiments of their business. But Doyle did not concur in this view. To his mind there were at least a dozen men and women who had made a deep mark.

BARR. "A dozen! You always were a generous man, Doyle. Who are the talented twelve, so that I may cable to Howells?"

DOYLE. "There are more than a dozen—Barrie, Kipling, Mrs. Olive Schreiner, Sarah Grand, Miss Harraden, Gilbert Parker, Quiller-Couch, Hall Caine, Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Crockett, Rider Haggard, Jerome, Zangwill, Clark Russell, George Moore—many of them under thirty and few of them much over it. There are others, of course. These names just happen to occur to me."

BARR. "You think a man improves up to fifty?"

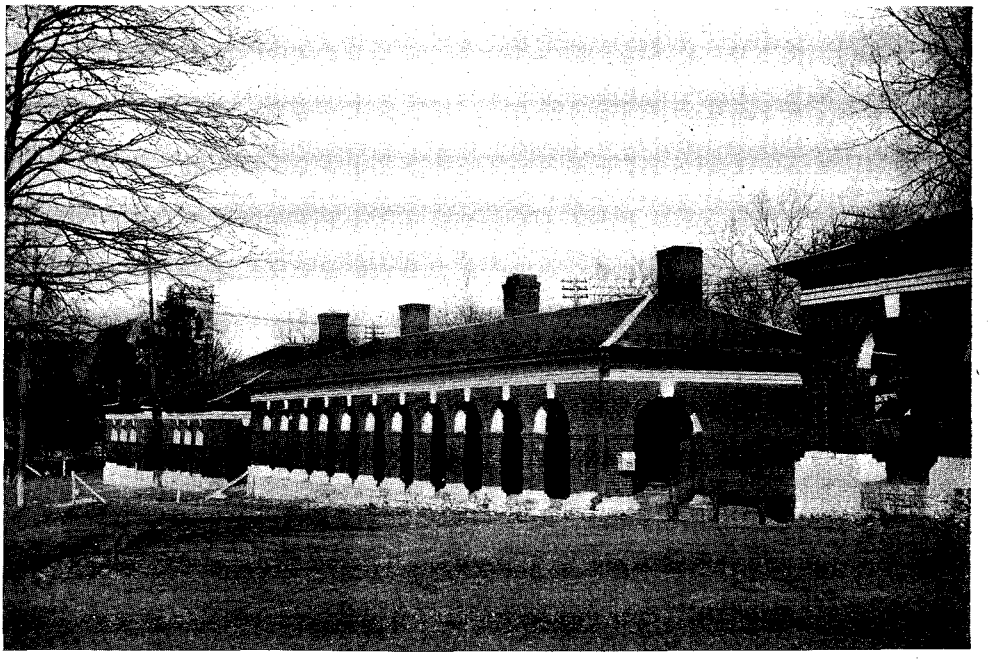
DOYLE. "Certainly, if he keeps out of a groove and refuses to do his work in a mechanical way. Why, many of the greatest writers in our fiction did not begin until after forty. Thackeray was about forty. Scott was past forty. Charles Reade and George Eliot were as much. Richardson was fifty. To draw life, one must know it."

BARR. "My experience is that when a man is fifty he knows he will improve until he is sixty, and when he is sixty he feels that improvement will keep right on until he is seventy; whereas, when he is twenty he thinks that perhaps he will know more when he is thirty, but is not sure. Man is an amusing animal. Now I would like an American dozen, if you don't mind."

DOYLE. "I have not read a book for a long time that has stirred me as much as Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke*. I think she is a very great writer. It is always risky to call a recent book a classic, but this one really seems to me to have every characteristic of one."

BARR. "Well?"

DOYLE. "Well!"



A SOUTHERN LITERARY SHRINE OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE. POE'S ROOM, NO. 13 WEST RANGE, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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BARR. "That is only one. Don't you read American fiction?"

DOYLE. "Not as much as I should wish, but what I have read has, I hope, been fairly representative. I know Cable's work and Eugene Field's and Hamlin Garland's and Edgar Fawcett's and Richard Harding Davis's. I think Harold Frederic's *In the Valley* is one of the best of recent historical romances. The danger for American fiction is, I think, that it should run in many brooks instead of one broad stream. There is a tendency to over-accentuate local peculiarities; differences, after all, are very superficial things, and good old human nature is always there under a coat of varnish. When one hears of a literature of the West or of the South, it sounds aggressively sectional."

BARR. "Sectional? If it comes to that, who could be more sectional than Hardy or Barrie —the one giving us the literature of a county and the other of a village? You know that a person in a neighbouring village said of Barrie, that he was 'no sae bad fur a Kerrimuer man.' When you speak of a section in America, you must not forget it may be a bit of land as big as France."

DOYLE. "Barrie and Hardy have gained success by showing how the Scotch or Wessex peasant shares our common human nature, not by accentuating the points in which they differ from us."

BARR. "Well, I think Howells is demolished. What do you think of him and of James?"

DOYLE. "James, I think, has had a great and permanent influence upon fiction. His beautiful, clear-cut style and his artistic restraint must affect every one who reads him. I'm sure his 'Portrait of a Lady' was an education to me, though one has not always the wit to profit by one's education."

BARR. "Yes; James is a writer of whom you English people ought to be proud. I wish we had an American like him. Still, thank goodness, we have our William Dean Howells. I love Howells so much that I feel sure you must have something to say against him; what is it?"

DOYLE. "I admire his honest, earnest work, but I do not admire his attitude toward all writers and critics who happen to differ from his school. One can like Valdes and Bourget and Miss Austen without throwing stones at Scott or Thackeray and Dickens. There is plenty of room for all."

Some Southern Shrines

Scarcely had been launched the inquiry in the November number of THE BOOKMAN concerning Southern literary shrines, than the answer came in the shape of a little book by La Salle Corbell Pickett entitled *Literary Hearthstones of Dixie*. Mrs. Pickett is the widow of the famous Confederate General Pickett of "Pickett's charge" at Gettysburg and is the author of an earlier volume called *Pickett and His Men*. Patriotic sentiment and hallowed associations therefore ensure the present book being a fairly full and reliable record of literary shrines south of the Mason and Dixon line. Some of these may indeed aspire to a wider national recognition, as, for example, Poe's room at the University of Virginia, Number 13, West Range, which will rank with Number 28, South Barracks, West Point, as a place of interest connected with the poet. In Richmond itself memorials of Poe seem to be few, since most of the buildings associated with his residence there are apparently no longer standing. Mrs. Pickett demolishes the legend of Mr. Allan's "stately mansion" in which Poe was supposed to have passed his youth, and reduces this domicile to the second story of a tobacconist's establishment. The most important literary centre which Mrs. Pickett mentions is Charleston, which, before the war, was ambitious to become the literary capital of the South —a southern Boston, in short. There dwelt William Gilmore Sims and his young friends and disciples, Paul Hamilton Hayne and Henry Timrod. Hayne's historic home was, however, destroyed in the bombardment of Charleston, and his latter years were passed in what he himself called "a little apology for a dwelling" on Copse Hill in the pine-barrens of Georgia, eighteen miles from Augusta. Timrod, too, died in exile from the "city by the sea," in a pretty cottage on Henderson Street, Columbia, which is still standing. Sims's real home was Woodlands, a mansion that his literary hospitality made famous in ante-bellum days, near Midway, the half-way stop between Charleston and Augusta. This shrine also was burned during the

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war, and Sims passed his declining years, and died, in the town itself where most of his editorial work had been done. A monument now commemorates his name and fame on the Battery.

"Even war places were literary shrines for Lanier," writes Mrs. Pickett, "for wherever he chanced to be he was constantly dedicating himself anew to the work of his life. In Petersburg he studied in the Public Library. In that old town he first saw General R. E. Lee, and watched his calm face until he 'felt that the antique earth returned out of the past and some mystic god sat on a hill, sculptured in stone, presiding over a terrible, yet sublime contest of human passions'—perhaps the most poetic conception ever awakened by the somewhat familiar view of an elderly gentleman asleep under the influence of a sermon on a drowsy midsummer day." But the real shrine of Sidney Lanier, "the sunrise poet," is the family home, which is still to be seen on High Street, in Macon, Georgia. "It is a wide, roomy mansion, with hospitality written all over its broad steps that lead up to a wide veranda on which many windows look out and smile upon the visitor as he enters. One tall dormer window, overarched with a high peak, comes out to the very edge of the roof to welcome the guest. Two, smaller and more retiring, stand upon the verge of the high-combed house-roof and look down in friendly greeting. There are tall trees in the yard, bending a little to touch the old house lovingly"—in short the very picture of what a literary shrine should be. In West End, a suburb of Atlanta, stands "Snap Bean Farm," where Uncle Remus wrote his stories. A deplorably tasteless modern structure this, but to be forgiven in spite of its ugliness by the memories of Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit which cluster around it. The editorial rooms of the Atlanta *Constitution* may also serve as a shrine for the same literary deity. Mrs. Pickett tells an amusing story of trying to find him there:

> Being in Atlanta some years ago, I called up the office and asked if I might speak to him. The gentleman who answered my call replied that Mr. Harris was not in, adding the information that if he were he would not talk through the telephone. I asked what time I should be likely to find him in the office. "He will be in this afternoon, but I fear that he would not see you if you were the angel Gabriel," was the discouraging reply. "I am not the angel Gabriel," I said. "Tell him that I am a lady—Mrs. Pickett—and that I should like very much to see him." "If you are a lady, and Mrs. Pickett, I fear that he will vanish and never be found again."

Finally she did find him, however, and when told of the morning's conversation, he said: "I never talk through the telephone. . . . I do not like to talk in a hole. I look into a man's eyes when I talk to him." On M Street, which used to be Bridge Street before Georgetown became West Washington, stands the house that was once the home of Francis Scott Key, which is still maintained as a museum, though the relics have all been removed to the Betsy Ross house in Philadelphia, and the house itself is soon to be sold and demolished for business purposes. In Christ Church nearby there is a memorial window to the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Other Southern writers of whom shrines are cherished with a sense of sectional pride and affection, even if they are not likely to be accepted on any national scale, are Father Ryan, Dr. George William Bagby, and Margaret Junkin Preston, not to forget Augusta Evans Wilson, "the 'Mother' of *St. Elmo*," who lived the best years of her life, and wrote the books that brought her widest ante-bellum fame, in a beautiful home on Ashland Place, Mobile, Alabama, which passed out of her hands some time before her death and is now the property of others.

Some Poe Questions

Quite recently some English critics have seen fit to question the story that Edgar Allan Poe, from a reading of the first instalment of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge,* anticipated the entire plot of that novel. The story has long been an accepted one, and there is a legend to the effect that Charles Dickens himself, commenting upon the

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American's astonishing feat, exclaimed: "Why the man must be the very devil." In the Virginian Edition of the works of Poe there will easily be found a critical essay on *Barnaby Rudge,* which begins with the statement that in a certain publication of a year and a half before, the writer, from a perusal of the first instalment of the Dickens story, made certain deductions, and that these deductions, with the exception of certain minor details, had been quite justified by the complete narrative. The question that the English critics have brought up is whether that first essay to which Poe alludes had ever actually been written, or whether the allusion to it after *Barnaby Rudge* had run its full course was merely a literary whimsicality on the part of Poe. We have not gone deeply into the matter and we do not remember ever having seen that actual first paper. At all events, the point is an extremely interesting one, and of real importance to Poe lovers and to American letters.

Another Poe mystery. We take it for granted that our readers remember, in a general way at least, *The Mystery of Marie Roget* and the conditions under which it was written. Briefly they were these. Some time in the forties of the last century, a certain Mary Rogers, known as "the beautiful cigar girl," disappeared from the shop on Broadway, New York, in which she was employed. Several days later her body, bearing marks of extreme violence, was found in the Hudson River, at a place near Weehawken, New Jersey, known as the Sybil's Cave. It was the celebrated case of the hour. Poe made it the basis of his story, brought in his famous Dupin whom he had used in "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter," shifted the scene from New York to Paris, substituted the Seine for the Hudson, and Gallicised the heroine's name to Marie Roget. In the form in which the tale has come down to us it ends abruptly with an editorial note to the effect that for obvious reasons only so much of Mr. Poe's story could be printed. Now the inevitable questions are, was this merely a trick of the author's, or had he actually carried the narrative to a conclusion which could not be printed at a time when justice was still on the scent of the murderer or murderers of Mary Rogers? In support of the latter theory there was the vague impression that we had read somewhere that Mr. Poe in the continuation of the narrative had fastened the guilt upon a United States naval officer.

It was a number of years ago that we first became interested in this question. Indeed we had hoped that some day we could print in this magazine the full story of *The Mystery of Marie Roget* at a time when, through the lapse of years, such publication would be perfectly permissible. Quite recently we fell to discussing the matter again with Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson. Now Mr. Stevenson is himself the inventor of very intricate mysteries and a librarian of many years' standing as well. Yet he could throw no light whatever upon the subject. So we referred the matter to that very distinguished Poe authority, George E. Woodberry, whose answer in part is as follows:

I think the form of the story has never varied in successive editions, and I know of no manuscript. I supposed the ending was only one of Poe's hoaxes. I have seen that statement about the naval officer, but in the confused mass of my newspaper clippings I cannot now find it without a long search; and it is probably only another of the innumerable Poe legends. I got a copy of the evidence of the trial, but it contained nothing of interest, merely hallucinations of a spiritualist sort as I recall it.

P. S. In favour of my view it is to be observed that Poe reprinted and revised the tale (1845), and retained with slight changes the editorial note in brackets. Had the editor and not he himself suppressed any portion, he had the opportunity to restore any omitted passage, and did not.

Mr. Munday Recalls

Mr. Luther Munday's *A Chronicle of Friendships* could not, without the most extreme exaggeration, be called a book of literary reminiscences, but here and there in the volume there are some exceedingly vivid literary impressions. For example, Mr. Munday

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speaks of meeting George Meredith at Reading. He remembers Meredith's saying that he could only speak sitting down; standing up to make a speech killed his ideas. Mr. Munday calls to mind sayings and doings of those whom he has met. "Israel Zangwill said that the two greatest writers who have sinned against the laws of writing are Browning and Meredith, the one in verse, the other in prose. Here are a few more acid drops: Carlyle said that Walt Whitman wrote as though the town bull had learned to hold a pen. In earlier days Pope said of Dr. Johnson that a dictionary maker might know the meaning of one word but not of two put together. Neither Browning nor Emerson saw anything in Shelley's poems. Carlyle speaks of Brontë's Rochester as a wooden figure in the shape of a man. Swinburne speaks of Rochester as the one supreme masculine figure. Carlyle of Browning: 'For my soul's salvation I could not make out the meaning of this Agamemnon.' Carlyle of Swinburne: 'There is nothing the least intellectual in anything he writes.' Keats, the son of a livery stable keeper, appealed to Tennyson as the greatest poet of them all; while Carlyle said of Keats, '*Isabella* might have been written by a seamstress who had eaten rich food and then slept upon her back.' Heine described Liszt to Chopin as a swaggering little insect; George Sand said of Chopin 'There was nothing constant about him but his cough.' She called his heart a cemetery; he called her a necropolis."

One of Mr. Munday's friendships was Robert Browning. The personal impression the poet made upon him was not commanding, and Mr. Munday comments that one would not have judged him a poet, much less as the man who shared with Tennyson the laurels of the nineteenth century. Once when they were speaking of clubs, Browning told how the Athenæum Club had posted his name as a defaulter by mistake. It has been generally supposed that the famous poem "Good News from Ghent" was historical or legendary, but Mr. Munday reprints a letter in which Browning tells that it was altogether an invention of his own, written at sea, inspired by the wish to be once more on the back of a horse at home. Some more epigrams quoted by Mr. Munday. "Tennyson speaks of Bacon's essays as 'Bundles of antitheses offering weapons to combatants.' Oscar Wilde on George Meredith, 'Who can define him? His style is chaos, illumined by lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language. As a novelist he can do everything except tell the story. As an artist he is everything except articulate.' "

Mr. Munday was introduced to Ouida at the Langham Hotel in London, whither he was taken by a friend to counteract any emotional display of gratitude that she might show. He confesses to a shock at the meeting.

Poor Louise de la Ramée was at that time in a chronic state of hard-up; friend after friend took it in turn to help her. My earliest literary susceptibilities revelled in and were satisfied by her drawings of guardsmen, who bathed in scent, and of ladies who threw guinea peaches at flies; but Ouida's description of sensuous luxury is Sunday-school writing compared to Pliny's on the same subject; he says that Cleopatra gave for us in her bath the equivalent of sixteen pounds, sixteen shillings per pound, for unguents of scent, imperceptible to the persons inundated with them, but perceptible to others. However, Ouida's silly vanities and petty weaknesses disappear when she writes about her beloved Florence and about animals. When I gazed on her I thought of Verschoyle's words: "I have lived long enough to know that there were other feminine virtues in this world besides that of chastity."

A Practical Teacher

Mr. A. F. Wilson, New York University's new instructor in the craft of magazine writing and making, has, if his interviewer correctly reports him, been taking Mr. Augustine Birrell's advice in regard to standard writers. Mr. Birrell in an essay denouncing the practice of admiring by tradition, urged any man who in his heart disliked a literary master to pluck up courage and hit him a "rap over his classical costard." Mr. Wilson smites right and left. At the head of Robert

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Louis Stevenson he hurls the writings of Mr. Jeffery Farnol, and in the teeth of Nathaniel Hawthorne he flings Dr. Henry van Dyke. The finest story ever produced in America is, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, "The Municipal Report" by the late O. Henry; and he has made a collection of the best contemporary short stories in French and English exhibiting a "craftsmanship and technique which would put Poe and Du Maupassant in the kindergarten class of authors." This seemed to the interviewer somewhat excessive, although he represented the *New York Times Book Review*, which is astonishingly liberal toward contemporary literary merit, and he started to interrupt, but Mr. Wilson waved him aside—

"Oh, I know you do not agree with me," he continued. "Every college professor in the country would throw up his hands in horror at the mere mention of such an idea. If you are going to be academic you have got to be careful, and smack your lips over a dead bone that has already received some attention. But put the old school and the new school to the acid test. What will you read after dinner to-night? Will it be Hawthorne and Poe, or James Oppenheim and Edna Ferber?"

I had been waiting for this opportunity, so that I drove home my next question with some force.

"Then you will throw the old fellows on the scrap-heap, and use your Ferbers and Van Dykes as examples and models in your classes?"

He did not flinch an inch. "The old school furnishes the foundation and the historical value, but if we stopped there the students would not be able to sell a single manuscript in New York City."

To the interviewer's modest suggestion that this might be a reproach of the present magazines rather than of the older writers, Mr. Wilson replied that almost every editor in New York would agree with him. The aim of the new teacher is eminently practical. He believes magazine writing can be as successfully taught as shoe-making or bricklaying, and he is already able to point to the following solid achievements: A student from the east side with no knowledge whatever of magazine writing had, before the end of the year, contributed to *Life* and several other periodicals. Another, a young woman, won a place on the editorial staff of one of the largest of our women's periodicals. A third had articles accepted by the *Outlook, Short Stories, Lippincott's,* etc.

Now why does he suppose college professors will throw up their hands in horror at these ideas? College professors are perfectly aware that the people with whom magazine editors are mainly concerned do prefer James Oppenheim to Edgar Allan Poe for after-dinner reading and are more likely to pick up the *Saturday Evening Post* than the Bible. College professors are used to the ecstasies of editors and advertisers over every new thing. It is unfair to them or to any other class of men to say that they are shocked by anything so familiar and tame as the outstripping of the Hawthornes, Du Maupassants and Poes by the Van Dykes, Oppenheims and Ferbers—in the opinion of magazine editors. Moreover, a college professor of economics proposed this very plan of a factory for short-story writers more than a dozen years ago, and as it may offer some suggestions to students in Professor Wilson's course we reproduce a portion of it here—

Essential novelty displeases the usual reader if he notices it at all. Superficial novelty is his delight, but he must be standing on good solid familiar ground to enjoy it. The homely language, the obvious humour, and the grotesque incident of the local-colour stories appeal to him. In other respects there must be identity with what he is used to. Long after the few active-minded persons have grown weary, the majority of magazine readers continue to enjoy. The commonplace is the most promising financial field for the writer of to-day. It puts a premium on compilation as opposed to composition. It completely reverses the artistic canon and requires not that a man shall think what he has to say and how best to say it, but what people wish to have him say and in what form they expect him to say it. He should write with a divided mind, keeping the better half of it on his public. To the majority of readers literary commonplace is the breath of their life. They buy it from day to day in increasing quantities. They will pay for it pretty nearly all that is asked.

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From their standpoint the note of imitation against which the critic warns the young is precisely the thing to be preserved. The advice of the critic or the more experienced writer is apt to be lacking in frankness. It assumes that an imponderable something, which is called literary merit, is a determinant of success, and it ignores the broad and promising field of literary endeavour in which this quality has nothing whatever to do with success. The very negative side of a young writer, the absence of those qualities which the few prize so highly, may be one of the chief elements in his success by smoothing his way and giving him a larger audience. For long periods of time the popular demand remains so uniform that it would be feasible to establish training-schools for literary producers. Compare the qualities which one hundred short stories of the second rank have in common. Their elements are not indefinable, nor is their mechanism especially complex. There is nothing about them to lead you to say that one author could not have written this or the other that. A careful recombining of the elements with an avoidance of anything like verbal plagiarism would, I believe, give a resultant story quite as good as any in the list. It would probably find a publisher, since it would have about it those reminiscences of success which a publisher always values.

Thackeray Among the Elements of Rhetoric

Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, one of the editors of Loeb's Classics, urges upon us the study of Greek, that we may learn to write lucidly in English. A good many others have been before him in this, but his argument is noteworthy for its recourse to concrete examples. He turns passages from English novels into Greek, aiming to show how by the very nature of the latter language the loose or superfluous terms permitted by English usage are excluded. For example, there is the following from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair:*

> The observant reader, who has marked our young lieutenant's behaviour, and has preserved our report of the brief conversation which he has just had with Captain Dobbin, has possibly come to certain conclusions regarding the character of Lieutenant Osborne.

He turns it into Greek, which may be thus rendered: "If you marked what [the before-mentioned] George did before and the things he said, not many, to [the before-mentioned] William perhaps you have perceived already what manner of man he is." Thereupon he remarks:

> You see that the English does not make it clear that our young lieutenant is Lieutenant Osborne; says the same thing twice when the "observant reader" "marks"; does not make clear how the report is preserved; and uses five abstractions which call up no image whatever, "behaviour," "report," "conversation," "conclusions," "character." Four of these five abstractions are acts and are properly expressed by verbs; one is a dead metaphor, which does not express the thought better, or indeed as well as an adjective. It is true that this can be expressed simply in English: "If you have noticed what Osborne did, and if you remember what he said, as I told it, you will know something of what kind of a man he is." It can be so put, but the point is that it is not so put; the roundabout way is the usual way in English, whereas the straight way is not only the usual way in Greek, but it is the only right way.

No one is likely to dispute Dr. Rouse's main contention. It is true, as he says, that

> No language can express so many fine variations and shades of thought. Thus the student has to carry further the art of saying what he means. . . . My point as before is, not that English cannot be simple, but that it is not, and that Greek study may help to mend this.

But when he puts this principle into practice and cites such an instance as this, he hurts the good cause he has at heart. For Thackeray was not writing telegrams, nor do Dr. Rouse's Greek and English substitutes convey the essentials of what Thackeray had to say. Even the single sentence quoted has in it something of Thackeray's genial presence, and if a longer passage had been reduced in that manner to its lowest terms it would be still more evident that all signs of Thackeray had been obliterated. The Greek version, therefore does not move more quickly to the point. It misses the main point altogether, leaving none of that delightful per-

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sonal intimacy with the author which is conferred by these very superfluities. In this instance surely the longest way round is the shortest way home, for the main thing sought by all loyal readers of Thackeray is Thackeray himself. And while not believing in his literal inspiration they do not like to think of that gracious, easy-going, confidential personality stripped, pared down, purged of pleonasms, tautologies, periphrases, anacolouthons, polysyndetons, metaphors, dead, dying, or mixed, hurried up and sent about his business with no fooling by the way. But somehow in his dilatory manner he did contrive to do that of which Mr. Howells complains, and in which others rejoice, namely, to "paint himself in with the picture."

Dr. Rouse's test seems rather severe even when applied to ordinary novelists about whose personalities nobody cares. He objects, for example, to such sentences as "She tapped her little foot," "She opened her blue eyes at him" and "He followed the black-robed figure," because the size, shape and colour have nothing to do with the point. And he is quite savage with the following sentence:

> The team spoke well for Miss Hollister's stable, and the liveried driver kept them moving steadily.

"Why liveried?" he asks. "A liveried driver drives no better than a driver without livery," and so on with other bitter questions, and he shows that it all comes down to saying that "The good horses proved that her horses were good." Such expressions, he says, are highly offensive in Greek prose. Now the pity of it is that a man so right in principle should be so absurd in practice. People are bound to say of classic studies, By their fruits ye shall know them, and the fruits he exhibits are all instances of precision run mad. Thus is Greek wounded in the house of its friends.

A Mistake in Identity

In taking up a volume of English reminiscences of recent years, written by some person who has been thrown in with literary and artistic life, we can prophesy with a certain amount of assurance just what writing men are likely to be brought into the pages. There will be of course considerable about George Meredith, the last survivor of the Victorian school. To Rudyard Kipling there will probably be half a dozen references of no particular importance. To J. M. Barrie, Anthony Hope, Maurice Hewlett, A. W. Pinero, Conan Doyle, Austin Dobson and Robert Hichens, there will be a slight passing allusion or else nothing at all. On the other hand, there is certain to be a great deal about the American Whistler, the Scandinavian Ibsen and the Hibernian Shaw. We had reached this general opinion before taking up Mrs. Alec Tweedie's *Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life*, and in the book we found nothing to change it. The genial G. B. S. is the hero of several of the volume's most entertaining anecdotes. For example, Mrs. Tweedie tells of a certain embarrassing mistake in identity. At the dinner of the Society of Authors in 1907, Mrs. Tweedie's seat at the top table placed her between Mr. Shaw and Lord Dunsany. Exactly opposite was one of the fork tables that filled the room and gave accommodation to about two hundred and fifty guests. In the corner sat a little old lady who looked at the person sitting at Mrs. Tweedie's left, consulted her programme, on which she read the name of Bernard Shaw, smiled with delight, and then the following conversation began:

OLD LADY (*beaming across table*): "I do love your writing."

GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN (*bowing*): "Thank you very much."

OLD LADY: "One sees the whole scene so vividly before one."

(*The* GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN *bowed again.*)

OLD LADY (*bending a little nearer*): "They live and move. The characters almost dance before one."

GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN: "It's good of you to say so. So few people read my sort of stuff as a rule."

OLD LADY: "They are works of inspiration! By the by, how does inspiration come to you?"

GREY-BEARDED GENTLEMAN: "Well, it's rather difficult to say. Anywhere, I think. An idea often flashes through my mind in a crowd, or even when some one is talking to me."

OLD LADY (*flapping her wings with delight,*

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and evidently hoping she was an inspiration): "Would you be so very kind as to sign my autograph book?"

"With pleasure," was the reply. And thereupon she produced a tiny little almanac from her pocket and a stylographic pen, and with a beaming smile remarked:

"Under your name, please write *Man and Superman!*"

He turned to her with a puzzled look, and then this is what ensued:

"That is my favourite play."

"Is it?"

"Don't you love it best?"

"Never read it in my life."

"What! never read your own masterpiece!"

"No, madam. I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"What! You do not mean to say that you are not Bernard Shaw?"

"No. I'm only Lewis Morris, the poet."

Naturally the old lady collapsed. The point of the matter was that at the last moment Shaw had telegraphed that he could not come till the meat course was over and Sir Lewis Morris had asked if he might take his place.

On one occasion Shaw had much to say to Mrs. Tweedie about his methods of rehearsing his plays. Mrs. Tweedie was lunching at the Shaw home in London overlooking the Thames. She told him that she had first heard of him in Berlin, in 1892, long before he had been talked of in England. She had seen *Arms and the Man* in the German capital—eight years later she was haunted by *Candida* in America, and then returned to find him creeping into fame in England. That delighted him. He told her that he insisted on rehearsing every line of his own plays whenever it was possible. He liked the actors to read their parts the first time. Then he could stop them, and give them his interpretation, and when they were learning them at home, these suggestions would soak in. If they learned their words first, they would also give interpretations of their own, which would have to be unlearned. Mrs. Tweedie asked Shaw if he thought Ibsen's influence was so great. "Undoubtedly," was the reply, "but the movement was in the air. I had written several of my plays, which, when they appeared, the critics said showed Ibsen's influence, and yet at that time I had never read a word of Ibsen. He emphasised and brought out what every one was feeling; but he never got away from the old idea of a grand ending, a climax —a final curtain."

Shaw went on to tell Mrs. Tweedie of some of his curious experiences with plays:

A few years ago I received a letter from a young man in the country. He said his people were strict Methodists, he had never been in a theatre in his life, he had not even been allowed to read Shakespeare, but *Three Plays* by Shaw had fallen into his hands, and he had read them. He felt he must write a play. He had written one. Would I read it? I did. It was crude, curious, middle-aged, stinted, and yet the true dramatic element was there. He had evolved a village drama from his own soul. I wrote and told him to go on, and showed him his faults, but never heard any more of him.

Once a leading actor-manager of mine took to drink. I heard it; peril seemed imminent. I wrote and told him I had met a journalist, named Moriarty, who had found him drunk in the street; explained that under the influence of alcohol he had divulged the most appalling things, which, if true, would make it necessary for me to find some one else to play the part. Terrible despair! Many letters at intervals. I continued to cite Moriarty, and all went well. One fine day a letter came, saying my manager had met the tale-bearer. He had happened to call at a lady's house and there Moriarty stood. The furious manager nearly rushed at his enemy's throat to kill him; but being in a woman's drawing-room, he deferred his revenge. Nevertheless, he would, by Jove, he would do it next time, if he heard any more tales. Vengeance, daggers!

Then I quaked. I had to write and say my "Moriarty" was a myth, so he had better leave the unoffending person alone.

One pleasant memory that Mrs. Tweedie introduces in her chapter "Canadian Peeps" is that of William Henry Drummond, whose work we were discussing in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN. The morning after her arrival in Montreal in September, 1900, various people

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presented themselves on errands of friendship, or through introductions. One was announced as "Dr. Drummond." The name conveyed nothing to her and she wondered at the visit.

"If I can be of any service to you," he said, "you have but to command me. I knew your father. His profession is my profession, your profession is mine, too."

"You write? Are you any connection of *the* Dr. Drummond who wrote the *Habitant?*" I asked.

"I am he."

"Oh, then, you can indeed do something for me."

"And that is?"

"Take me to see the Habitants in their own homes."

Accordingly I spent several days among the farms and cottages of the old French-Canadians with this large-hearted man. I shall never forget his recitation of his own poems. They brought tears to my eyes and lumps to my throat, they were so simple and so real. And these poor folk loved him. It was a treat to see a man so respected and adored by the people whom he had been at such pains to make understand. Drummond was the Kipling—the Bret Harte of Canada. He was not much of a French scholar. His accent was horrible, but he comprehended. He had the human understanding and perception that count for more than mere words. He would sit and smoke in the corner with an old man, and draw him out to tell me stories while the wife made cakes for our tea.

Complimenting me on my French, he said:

"I can't speak like you; often I can't even say or ask what I want."

"Perhaps if you knew more, you would not

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE

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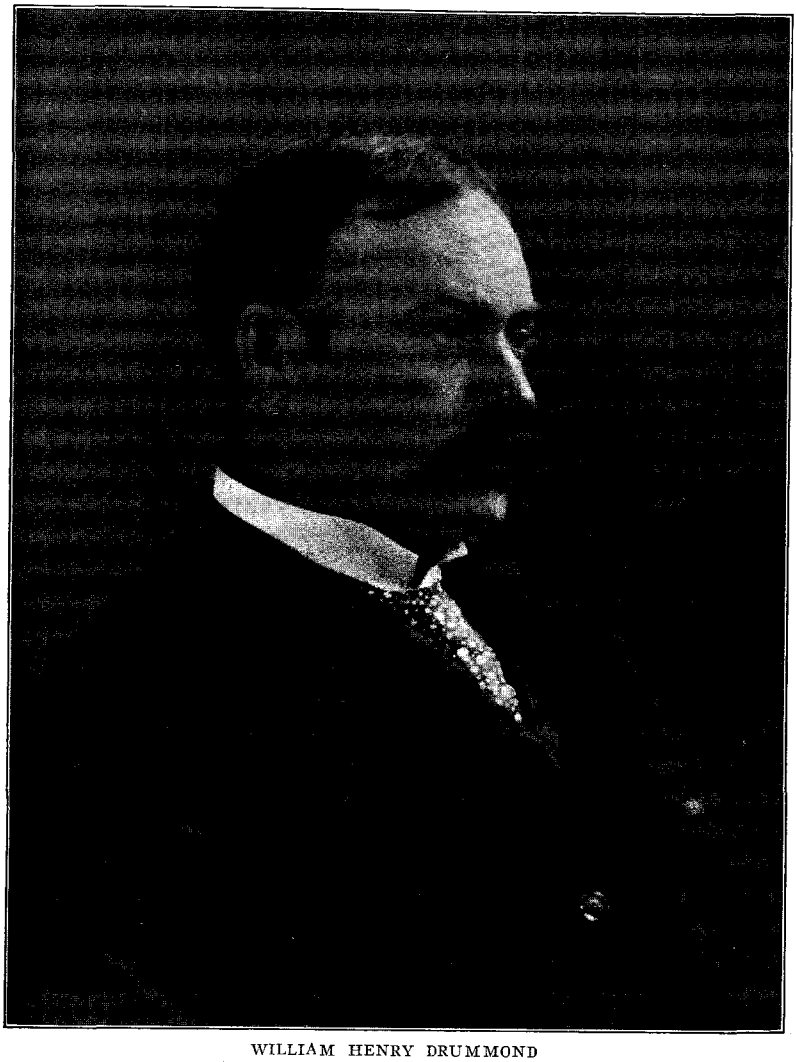

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

be able to make your poems so quaint," I replied.

"I believe you are right. I jot down the English or French words just as I use them, as the Habitants use them, and perhaps if I knew more I should not do that."

A Gentle Reminder

Professor J. M. Kettle of Dublin University expresses with remarkable exactness what a good many of us feel on the well-worn subject of the literary "moderns," especially that brilliant English group, including Messrs. Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Bennett and Belloc, who try and gather all mankind in the hollows of their hands. And all who, like ourselves, admire those charming and clever writers as individuals, and have not the slightest respect for them as sociologists, economists, philosophers, or world forces, will do well to consult Professor Kettle's admirable little paper "On Being Narrowminded" in the New York *Times Book Review* for October 27th. Contemporary books, says he, are the attempts of individual minds "to come to terms with the modern world as a whole"; which is like trying "to decant the Atlantic into a thimble."

The characteristic note of our day is not

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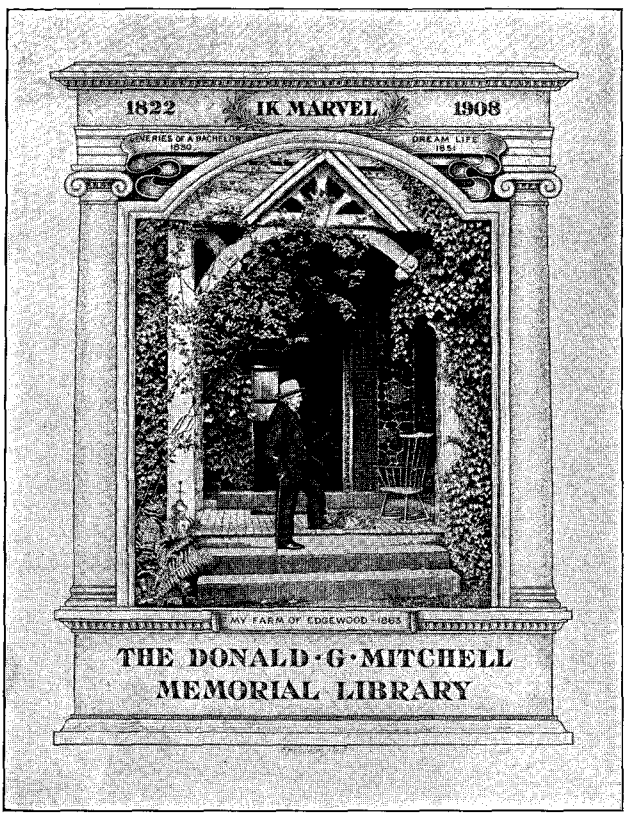

THE NEW BOOKPLATE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY FREDERICK SPENCER, OF NEW YORK, TO BE USED IN THE DONALD G. MITCHELL LIBRARY AT NEW HAVEN

pride. It is not Professor Schäfer's threat that, if we are not very nice to him, he will one day manufacture a frog out of an old pair of boots and a bowl of sugar. Nor is it the graver threat of the Eugenic Society that if we are very nice, they will arrange for the birth of a race of beings so glorious as to be indistinguishable from the members of their own committee. Nor that less scientific and more tolerable will-o'-the-wisp, the Superman, lately deceased; nor any other proclamation of our imminent omnipotence.

On the contrary, it is the rediscovery of the intoxicating fact that man is finite, fallible, prone to sin, dyspepsia, and influenza, and that in general he is rather small beer.

Hence that constant excitement over the fact that the world is large, its population numerous and its affairs complicated. Lord Rosebery, for example, is so disturbed by the number of books which he can never read that he urges us to burn the libraries, "which poison his originality." Mr. Balfour retires from politics saying that "politics have become so complicated that he cannot understand them any longer." And Mr. H. G. Wells, in his last book, *Marriage*, having set the hero to

thinking about modern life through several hundred monologues, unloaded on a very patient young lady, is obliged to send both of them to Labrador to cool their heads.

Thus, says Professor Kettle, the inadequacy of the thimble has been proved.

This crowded complexity of life has touched many of our finest minds. It tortures Mr. Wells with a metaphysical headache. It so affects Mr. Arnold Bennett that in his recent novels, if the hero meets a policeman and a porter at a railway station, you may safely expect a footnote or an inset advertisement, announcing that in 1914 Mr. Bennett will pub-

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J. D. BERESFORD AT HOME

lish, in a further supplementary novel, the spiritual history of the policeman, and in 1916 that of the porter.

Of course to any human being reasonably grounded in the past, and really aware that the world was not made yesterday, the "modernity" of Messrs. Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Bennett, Belloc *et al.* has nothing whatever to do with their merits as writers. If they were not tottering beneath the burden of "social problems" we should love them just as much. And why are they so concerned for modern civilisation as a sort of potted plant that may be killed by frost of a morning? Professor Kettle argues that they are thus left shivering, "naked in the winds" of modern doctrine because they have neither faith nor philosophy. "Human life," says he, "needs a garment of philosophy."

> If a man will but consent to accept that which has been woven for him by the secular labour of civilisation out of many intermixed fibres—God, immortality, the Christian creed, marriage, property and freedom—he need not shiver.

Of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, however, he makes exceptions—

> It is because Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc stand for these romantic and redeemed commonplaces that they are the greatest spiritual forces in English letters. But even they shine with a dimmed lustre. I cannot forgive Mr. Belloc that knock about anarchism. And who can forgive Mr. Chesterton his awful jolliness? Show him a corpse, just fished out of the Thames, or the murderer of it, or an international financier, or any other hideous object, and he is off at once to dictate an article for the *Daily News*, explaining how awfully jolly the whole thing is.

"Greatest spiritual force in English letters" as applied to Mr. Chesterton and especially to Mr. Belloc is a rather absurd use of the superlative. Except for that Professor Kettle deserves the gratitude of all rational men for his sensible words on the windiest of contemporary literary subjects.

The Old Problem

Those who are given to noticing coincidences will be interested in the experiences of Robert McMurdy, a Chicago attorney, in choosing a title for his new novel, *The Upas Tree*. The original name of the book was *In the Shadows*, but this was abandoned when another book appeared written by a coloured man, in which he detailed the woes of his people, under the title *In the Shadow*. The title of *The Upas Tree* was then chosen. A year or two afterward, in checking up the data on the poison referred to in the book—digitalin—Mr. McMurdy was surprised to stumble upon the fact that the upas trees belongs to the same family of poisons as digitalin. Work upon the book lagged until an attack of pneumonia produced a serious resolution to complete the undertaking, and it was hurried forward to meet a referendum upon the death penalty in Oregon, for the book deals largely with this problem. The publisher in due time announced the book, and his surprise can easily be imagined when he found another *Upas Tree*, that by Mrs. Barclay, when both books were too far advanced to admit of a change of title. About the same time it was discovered that there was still another *Upas Tree*, published in England in 1898. That book is a collection of articles, largely on forbidden subjects, and is apparently an advertisement of a health institute. Meanwhile, yet another *Upas Tree* had been discovered, published in the United States as long ago as 1887. No copy seems to be extant except in the Congressional Library, and the book

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is reported to be a "treatise upon dancing."

Chillicothe, Ohio

Every now and then we hear advanced the claim of some town or other to be considered with more or less seriousness as a literary centre. Conspicuous examples of comparatively recent years are Carmel, California, and Provincetown, Massachusetts. But an old town that must not be entirely overlooked is Chillicothe, Ohio, which was once the capital of the Northwest Territory, and later became the first capital of the State. For example, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, who has just published *The Black Pearl* as a successor to four or five other novels, was born and married there. There have been a number of stories growing out of the similarity of her name and that of our President-elect. That similarity is explained by the fact that her husband was the first cousin of Woodrow Wilson. Chillicothe was also the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson's mother, and as a boy Woodrow frequently visited the members of the family who remained in the old town. Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the English writer whose *Tante* was recently so conspicuous a success, spent many months of her youth in Chillicothe, which was the birthplace of her mother. In Chillicothe too was passed much of the youth of Helen R. Martin, the writer of Pennsylvania Dutch stories. Of minor mention are Charles Carey Waddell, John Bennett and Jane W. Guthrie, fairly well-known magazine writers, who were all born and brought up in Chillicothe. But the only writer who has in a full sense remained loyal to the town is Burton Egbert Stevenson, who as a contriver of ingenious mystery stories holds deservedly a place in the front ranks of contemporary American story spinners.

The Other Side

Last month in calling attention to a new book by Mr. T. W. H. Crosman, we referred to the writer's volume of ten years ago, *The Unspeakable Scot,* and its excoriation of Robert Burns as "an incontinent yokel, with a taste for metricism." On the whole we prefer to quote the concluding passage of Ian Maclaren's essay on Robert Burns contained in *Books and Bookmen,* a posthumous volume of Dr. Watson's essays which has just come from the press.

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

While he lived Scotland had begun to love her chief poet, and now there is none borne of woman, in her long history, whom Scotland loves more dearly, for Robert Burns was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. He shared the lot of the people to its last grain in his labours, his sufferings, his sorrows, his sins. He has told what the people think and feel, and love and hate. An imperfect man, a sinning and foolish man if you please, but one of the twelve great poets of the human race, and in every drop of his blood, and in every turn of his thought, the poet of Scotland. We remember the joy he has brought

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to our lives, and the expression he has given to our sorrow. We remember how he stirs us as no other voice in poetry. And for the rest of it, to quote a passage of wise charity from a delightful book of letters published within recent years, "The most wholesome attitude is to be grateful for what in the way of work, of precept, of example these men achieved, and to leave the mystery of their faults to their Maker in the noble spirit of Gray's 'Elegy':

"'No further seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.'"

Burns himself was ever anticipating his trial at the bar of human judgment, and he made his own irresistible plea for frail mortal man in the immortal words:

"Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman;
Tho' they man gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving WHY they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it."

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN, THE TRANSLATOR OF AUGUST STRINDBERG

Marion Crawford Memories

There are some comparatively unfamiliar memories of the late F. Marion Crawford in Mrs. Fraser's *Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife.* One period when Mrs. Fraser was with her talented brother was in the summer of 1883, when he was living in a study in the rocks overlooking the Bay of Naples. He was then twenty-nine years of age and had already won a public with *Mr. Isaacs.* In that summer one book was completed and another begun. The first was *To Leeward,* which contained much of Sorrento and much of personal experiences of various kinds. *To Leeward* was rather adversely criticised when it came out. Mr. Crawford's first publisher had refused it because the story in parts did not conform to the rather prudish standards of the time. Marion Crawford was exceedingly angry at the refusal and sent his next book, which happened to be *Saracinesca,* to another house. But *Saracinesca* was not the book which Crawford thought out in 1883. That was *Zoroaster,* which appeared later, and which, while less popular than some of his other stories, brought the author the gold medal of the French Academy, a tribute which gave him the purest pleasure and which he treasured devoutly all his life.

Mrs. Fraser tells of a day with Marion Crawford passed at Pompeii, when he was very full of *Zoroaster.* It was a day all blue and white, of the thousand clear and tender shades, that the vertical midday sun of the south draws from marble and sky and sea, and they were reconstructing the Pompeii of two thousand years ago, with the fine Roman ladies and their lords and cavaliers and troops of clever slaves, the dancers and singers, the busy shop keepers and the smart garrison and the brown fisherfolk, when Marion began to read the "Chant of the Priests" which he had just written for the opening chapter of *Zoroaster.*

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He was always a wonderful reader, with his full voice, his restrained and sonorous balancing of phrase. But that day some strong, compelling chord had been touched, and Mrs. Fraser recalls that after the first few words his hearers were in Italy no longer, but in the heart of the older world, the gorgeous, gold-clothed, sun-worshipping Near-East.

Then there are memories of later years when the brother and sister were together at the Villa Crawford in Sorrento. Henry James went to visit them there, and life at the villa was one round of gaiety, with the continual impromptu tableaux vivants. Marion Crawford was mad over this form of entertainment. When once the magic word "tableaux" had been spoken, he let everything else go to the winds and flung himself into the dramatic stream with a zest that carried the whole establishment with him. James's presence spurred them to extreme efforts, and a smile of pleasure and approbation from him was worth working for. Some twenty years before Mrs. Fraser had acted before him one of Musset's diaphanous little comedies. Youth and confidence had carried her through it, but she had realised her rashness when Mr. James took her aside and said, "Why didn't you come to me first? I could have taught you some of Madelaine Brohan's touches! You missed some of the best points." Of Henry James's personality Mrs. Fraser writes:

> It was a treat to have Mr. James in the house. His keen interest in everything, his utter absence of "side," the exquisite urbanity which tempered every expression of his unerring judgment of men and women; above all, his amazing humility about his own achievements, made up a most endearing personality. He greatly admired Marion and would lure me on talk of him on every opportunity. We all felt quite poor the day Henry James left the villa.

Mrs. Fraser gives a very pretty impression of her sister-in-law, Mrs. F. Marion Crawford. Although Marion had passed two years in India at newspaper work on the Allahabad *Pioneer*, the Near-East he knew in spirit only when he began to write *Zoroaster*. But soon he made his first visit to Constantinople, drawn thither by the personality and face of Elizabeth Christophers Berdan, whom he had known first in Boston. Miss Berdan's father, General Berdan, a talented officer of the Civil War, was just then fitting out the Sultan's troop with the "Berdan rifle." Miss Berdan's mother was a complete cosmopolitan, who in the early days of her married life in Berlin had been called the "Star of the North." In Berlin her eldest daughter was married to a French diplomatist, Count d'Aunay, while the future Mrs. Marion Crawford was still a little girl in the school-room, much in request at the Palace as a playmate for the young German princesses. In later years she showed Mrs. Fraser a little ring that one of them had given her, saying apologeti-

CAROLINE LOCKHART

Miss Caroline Lockhart spends much of her time on her ranch at Cody, Wyoming, Her latest novel, "The Lady Doc," tells of the adventures of a lady doctor in a little "cow-town." Like "Me—Smith," her former story, it is a portrayal of Western types.

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cally, "I would like to give you something finer, Bessie—but—Granny Vic is so stingy." Marion Crawford, though cordially received by the Berdans on his first visit to Constantinople, was still too diffident, and made another journey in the later summer of 1884, when his suit prospered and was followed by his marriage to Miss Berdan on the fifteenth of October of that year. Constantinople supplied him with a new background for romance, and *Paul Patoff* was the literary fruit of these visits.

MRS. HUGH FRASER

To revert to the days when Mrs. Fraser and her brother were together at Villa Crawford. After her sad return from Japan in 1894 she went to him in October, and had been there only a few days when he begged her to take to writing. "Write a children's story," he said, "it will take your mind off other things and will sell well—there is a dearth of good stories for children just now." So she began the *Brown Ambassador,* and in that rigmarole of fancy could completely forget her own identity as long as the pen was in her fingers. The greatest pleasure she had out of the little book was in her brother's delight over its absurdities. His great happy laugh over the scene where Squawx, the wicked old crow, gets drunk, rings in her ears still, she tells us. Much good advice he gave her too. It was not addressed to her, but to a young writer who complained that he could not compose in uncongenial surroundings. "My dear boy, composing is entirely a matter of habit. If you made up your mind to do it, you could write a treatise on ice cream in Hell."

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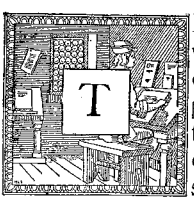
As has been said, *Paul Patoff* was the literary fruit of Marion Crawford's visit to Constantinople in 1883 and 1884. The story treated of the disappearance of a man in Constantinople, and the ultimately successful search of his friend. In the narrative, Paul Grigg, a character generally accepted as Marion Crawford himself, brings his influence to bear upon the private secretary of the Sultan, with the result that after a long and arduous search the missing man is found. At the time of its appearance the book was roundly abused by a Turkish friend of Mrs. Fraser, Reshid Bey. Never, he declared, could such an outrage occur as the kidnapping of a foreigner in Constantinople. The city was as civilised, as well policed, as London or Paris or Berlin, and the whole thing was a cruel calumny. But a few years later Mr. Crawford had a friend visiting him at his home in Sorrento. The friend in question went thence to Constantinople and soon afterwards disappeared mysteriously. The story told in the novel was played out detail by detail. Mr. Crawford secured the assistance of the original of the Sultan's secretary in the book. They followed the same plans and had the same suspicions. There was but one difference. It was that in actual life the man was never found.

HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY*

BY ROBERT BARR



HERE was a man once who, wishing to engage a coachman, took the applicants for that position to a road bordering a cliff, so that each might show how near he could drive to the edge with safety. One competitor brought the wheels of his vehicle within a foot of the precipice; another had nine inches margin; a third, six inches; while another daring individual left barely an inch between himself and destruction. The final aspirant, however, crossed to the other side of the road, and drove as far from the precipice as possible, and him the man engaged as coachman.

I don't know that this fable has any direct application to what I am about to say concerning short stories, but it came into my mind on reading the comment of an editor on a short story I have written, and which I believe appears in *The Temple Magazine* for March. The editor wrote: "It occurs to me that your story ends rather too abruptly. Will you pardon my suggesting this, and will you see whether another hundred words added to the proofs would not improve it somewhat?"

Now, I leave it to any sensible author, in a fair way of trade, if the suggestion that his story *can* be improved does not come upon him with a shock of surprise. Nevertheless, I gave what time I possessed to the problem, and after mature deliberation admit the story may be strengthened, but not by lengthening it. My contract was to get those two young people over the border safely, and that done, my task ended; yet must I go maundering on telling what became of the innkeeper, which had nothing to do with the story; therefore, cut a hundred words off, Mr. Editor, if you like; but any addition to the narrative, it seems to me, would make it worse than it now is.

I think a rightly constructed short story should always allow the reader's imagination to come to the aid of the author. I am myself thoroughly convinced that those two young people married each other, and doubtless lived happily, in less tumultuous lands than France, ever afterward; but I submit that my commission extended not so far as that. I saw them secure across the

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boundary, and after that, God bless you both! My undertaking was to save their necks from the sharp blade of the guillotine by whatever means was practicable, and if, afterward, they threw their arms round the spot where the axe might have fallen, that was not my affair, so I turned my back and looked the other way—an action which, I doubt not, all true lovers will commend.

I think it will be generally admitted that up to a few short years ago the English story-teller was outdistanced by his brother of France or of America. If I were put to it to find an English writing compeer of Guy de Maupassant, I should have to go to California and select Ambrose Bierce. America has been particularly notable in her short stories, from the time of Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe to the to-day of Howells, Stockton, Aldrich, and Henry James. It would be difficult to find the equal in ingenious short stories of *Marjory Daw,* by T. B. Aldrich, or *The Lady or the Tiger,* by Frank Stockton; while as far as serious short stories are concerned, *A Man without a Country,* by the Rev. Edward E. Hale, and some of the short stories by Mary E. Wilkins, reach a very high level.

I take it that the reason of this discrepancy is because the Englishman has been hampered by tradition, while the Frenchman and American have not. Up to a very recent date a story of less or more than six thousand words was hardly marketable in England. I have in my possession a letter written by the editor of a first-class London periodical to whom I sent a story of two thousand four hundred words. The editor wrote that he was pleased with the story, and that if I would make it six thousand words in length he would take it.

It would have been an easy matter to have padded the effort several hundred per cent., with the result of spoiling the story, but much as I desired to appear in that celebrated journal—for I was young then—I had the temerity to point out to the editor that this was a two-thousand-four-hundred word idea, and not a six-thousand-word idea; whereupon he promptly returned the manuscript for my cheek.

I am pleased to see that the younger periodicals are driving from the field the stodgy old magazines that have done so much to handicap the English writer of short stories, and so we may look upon the six-thousand-word tradition as sadly crippled, if it is not yet dead. But the tradition is still rampant in England, and nowhere else, in other fields of writing industry. The Englishman dearly loves to have things cut into lengths for him. In the sixpenny reviews you will find articles all of a size, while in the great dailies, I suppose the heavens would fall if the leading article were more than an exact column in length; therefore a ten-line idea has to be rolled exceedingly thin to make it run to a column of space. Then among the horrors of London is the "turn-over" in some of the evening papers. I often picture to myself the unfortunate wretches who labour upon these deplorable articles. They must toil away, piling word on word, till they slop over the leaf, and then their task is ended.

The body of French and American short-story writers is largely recruited from the brilliant young men of the press; but if you put upon young men the iron fetters which English newspaper work imposes, they soon become fit for nothing else than the production of stories six thousand words in length, to the letter.

Five years ago the editor of a magazine sent me a note asking me to write for him a five-thousand-word story. I promised to do so as soon as a five-thousand-word idea came to me. He wrote frequently for that story during the first three years, but lately he seems to have given it up. He is not more discouraged than I am: he might as well have expected a man to eat an eight-course dinner with a four-course appetite. To my sorrow, I haven't met with a five-thousand-word idea since 1891.

It seems to me that a short-story writer should act, metaphorically, like this—he should put his idea for a story into one cup of a pair of balances, then into the other he should deal out his words; five hundred; a thousand; two thousand; three thousand; as the case may be—and when the number of words thus paid in causes the beam to rise on

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which his idea hangs, then is his story finished. If he puts a word more or less he is doing false work.

I have, finally, a serious complaint to make against the English reader of short stories. He insists upon being fed with a spoon. He wants all the goods in the shop window ticketed with the price in plain figures. I think the reader should use a little intellect in reading a story, just as the author is supposed to use a great deal in the writing of it. While editor of a popular magazine I have frequently been reluctantly compelled to refuse my own stories, because certain points in them were hinted at rather than fully expressed, and I knew the British public would stand no nonsense of that sort. The public wants the trick done in full view, and will have no juggling with the hands behind the back.

I often think there was much worldly wisdom in a remark the late Captain Mayne Reid once made to me. "Never surprise the British public, my boy," he said; "they don't like it. If you arrange a pail of water above a door so that when an obnoxious boy enters the room the water will come down upon him, take your readers fully into your confidence long before the deed is done. Let them help you to tie up the pail, then they will chuckle all through the chapter as the unfortunate lad approaches his fate, and when he is finally deluged they will roar with delight and cry, 'Now he has got his dose!'"

I believe if I had accepted this advice I might have been a passably popular short-story writer by this time.

In a recent book, the name of which I shall not mention, for I cannot conscientiously recommend it to the gentle reader, dealing, as it does, with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, I endeavoured to give a series of stories told without a superfluous word, and in the writing of this book I had a model. Our world has been a going concern too long for any effort to claim originality. My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, will live when most of us who are scribbling today are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops. My own book, based on this model, was reviewed at some length by the critic of one of the sixpenny reviews. Now, one may perhaps be justified in expecting that a man who is paid for giving his estimate of stories will peruse them with more care than one who buys the book and reads them for nothing; yet this critic, although highly commending the book, and desiring not only to be just but generous to the author, selects two stories, the first and last in the volume, and in each case completely misses the point on which each story hinges. The first is an unpleasant story about a man and his wife, who hate each other so thoroughly that each resolves to murder the other—the man by brutally flinging his wife over a precipice in Switzerland; the woman by flinging herself over the same precipice under circumstances that will convict her husband of her murder. The story hinges on the fact that neither suspects the other of murderous thoughts, and this, so far as the woman is concerned, is shown by her last words, "I know there is no thought of murder in your heart, but there is in mine"; yet the critic says, "In 'An Alpine Divorce' we have a wife who divines that her husband means to throw her over a precipice."

In the second story are a Russian wife, a French husband, and a French girl, who is the wife's rival. They are seated together at lunch in a room belonging to the wife. The Russian has saturated the carpet and walls of the room with naphtha, which, as every one knows, is a volatile substance, and when so used would at once fill the room with an inflammable gas ready to destroy all within if a match were struck. The cause of the final catastrophe is hinted at in the conversation between husband and wife:

"What penetrating smell is this that fills the room?" asked Caspilier.

"It is nothing," replied Valdoreme, speaking for the first time since they had sat down. "It is only naphtha. I have had the room cleaned with it."

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The critic, speaking of this story, says: "'Purification' turns upon the revenge of a Russian wife upon her rival, which she secures by the means of *an explosive cigarette.*"

These instances, and other indications similar to them, lead me to the opinion that if a man wishes to be successful as a short-story writer he must lay it on with a trowel. If he is going to consume his characters with naphtha, he must state the number of gallons used and the method of its application. All of which goes to show that that eminent writer of romance, Euclid, is an unsafe model for the modern short-story writer to follow.

THEMES AND STORIES ON THE STAGE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN olden fairy-tales we read of many honourable souls condemned to dwell in cramped and crooked bodies, and we also read of many goodly bodies that walk the world untenanted by any soul. These fables lay a finger on one of the monstrous ironies of life. It would seem to our finite minds that if the creative spirit of the universe were at all reasonable in its workings it would clothe a fine soul with a fair body and use a foul body as the tenement of an evil soul; but this harmony is seldom to be seen in actual creation. The wicked Mary Stuart looks the loveliest of women; the serene, sagacious Socrates wears a funny face; and very few people enjoy, like John Keats, the privilege of looking like themselves. Seldom does the soul fit the body, or the body fit the soul; and this might almost be imagined as a reason for that disassociation known as death.

What is true of human beings is also true of works of art; for any genuine work of art, because it is a living thing, may be imagined to have a body and a soul. Sometimes, as in the case of the poems of Walt Whitman or the paintings of El Greco, the soul is finer than the body; sometimes, as in the case of the paintings of Andrea del Sarto or the poems of Poe, the body is fairer than the soul; but very rarely are the two of equal beauty, as in the supreme poem of Dante and the supreme painting of Leonardo.

The soul of a play is its theme, and the body of a play is its story. A play may have a great theme and an inadequate story, or an interesting story and scarcely any theme at all: it may be a noble-minded hunch-back or a shallow-pated Prince Charming; but only a few great plays reveal profound, important themes beneath the lineaments of engaging and enthralling stories.

By the theme of a play is meant some principal, or truth, of human life—such a truth as might be formulated critically in an abstract and general proposition—which the dramatist contrives to convey concretely to his auditors through the particular medium of his story. Thus, the theme of *Ghosts* is that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and the theme of *The Pigeon* is that the wild spirits and the tame spirits of the world can never understand each other. Granted a good theme, a playwright may invent a dozen or a hundred stories to embody it; but the final merit of his work will depend largely on whether or not he has succeeded in selecting a story that is at all points worthy of his theme.

As an instance of the desired harmony between the two we may point to *A Doll's House,* which succeeds in illustrating Whitman's maxim that "the soul is not more than the body" and "the body is not more than the soul." The theme of this modern tragedy was thus formulated by Ibsen in a note pencilled on the back of an envelope in Rome on October 19, 1878: "There are two kinds of spir-

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itual law, two kinds of conscience—one in man, and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man. . . . A woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with laws framed by men and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view." This thesis is the soul of *A Doll's House:* its body is merely a story setting forth an instance of the commonplace crime of forgery. Yet this instance is so skilfully selected that the story develops naturally and inevitably to that astounding final dialogue which incorporates the essence of the theme and seems not of an age but of all time. Here is a story that is eminently adequate to the occasion that called it forth; and yet it is conceivable that Ibsen might have invented an entirely different narrative to carry and deliver the message of his drama.

That the playwright's range of possible invention is almost limitless is proved by the fact that the same theme has often served as the basis of several great plays, by different authors, whose stories have shown no obvious resemblance to each other. Thus, the theme of *Macbeth* is that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself will fall on the other side; and this is also the theme of *The Master-Builder,* which tells a very different story. Likewise *Hamlet* and *L'Aiglon,* which are unlike in narrative details, are identical in theme—the essential basis of each being the failure of a man of poetic and reflective temperament to cope with circumstances that demand a man of action.

In view of the wide range of possible invention, it is surprising that so many of our playwrights fail to devise stories that are worthy to incorporate their themes. No other source of failure in the theatre comes more often to the fore. An instance of this inadequacy is offered by the current play called *Milestones.* The soul of this piece is a great theme—namely, that "crabbèd age and youth cannot live together," because youth is always radical and forward-looking and age is always backward-looking and conservative; but its body is merely a sedentary, unimportant story that deals with such a minor problem as whether ships should be built of wood or iron or steel, and such an ordinary question as who shall ultimately marry whom. And because of the inadequacy of its narrative, the critic who envisages the theme of *Milestones* must regard the finished fabric as less impressive than the authors should have made it.

Sometimes, but more rarely, the contrary fault may be exhibited in the theatre. There is a type of play that commands attention by its cleverness of plot and its deft manipulation of suspense and of surprise, without revealing any central and essential theme or conveying any general truth of life for the auditor to add to his experience. Such a play may succeed for the moment, but it is not likely to live in after years. For [to return to our former statement] a work of art is like a human being; and nothing can survive of either but the soul. As Browning remarked, with sardonic truthfulness —"The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned." Generations breathe and eat and laugh and love and die; but only those few men remain immortal who leave their souls behind them. If a man shall say, not merely with his mouth but with the entire mood and meaning of his living, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" or "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," the world must evermore remember the life of which this message was the theme; but it easily forgets the million men whose inexpressive dust returns to dust. So it is with plays. Those that succeed in saying something have earned an opportunity to live; but those that say nothing must suffer, sooner or later, the iniquity of oblivion. A good story is necessary in order that a play may attain an immediate success; but a great theme is necessary in order that it may require the attention of posterity.

"The New Sin"

To such people as are willing to think in the theatre, *The New Sin* was one of the most interesting plays that have been disclosed in many seasons. It is the first dramatic work of Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings, the editor of the London *Bystand-*

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er; and it augurs well for his future as a playwright. Mr. Hastings has brains —a fact of which this present effort gives abundant evidence; and he is also endowed with a natural instinct for the theatre. *The New Sin* discusses a momentous theme with extraordinary intellectual intensity, and the author has developed his plot with a sure sense of theatrical effectiveness. Yet the play failed badly in New York; and the only logical reason for the failure was that the story of the drama was not equally as important as the theme. The average person can seldom see through a body to the soul; and the average audience can rarely look behind a particular story for the general truth that it incorporates.

The essence of *The New Sin* is a struggle between the right to live and the duty to die; and the author's purpose is to imagine a man so circumstanced that his mere continuance to live shall seem to him a sin, because his death would obviously benefit a dozen of his fellow-beings. This theme was familiar enough in the life of ancient Rome and is still familiar as a point of honour in Japan; but in England at the present day the theme looks strange and new, because it has been traditional in Europe for nearly sixteen hundred years to assume as an axiom the right to live and to deny, even as a theoretic possibility, the duty to die. Hence this modern play, in which the author intended to weigh life and death in an impartial and reasonable balance, was destined from the outset to be a startling work; and it might have been a great work if Mr. Hastings had succeeded in inventing a story that was worthy of his theme.

But the story of *The New Sin* is scarcely satisfactory, because it is based upon an assumption which, though not impossible, is so extraordinary as to seem incredible. Hilary Cutts had quarrelled with his father; and, before dying, the old gentleman had tied up his large fortune in such a way that Hilary should never receive a penny of it. Not only did he leave all his money to the ten or a dozen of Hilary's younger brothers and sisters; but, fearing lest they should give or lend a share of their legacies to him, he made a provision that the money should not be paid to them till Hilary should die, or, in the event of his continuance in life, until the lapse of twenty-one years. It is difficult to accept this eccentric will as the condition precedent to an earnest intellectual discussion; but if this initial weakness of the story be condoned, the critic must admit that the subsequent progress of the plot seems at all points truthful and inevitable.

It happens that Hilary is the only member of the family who is of any use. He is a promising painter, and is easily able to earn his own living; but his brothers and sisters are incapable of self-support and are soon reduced to want. Hilary, who stands between them and their fortune, gives them nearly all the money that he earns, and thereby so hampers his own career that he is prevented from accomplishing any genuine service to the world; but even this quixotic generosity does not lift his family above the level of desperation. He therefore decides, after mature deliberation, that it is his duty to commit suicide, in order that his helpless brothers and sisters may succeed to their inheritance.

Hilary's younger brother, Max, a weak-minded and iniquitous youth, has been discharged for misconduct from the draper's establishment in which he had been working. He happens to meet his ex-employer in Hilary's rooms; and, impulsively seizing the pistol which his brother had intended to turn against himself, he shoots the draper dead. The situation is intensified by the fact that the draper was a sensual and brutal beast and that society has obviously been benefited by his taking off. Hilary's course is now clear. He can both save his brother and accomplish his own determined suicide by assuming the guilt of the murder and getting himself judicially executed. He is convicted on his own confession and the corroborative testimony of Max, and is condemned to death. But at the last moment his sentence is commuted to imprisonment for life; so that his desperate relatives are, if anything, worse off than they were before.

With this ironic note the play originally ended; but Mr. Hastings was persuaded to add another act for American audiences, in which Max confesses his

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guilt and Hilary is set free, after which Hilary sells a picture for a large sum and buys his relatives off by giving them the money.

The intellectual power of this play cannot be suggested by any summary of its story, since the story is less worthy than the theme; but the dialogue is crammed full of thought which is both earnest and profound. The author occasionally speaks in his own person instead of allowing his characters to speak for themselves; but all that he says is interesting. The characters are clearly and powerfully drawn, and the dialogue is admirably written. No woman appears upon the stage throughout the entire course of the action; and though the play is all the better for this unusual omission, the general public may have been disappointed by the suppression of the eternal feminine. But whatever may have been the cause of the failure of *The New Sin*, the fact remains that it is a work of quite uncommon intellectual distinction. It is deplorable that the New York public should permit such a worthy play to fail.

"Anatol"

Arthur Schnitzler's *Anatol* has been noted for a decade on the continent of Europe. It is not a play, but merely a sequence of seven conversations between a bland young light o' love of gay Vienna and seven different women, with whom he finds himself, at the moment, falling in or out of love. Five of these dialogues are now presented at the Little Theatre in an English paraphrase by Mr. Granville Barker.

The worldly-wise and witty Schnitzler is deeply versed in the phenomena of love, and these smiling dialogues are remarkable for their psychologic subtlety and for the amiable cynicism of their satire. None of the episodes attains the tensity of drama; but the sequence exhibits an interesting series of characters, and the conversations are clever and amusing. *Anatol* is an entertainment that is very well suited to the aristocratic clientèle of Mr. Ames's tiny playhouse. It hits the note of after-dinner conversation.

"The Blindness of Virtue"

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has handled a very important theme in *The Blindness of Virtue*. The piece is intended as an attack on the sheltered-life system of bringing up young girls, and as a warning to those prudish and prurient-minded parents who allow their children to cross the dark ferry of adolescence in ignorance of the basic facts of sex. Yet the story which Mr. Hamilton has selected to incorporate his theme seems scarcely stern enough. As Emerson said to the young man who had ventured to criticise adversely the philosophy of Plato, "When you strike at a king you must kill him." If this question is to be discussed at all in the theatre it should be discussed grimly, as in Wedekind's *The Awakening of Spring*. But Mr. Hamilton's story merely touches the problem lightly and then dances daintily away to an arbitrary happy ending.

The heroine, Effie Pemberton, is seventeen years old. She is the only child of the vicar of a small living in Middlesex, and has been brought up in utter ignorance of life. Quite naturally she falls in love with a boy of twenty-one who has been sent down by his father to be tutored by the vicar. The boy, whose name is Archie, is called away to London for a day or two; and Effie misses him so sorely that she drifts to his empty room at midnight and waits there till four o'clock in the hope of his return. The boy comes back at seven; and, hearing him in the house, Effie casts a kimono over her night-dress and rushes to his room to greet him. She mistakes his apparent aloofness for an indication that he is not glad to see her; and, in the utter innocence of her wounded childish heart, she makes unconsciously so strong a physical attack upon him that he cannot forbear to gather her eagerly and passionately into his arms. At this moment her father enters. The scandalised vicar accuses Archie of having seduced his daughter; and this accusation is so deeply wounding to the boy that he is driven to the verge of suicide. But the vicar learns in time that the apparent guilt of Effie has resulted merely from her injudicious innocence; and the play ends happily, with an indication that the young people will be married in the near future.

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The particular instance of trial marriage that Mr. Elmer Harris has chosen as the basis for his dramatic discussion of this interesting problem is so exceptional that the apparent answer of the play cannot be accepted as having any necessary application to the general question.

"Trial Marriage"

A social experiment that has been advocated by so wise a mind as that of George Meredith calls for popular discussion in the theatre; but the theme is so serious that it will not do to tamper with it.

Blair Thomas, in Mr. Harris's play, is a popular lecturer who advocates trial marriages; and Marie Louise Ridgway is a young woman of wealth who believes in the independence of women and pursues the profession of trained nurse. These two fall in love with each other and desire to unite their lives. Thomas insists that, before binding themselves to remain married till death shall part them, they should first live together in freedom for three months in order to put their congeniality to the test. To this the heroine consents; but the initial weakness of the plot is that she does so against her individual desire. Any experiment in trial marriage which is not entered upon with equal eagerness by both parties cannot be accepted as a typical instance of the problem.

The couple retire to a cabin in the woods of Maine; and their life for three months is ideally happy. Then Thomas becomes unreasonably jealous of an elderly friend of the heroine's who has loaned the cabin to them. This friend feels a fatherly affection for Marie Louise, and does not hesitate to demonstrate it. Finally there is a flare-up, in which Thomas, in a jealous rage, nearly chokes the heroine to death, after which she renounces him forever and sends him forth into the stormy night.

By this time the hero has been exhibited as a weakling and a cad. He is, indeed, the sort of person that George Meredith would have consigned to eternal damnation, with volleyings of hostile thunders. He has ceased, therefore, to be a worthy protagonist against the world in favour of a theoretic social innovation. But in the last act the author allows the heroine to accept a reconciliation with him and to agree to marry him legally for good and all. This conclusion represents a feeble surrender to public sentiment, and subtracts from the importance of the play.

The title of *The Point of View,* by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, calls attention to the one thing that is lacking in the play. The author tells an interesting story, and tells it very well; but his narrative materials are traditional, and he does not succeed in making his audience regard the phase of life that he depicts from any novel and illuminating point of view.

"The Point of View"

The heroine, Myra Dimsley, is an inherently virtuous young girl who has been led astray by her love for an unworthy man who has seduced and then deserted her. She is befriended by a wealthy young woman, named Frances Lawton, who dedicates her life to helping fallen girls. Miss Lawton takes Myra to live with her in her apartment; and the heroine soon discovers that her betrayer is no other than Robert Lawton, the brother of her benefactress, though she had known him only under another name.

Robert is now engaged to marry a society girl of his own set, but he offers to do the right thing and marry Myra. This offer she rejects, because she knows that Robert no longer loves her; and, without any word to her benefactress, she runs away and hides herself in an obscure boarding-house. When the Lawtons finally find her in her hiding-place she states hysterically that she has had many illicit lovers before and after Robert, and thereby forces them to leave her alone. But in the last act Miss Lawton discovers that her original faith in Myra had been rightly founded; and the heroine determines to marry an honest-hearted man from her home town who knows her tragic story but is willing to forgive and to forget the error of her past because he genuinely loves her.

This story is told by Mr. Goodman with a technical dexterity that is above the ordinary. There are many thrilling moments in the plot; and the gravity of the most emphatic incidents is relieved and lightened by several intervening passages

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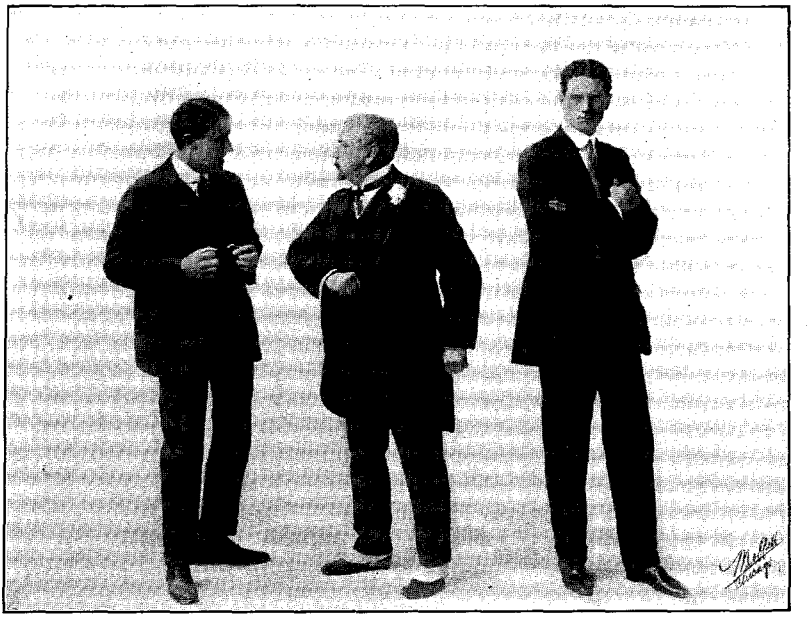

"THE NEW SIN"—ACT II

"Max happens to meet his ex-employer in Hilary's rooms; and, impulsively seizing the pistol which his brother had intended to turn against himself, he shoots the draper dead."

of comedy. But after the play is over the critic cannot feel that the author has really succeeded in saying anything. *The Point of View* tells an interesting story; but it lacks a theme.

"A Rich Man's Son"

The story of *A Rich Man's Son,* by Mr. James Forbes, is also devoid of an informing theme. Mr. Forbes has demonstrated in the past that he possesses several rare gifts for the theatre. He can catch the atmosphere of an entire *milieu* of life—the life of chorus-ladies or travelling salesmen or commuters, for example—and exhibit it upon the stage in *ensemble* scenes made up, like mosaics, out of many little bits of character. He has a sense of fun, a sense of sentiment; and he can write expressively in slang. But in *A Rich Man's Son* he has afforded himself very little opportunity for the exhibition of these gifts. He has not elected to depict the humours of any chosen *milieu* of life. Some of his characters are simple and true, but others are elaborate and false. The sentiment is artificial; and even the humour appears a little forced. The central trouble seems to be that the play [as the phrase is] is not about anything. It tells a fairly entertaining story; but the story conveys no meaning and no message.

A rich man's son falls in love with a capable young woman who is his father's confidential secretary. Against the girl's will (although she loves him) he carries her off in his automobile with the resolve to marry her. He is arrested on the road for speeding, and thereby overtaken by his mother and father. His father threatens to disown him if he marries the secretary; but his gentle-hearted mother realises that the girl will be the making of him, and finally persuades her husband to consent to the marriage.

That is all there is to Mr. Forbes's story; and it will be noted that the narrative is scarcely worth rehearsing. Yet in the character of the mother the author has created a living human being who is well worth meeting and listening to. The part of the heroine, however, is very badly written. The dialogue of the entire play is curiously uneven—some passages being humorous and human and others artificial and rhetorical.

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"THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL"

"A conversation between a bland young light o' love of gay Vienna and a woman with whom he finds himself, at the moment, falling out of love."

"TRIAL MARRIAGE"—ACT II

"Thomas becomes unreasonably jealous of an elderly friend who has loaned the cabin to them."

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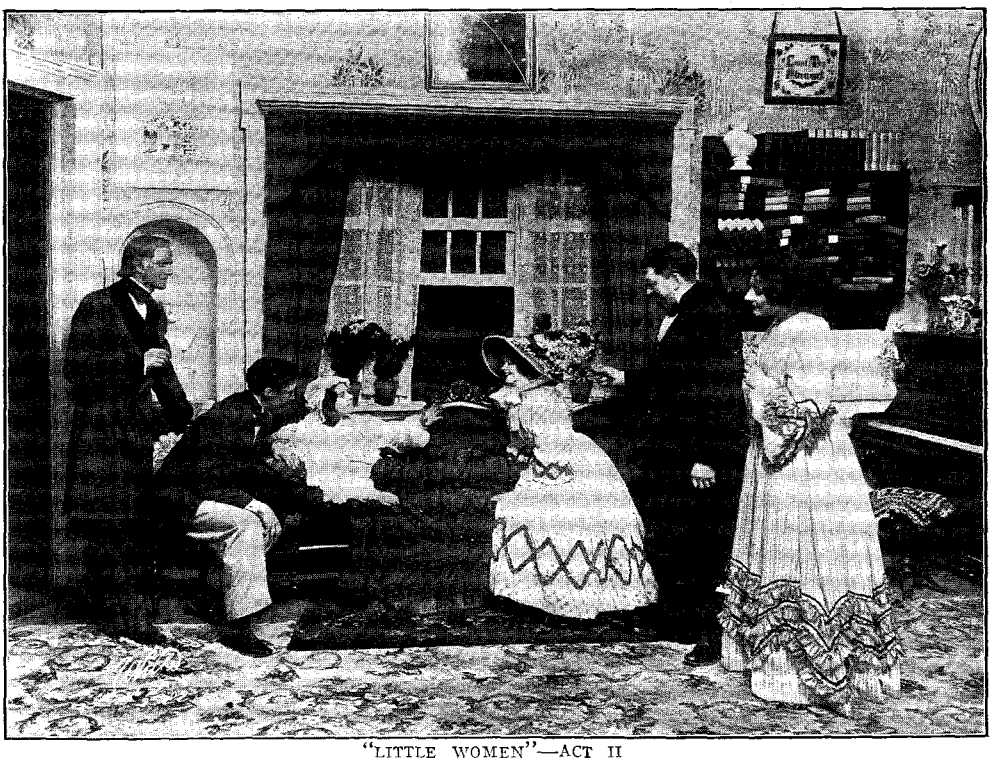
"LITTLE WOMEN"—ACT I

"We are rescued from the roar and glitter of Broadway and whispered away to the poetry and peace of little old New England."



"LITTLE WOMEN"—ACT II

"We breathe for a delicious evening the aroma of a departed domesticity: we know ourselves to be in Concord half a century ago."

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"Little Women"

Miss Marian de Forest's stage-version of Louisa May Alcott's immemorial story, *Little Women*, may be lacking in a well-articulated body, but it reveals a lovely soul. This justly famous novel is not at all dramatic; and Miss De Forest has wisely refrained from any attempt to turn it into a play. Instead, she has merely opened the covers of the book and allowed the characters to step alive upon the stage. The result is one of the most ingratiating entertainments of the year.

It would be impossible to praise too highly the delicate and charming taste that is displayed in this reverent resurrection of the old familiar story of the four immortal girls imagined by Miss Alcott. We are rescued from the roar and glitter of Broadway and whispered away to the poetry and peace of little old New England. We breathe for a delicious evening the aroma of a departed domesticity: we know ourselves to be in Concord half a century ago, and we experience a pleasurable sense that Emerson himself may lift the latch at any moment. Here is a wholesome entertainment which is, in an essential and ancestral sense, American. It is a source of present pleasure and of smiling memory.

"THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN"—PART III, SCENE 2

"The Empress loves the Emperor; but, impelled by her ancestral pride, she takes poison and dies within his arms."

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"The Daughter of Heaven"

It is scarcely worth while for the critic to devote detailed attention to the widely heralded production of *The Daughter of Heaven,* which is utterly unworthy as a work of art. This piece unfolds a panorama of eight pictures, purporting to represent the life of contemporary China. The costumes are costly and the scenery is sumptuous; but the production evokes the atmosphere of Italian opera instead of the atmosphere of China. The characters wear mandarin cloaks in a battle-scene upon the ramparts of Nankin; although everybody knows that Chinese soldiers at the present day wear the ordinary service-uniform of khaki. In a street-scene near the great gate of Peking the colours are all wrong. The Chinese people of the lower classes dress habitually in blue; but they are here exhibited in red and yellow, brown and green and buff.

This lavish but unauthentic panorama is accompanied by a literary commentary written orginally by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, and translated into English by Mrs. Golding Bright. M. Loti is a great stylist; but his languorous and luscious prose is ill-adapted to the demands of terse dramatic dialogue. And the story of *The Daughter of Heaven* is lacking in dramatic interest. The Emperor of the ruling dynasty of Tsin falls in love with the Empress of the rebel dynasty of Ming. He captures her in battle, and

"THE YELLOW JACKET"—PART II
Wu Hoo Git makes love to Moy Fah Loy.

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proposes to end the enmity between their races by a marriage that shall establish them as equal rulers over a united China. The Empress loves the Emperor; but, impelled by her ancestral pride, she takes poison and dies within his arms.

This is a quite ordinary story; but it takes the French authors several hours to tell it, to the accompaniment of operatic scenery. There is no dramatic tensity in the action; there is no literary merit in the translated dialogue. The panoramic spectacle never induces the illusion of reality; and the sympathetic critic is merely moved to regret that so much money should have been expended to so little avail.

"The Yellow Jacket"

But *The Yellow Jacket,* on the other hand, deserves to be recorded as the most remarkable artistic achievement of the present season. This is a veritable Chinese play devised and written and produced by Mr. J. Harry Benrimo and Mr. George C. Hazelton, Jr.

It may probably be stated as a fact that Mr. Benrimo knows more about the Chinese stage than any other American to-day. It occurred to him that it would be interesting to devise a play out of the traditional materials of the Chinese theatre and to present it precisely in accordance with the conventions of the Chinese stage. He planned a typical story and called Mr. Hazelton into collaboration to write the lines. Mr. Hazelton's text is subtly humorous, richly lyrical, and touchingly poetic; it represents a literary achievement of extraordinary worth. The story drifts pleasantly through a magical variety of moods; and many passages allure the mind to philosophic thought. But perhaps the main interest of this unique and utterly unprecedented composition is derived from the manner of its presentation.

The conventions of the Chinese stage are, at nearly every point, identical with the conventions of the Elizabethan stage, for which Shakespeare devised the greatest of all dramas; yet these conventions are so unfamiliar to the theatre-going public of to-day that they seem both ludicrous and childish. It is a principle of the theatric art that, whenever an author encounters an essential weakness in his dramatic project, he should not endeavour to cover it up, but should rather call attention to it in order to get the audience [so to speak] upon his side. In pursuance of this principle, the authors of *The Yellow Jacket* have wisely contrived to make the conventions of the Chinese theatre seem a little more funny than they actually are. They have invited their American audience to laugh at these conventions; and they have forced their audience, by this very act of laughing at them, to grow so familiar with the Chinese conventions as to accept them ultimately as media for the expression of delicate poetry and poignant pathos. This psychological achievement must be recorded as a signal triumph of a simple and sincere, but very hazardous, artistic purpose.

It would be superfluous to summarise the story of this play, since no enumeration of its ever-fluctuating flow of incidents could suggest the whimsical and subtle art with which the story is unfolded. The black-robed property-man [who is supposed to be invisible] piles a few chairs together in the middle of the stage, smoking all the while a careless cigarette and looking ludicrously bored at the performance. A young man and a young woman climb upon the chairs, and tell you that they are reclining in a flower-boat that is drifting slowly down a river. Two attendants [imagined to be boatmen] stand behind the chairs and pole rhythmically at the unresisting air with slender bamboo rods [imagined to be oars], while a musician [in full view of the audience] scrapes two pieces of sand-paper together to imitate the swish of water along the bilge of a boat; and lo! in spite of [or perhaps because of] the crudity of these conventions, the auditor finds himself really and truly [because imaginatively] drifting in a boat, banked with flowers and lyrical with song and redolent of youth and love. To achieve such an eloquent effect as this by means so primitive and childish is a scarcely precedented triumph of theatric art; and the critic can merely toss his hat aloft in praise of the imaginative prowess of Mr. Benrimo and Mr. Hazelton.

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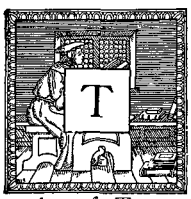
PIERRE LOTI—ACADEMICIAN

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

"As Wagner is to Beethoven: so is Loti to Shakespeare."—JULES LEMAITRE.



HERE is in the modern Frenchman, probably more than in the native of any other country, something of the dual personality of Alphonse Daudet's immortal Tartarin of Tarascon. One moment he is Don Quixote Tartarin, musing wistfully of adventure, responsive to the magic of names, building magnificent day dreams of splendid, heroic achievement in lands exotic and remote; then Sancho Panza Tartarin, after all quite well pleased with commonplace existence and the material comforts of every-day life. Some day in the vague future he will go forth to visit strange seas and continents; for the present he will content himself with strolling leisurely to his favourite café, and sipping a mild *apéritif*. Is not Monsieur Loti conveniently at hand to tell him of Barbary, Morocco, Cochin China, Iceland, and Tahiti; to feed that remnant of the ancient tribal nomad spirit? To that remnant, to the slumbering wanderlust, to the thirst for the mysterious "elsewhere" just beyond the ken Pierre Loti owes the instantaneousness of his success. Always a magician in words, he struck from the beginning a note which made him at once an immortal of to-day and of to-morrow.

With all due appreciation of his remarkable achievement, it must be conceded that in the peerage of art and letters Pierre Loti is one of the rarely favoured sons. When we recall the arduous beginnings of many another novelist of the foremost rank, the seven years of Maupassant's servitude under the tutelage of Flaubert, the youth of Alphonse Daudet, passed in writing unessential little verses and tales, the plodding patience of Zola, under contract to turn out two volumes a year for the meagre salary of five hundred francs a month, and the long, irksome tutorship of Bourget, the almost immediate success of this young French naval officer, the rapid vogue of his early books, the benevolent interest of his critics, appear at first sight phenomenal. Even Ferdinand Brunetière, who begrudged a word of praise to any line writer later than the eighteenth century, was surprising and unwontingly gracious. "It is truly a pleasure," he wrote at the beginning of a long study devoted to *Mon Frère Yves*, "and a satisfaction of rather a rare sort when we have had reason to fear that a writer, still young and possessed of real talent, was in donger of compromosing his best qualities along a path which was not precisely the best path, to see him of his own accord recognise his error;" and in conclusion he adds, "a work that has the stamp of originality is not, as so many fancy, a work in which you can write at the bottom of each page 'beautiful! admira-

THE LOTI OF YESTERDAY

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"THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN." THE PALACE GARDENS AT NANKIN

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ble! sublime!' It is simply a work behind which after you have said all that you have to say of it, you must acknowledge that there is a personality; and this must be acknowledged of *Mon Frère Yves;* and it is something that we do not have to acknowledge every day." To which Lemaître added: "As I turn the last page, I feel quite intoxicated. My soul is like an instrument which has vibrated too much, so that even the silent persistence of past vibration is painful."

But long before Brunetière and Lemaître discovered Loti, the world had found keen delight in the very volumes for which the former had, at times, scant tolerance; volumes with strange, bizarre names, redolent of the mysterious east. And the reason why volumes like *Azyade, Le Mariage de Loti, Le Roman d'un Spahi* have such swift appeal is not far to seek. Loti came at an auspicious hour. French fiction, through constant perfecting of technique, was tending to become stereotyped. No one questioned that; thanks to the labours of Flaubert, the De Goncourts, Daudet, Maupassant, and Zola, it had made vast strides from the loose construction of Balzac and of George Sand. But the greatest excellences of the modern masters were excellences that they had in common. And there was an unspoken, perhaps unconscious, yet widespread desire for something new and original, even if not quite so faultless. Loti responded to this desire. He was without training as a writer, he had no knowledge of technique, he was not even much of a reader; his business was to circumnavigate the globe, under government orders; and the great part of the year he was utterly outside the over-refinement of the boulevard and the salon, unconscious of the fads and tendencies of the hour, isolated between the two immensities of sea and sky, companioned chiefly by his memories and his dreams. And so he wrote primarily to please himself, which, as his case proves, is sometimes not a bad way of pleasing others.

II

The Loti of yesterday was very much like the Loti of to-day: the child was the father of the man. In the house in the seaport town of Rochefort in which he now lives, a house which has been transformed into a fairy palace, Julien Viaud was born on January 14, 1850. The Viauds were an old Huguenot family, some of whom emigrated to Holland at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The childhood of Julien Viaud was the uneventful, somewhat harsh childhood of most French boys. But it was coloured by wonderful dreams. From the earliest years his surprising imagination manifested itself. He grouped about him other children, told touching stories, of which his little friends could never hear enough; built little theatres, composed plays and acted them. He was a musician at a very early age. He developed in the members of his family a love of the beautiful in all its forms. Landscapes, flowers, filled him with delight, and it was often difficult to arouse him from ecstatic contemplation. Actual life was a myth; the only reality was that dream life in which he so ardently believed; in which he was a hero playing his part to the verge of danger. As a kind of preparation for this dream life he gave himself an extraordinary education, which made of him a gymnast, even an acrobat, a passionate lover of all physical exercise. For his family, especially for his mother, he had a kind of adoration. Religion influenced him, and he was so affected by the grandeur of Biblical poetry that at one time he dreamed of becoming a pastor. This idea soon made way for the more adventurous one of life as a missionary. But what he regarded as the severity of religion soon threw a shadow over these plans, and the monotonous sermons preached at the church grew wearisome to him. Of the career as a missionary only one aspect continued to appeal—the adventure, the pursuit of the "elsewhere." He was sent to college, but was not happy there. His companions were of a different, a coarser clay. Incapable of writing the conventional compositions demanded of the school boy, he found solace in a journal of his own, in which he jotted down his dreams and aspirations. He was fourteen when the idea of becoming a sailor first dawned upon him. Then he went to

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Paris, lived the life of a student in the Latin Quarter and did not like it. The Bohemia of the grènier and the grisette was to him "dull, sickening and unhealthy." Some one has described him in the Latin Quarter as "a bird who had been caught and caged too late in life."

Julien Viaud entered the naval school, and made his first real voyage on the *Jean-Bart* in the Mediterranean. Then he started from Lorient to join the *Flore,* a vessel navigating from San Francisco to Valparaiso and sometimes visiting the coast of Polynesia. The journal of his childhood was assuming serious proportions. When he was not on duty he was writing or drawing his impressions of the new lands. He was twenty-three, the age of McAndrews in the Kipling poem:

By day like play-house scenes the shores slid past his sleepy eyes;
By night the soft, lascivious stars leered from the velvet skies.

His father had died, his elder brother was dead, his mother and sister were in a precarious position, and Loti was helping them with part of his very meagre officer's pay. While serving on board the *Flore* he spent several weeks at Tahiti, falling in love with the enchanting scenery and the beautiful inhabitants, and drawing from them the inspiration for his *Rarahu.* In 1876, when a sub-lieutenant, he was transferred to the *Gladiateur* at Constantinople. He is described as having been at that time extremely cold and reserved, looking much younger than he really was, making few friends, always going on shore alone, and when the service allowed, staying for long periods away from the ship, walking about the streets of Stamboul dressed as a Turk, and in the company of natives. Very likely at this epoch he was living the romance of *Azyade.*

III

In January, 1879, *Azyade* appeared with the following title: *"Azyade* (Stamboul 76-77): Extracts from the notes of a lieutenant of the English navy in the service of Turkey, killed under the walls of Kars." In common with the earlier volumes of Loti, *Azyade* has scarcely any structure at all. As Henry James has phrased it, after pointing out what he calls Loti's "almost impertinent amateurishness and laxity of composition," "I know of no case in which literature, left to come off as it can, comes off so beautifully." From first to last Loti was surprisingly naïve in the matter of sheer form. The early tales are simply a series of amorous adventures, beyond the borderland of civilisation, wherein women of exotic beauty, primitive passions and dusky skins hold the hero-author in their thrall through a brief sequence of keen and ardent days. In *Azyade,* it is Constantinople and a Circassian girl; in *Le Mariage de Loti,* it is Tahiti, and Rarahu, the "little arum-flower," with black, silken tresses and eyes set so near together beneath the brow that when she was laughing or gay, they gave her face the mischievous shyness of a marmoset"; in *Le Roman d'un Spahi,* it is the African desert, the sun-ravaged Bled-el-Atmeh, and the sensuous spell of the negress Fatou-Gaye. These early books are a phantasmagoria of sensuous beauty of form and colour, dissolving views seen in a crystal sphere, pictured with a realism of startling frankness, as personal adventures of the author himself, under the thinnest pretence of disguise. Enacted in a setting sketched in with a luminous pencil, they nevertheless remain essentially the stuff that dreams are made of, elusive mirages in which reality mingles confusedly with Loti's hopes, his memories, his inexhaustible phantasy. There is a note also which cannot be ignored—a morbid note which even the French, accustomed to literary outspokenness, have had to recognise. Maurice Barrès has defined Loti as *violemment sensuel,* and Brunetière has protested that his books contain *trop d'amour troublant.* In England critics have been even more outspoken; Henry James, for instance, and Edmund Gosse, who once paid Loti the following curious tribute:

There is a piece in *Figures et Choeses* which certainly ought never to have been written,—it is horrible, unseemly. But I have read every word of it slowly, with gusto, as we read our Loti, balancing the sentences, drawing the phrases over the palette. It is a vice, this Lotism, and I am not sure that there ought not

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to be a society to put it down. Yet if I am persuaded to sign a pledge never to read another page of Loti, I know that I shall immediately break it.

Azyade attracted little attention. Undisturbed by the failure, Loti went on writing, and produced *Rarahu,* or *Le Mariage de Loti.* The second book met with a very different fate. It was a success from the first. "The greatest literary masterpieces," wrote Jules Lemaître, "have never moved me so much." Loti was fairly launched as a man of letters, and his material future was secure. In 1881 *Le Roman d'un Spahi* appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue.* For this book Loti drew upon his impressions of a campaign in Senegal and Guinea, which he went through when he was a lieutenant. It was a marvellous picture of Africa mournful and desolate. The next year Loti published *Fleurs d'Ennui,* one of his least known works, and in 1883 *Mon Frère Yves.* This book, a pathetic study of a Breton sailor addicted to intemperance, is artistically one of his highest appeals. "Beneath this daring painter," Brunetière wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* "there is certainly a poet, and a poet with his own ideals and methods." Yet the story itself, which in his earlier works was slight, was reduced in *Mon Frère Yves* almost to nothing at all.

Great as was Loti's reputation after *Mon Frère Yves* it rose still higher with *Pecheur d'Islande,* the book which, in the estimation of most critics, marks Loti's apogee. This book has been the most widely read of all his works, and it is unquestionably the most finished. The plot is essentially simple. Loti never saw Iceland, but then Iceland does not actually appear in the novel: the real subjects are Brittany and the sea, with Iceland as a remote silhouette. It is just a poignant tragedy of humble fisher folk, seen through a veil of northern mist and rain, and is rightly called the prose epic in which "the ocean sings, as it were, a varying chorus to the drama of human passion and woe."

In 1883 Loti went to China, and served through the Tonkin campaign. Out of this journey grew *Madame Chrysanthème, Propos d'Exile* and *Japonneries d'Automne.* The first named, while one of the author's most enduring successes, is one of his least adequate works. Loti did not like the Japanese: he found them ugly, artificial and unemotional. And throughout the book is a note of mocking irony that is not only new to him, but that ill fits his style as a colourist and his temperament as a dreamer.

It is a temptation to linger over each successive volume, as they came with augmented fertility from his pen: *Propos d'Exile, Japonneries d'Automne, Le Livre de Pitié et de la Mort, La Galilée, Le Desert, Reflets sur la Sombre Route,* to mention only a few as their names come haphazard to the memory. Fiction, travel, autobiography, fugitive impressions, these various literary forms and types blend and merge indistinguishably. Of all that Loti writes the words of Brunetière remain true; always we are conscious chiefly of the personality behind the page. Wrapped in an intangible cloak of gentle melancholy, we see him move through the various scenes that he describes, in them and yet never quite of them. He seems to be forever saying, "All things are fugitive and illusory, all things are destined to pass and perish; love wanes, happiness is a dream, life itself is a fleeting vision; nothing is sure and lasting save the infinite sadness of things."

IV

There is a comparatively obscure book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle entitled *The Doings of Raffles Haw.* The hero, having found the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold, is in the possession of unlimited wealth. With a portion of this wealth he constructs for himself a home in which he is able to transport himself in a minute to the atmosphere of any quarter of the earth that he wishes to visit. A button is touched, there is a movement of well-oiled machinery, and Raffles Haw and his guests are in Japan or Labrador, or on the banks of the Nile, according to the mood of the moment. Conan Doyle might have found his suggestion for that tale in the paternal home of Julien Viaud at Rochefort as it became in the author's later life. The outside of the house is not im-

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pressive, but the interior is astonishing. The first drawing-room is altogether of the fashion of to-day, but it looks out on a pagoda—not an imitation, but a real pagoda brought back piecemeal from the island of Formosa. Loti and a comrade went night after night at the risk of their lives, to carry away some portion of it, before demolishing it altogether to take it back to France. Loti made the campaign on the isles of Formosa on the *Triomphante,* and by attention to the smallest details has reconstructed the pagoda with such exactitude that it gives one the impression of being immediately transported to the Orient. From this pagoda a little stairway ascends to the Turkish salon, a room which copies the interior of an Arabian dwelling with scrupulous fidelity. Madam Adam once wrote of this room that in spite of the poetry and grace of every detail, in spite of the richness of the Arabesque, the shimmerings of the hangings, the attraction of the furnishings, which all invite to *far niente,* and the incomparable beauty of the carpets, of which Loti possesses a choice collection, a woman there feels the oppressive anguish of a prison. Adjoining the Turkish apartment there is Madame Pierre Loti's own room, a bedchamber of the First Empire, containing a mahogany bed with wonderful brasses, hangings of yellow red with blue borders, long chairs, easy chairs, pier tables, *bibelots;* ceilings adorned with enormous golden honey bees in relief. Then there is the chamber of Loti himself, the room of a Breton peasant, the bed very high, with tall posts of oak, curtains of red and white checked cotton, a tall dresser, an ancient oaken table with basin and ewer of water, the floor tiled, and a pair of sabots at the foot of the bed. Here one finds Brittany, the scene of *Pecheur d'Islande,* after having traversed the First Empire, and Turkey, and China. In the atmosphere of this wonder house Pierre Loti, come to two and sixty years, goes on dreaming as he dreamed as a child. And just as he always remained a child to his mother, who lived to an extreme old age, so he seems always to have been a child to his wife, who loves to bear the name of Madame Pierre Loti in preference to that of Madame Julien Viaud. As much as the most impassioned of his readers she admires her husband, and knowing his love for flowers, it is one of her favourite occupations to renew the flowers on his working table. At this table Pierre Loti has been sitting from two o'clock till six o'clock in the afternoon to produce the books which have made his name known throughout the world. In the morning he has been Lieutenant Julien Viaud of the French Navy, devoted to his work as a mariner. When he has been in command of a vessel the dreamer has been lost in the officer. He has always been adored by his sailors, who, if not exactly familiar with the works which won him his seat as an Academician, have learned honestly to admire his justice as an officer and his prowess as a gymnast and a marksman.

On April 11, 1892, Loti became an Academician, taking the chair that had been Octave Feuillet's. In his address to the Academy he described his impressions while the question of his nomination was under consideration at Paris. He was in a skiff on the sea, returning from his small vessel, the *Zarclot,* and was fully persuaded that he, so far away, so great a stranger to the tactics which often have an influence with the learned assembly, could not be proposed. And yet, in spite of his doubts, he had an impulse to stop at the telegraph station before going to his house. "And," said he, "when I saw the heap of dispatches which awaited me, I understood even beforce I had opened one of them that I had been elected."

V

To say of Judith Gautier that she is a worthy collaborator of Pierre Loti may sound like indiscriminate praise, but certainly no one in France is so attuned to his spirit, so keenly in touch with the colour and atmosphere of *La Fille du Ciel.*

The daughter of Theophile Gautier (her mother was the noted singer, Carlotta Grisi), whose flamboyant scarlet waistcoat was a rallying point of the Romanticists in the literary movement of '83, the career of Judith Gautier has

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been as bizarre as that of any of Loti's exotic heroines. She was born in 1850, the year of Loti's birth. When she was a very young girl, the gifted but perverse Catulle Mendès came into her life. She was a beauty then, of a strange, feline Oriental type, with a white face and unfathomable golden eyes—"Half goddess and half cat" they described her—morbid and capricious. Already she had shown herself her father's true daughter, writing in prose and verse, insatiable in her pursuit of esoteric knowledge. Then Mendès came, a tempting, wooing Mephistopheles, and Judith fell under his unholy spell. But the father interposed. The flowing haired youth of the *Battle of Hernani* had grown in worldly wisdom. As a literary confrère there was no objection to the young Parnassian; as a son-in-law he did not suit. Mendès was turned from the door, there was an elopement which caused Paris to talk for three days, and then the inevitable disillusionment. Beneath the persuasive, insinuating lover there lived the beast who took a perverted delight in torturing the woman for whom he soon ceased to care. There were passionate quarrels, frequent escapades, and finally Mendès reached the point of flaunting his innumerable infidelities in print. That was the breaking point. The couple separated, and Judith found solace in returning with renewed ardour to her work. The East, the tainted, mysterious East appealed to her imagination. She delved into the literature, wrote books on China and Japan, a Persian romance, *La Femme de Putiphar*, and a Japanese drama, *La Marchande de Sourires*. Through all these works her talent glowed, and to her Loti turned for the one natural collaborator on *La Fille du Ciel*.

The discussion of *The Daughter of Heaven* as a play belongs to another department of this magazine. The writer will therefore confine himself to the narrative as outlined in the published book, refraining entirely from critical expression.

The central theme of *The Daughter of Heaven* is built upon the spirit of political unrest which for three hundred years has troubled the internal peace of China, ever since the present ruling Tartar dynasty usurped the throne. In China, however, distances are great, and news travels slowly; and that is why it was possible, in the latter years of the nineteenth century, for a lineal descendant of the former rulers, the old Imperial House of Ming, to proclaim himself Emperor at Nankin and enjoy a long and brilliant reign, surrounded by a court that outrivalled that at Peking. In course of years, the Ming Emperor died, leaving a still young and beautiful wife and a little son. At the beginning of the play, the young widow is about to be proclaimed Regent during the minority of her son. Now it happens that the real and legitimate Emperor of all China, the "Invisible Emperor," who has all his years been shut away from a knowledge of the world, in the inner palace at Peking, has at last had the good fortune to secure for his minister and personal adviser a man of liberal ideas and broad knowledge, and it is through this minister's connivance that he is able to escape the vigilant watch surrounding him, pass through the quadruple walls of the palace, and in disguise make his way through his kingdom, seeing the world for himself and forming a new idea of the wonderful outside world that he has hitherto known only by hearsay. At last a rumour of the rival court at Nankin reaches his ears, and he decides to attend the coronation in person. But it would mean death for him, a hated Tartar ruler, to be caught within the stronghold of the house of Ming; so he waylays one of the invited guests, the Viceroy of the South, leaves him prisoner on board his boat, and, taking his prisoner's credentials, impersonates him at the court of Nankin. The first act shows the Emperor's arrival, in the midst of preparations for a gorgeous festival, an orgy of waving garlands, resplendent banners, standards, insignia of every sort. The meeting of the Tartar Emperor and the Queen-Regent reminds one of nothing more than the legendary account of the meeting between Balkis, Queen of Sheba, and Solomon, King of Israel. And the

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Queen, little guessing that the handsome stranger is the loathed hereditary enemy of her house and her people, involuntarily gives her heart to him at first sight.

To the Emperor there comes a great vision, a splendid dream of ending once for all the unrest of the nation. An alliance between himself and the house would establish permanent peace, and heal the long-open wound of civil strife. But before he can formulate his plans, the real Viceroy, having managed to escape from bondage, sends messages of his capture and detention, and the disguised Emperor is forced to flee in haste.

He goes, intent on putting an instant stop to preparations which he knows are already under way at Peking to send an army to put down the rival court, and whip the rebels of Nankin into submission. But one of the penalties attached to being an "Invisible Emperor" is that, when he chooses to make himself visible, he finds that, apart from his court and without a retinue, he is well-nigh powerless to command obedience. So, although he does what he can to turn back the invading army, the third act shows the splendid palace a pitiful wreck, its treasures plundered, its brave soldiers and beautiful women lying in heaps of dead and dying on all sides. The little Emperor, a lad of eight, is successfully smuggled south, but the Empress remains, and after granting the last prayer of the remnant of her heroic army, and with her own hand lighting the vast funeral pyre on which are piled the wounded as well as the dead, she and her maids of honour immure themselves in a secret chamber, sealing themselves in, for what they expect to be forever.

In the fourth act, the scene shifts to Peking. After weeks of search, the hidden Empress has been found and brought to the palace, a prisoner. Until now, she may have guessed, but has not known the identity of her Tartar lover. And it is in the resplendent throne-room, in the inviolable inner palace, that he finally has her led to him, and dismissing the attendants, remains alone with her. He is about to offer her the half of his kingdom, and she knows it; yet there is the solemnity of death about all they say and do, because they both know that there is no hope, that she cannot consent, "between them there is too much blood, flowing like a river." Yet she does grant one request: that while she listens to his pleading, she will mount the throne and sit beside him. He in turn pledges himself, in case she refuses his suit, to give her the poison, the "draught of the Great Deliverance." And this is what ensues: She hears his ardent pleadings that, little by little, as he is invaded by hopelessness, lose their ardour. Then she demands the draught, takes it, and, assured that death's hand is already upon her, straightens up in a final burst of sovereign pride, "the first of the royal dynasty of Ming, in three hundred years, to die upon the throne that is hers by right."

But having played her part to the threshold of death, she can now at last, in the few brief moments left her by the swift potion, allow herself to forget to be a sovereign, and be simply and wholly a woman. Until now, she has held him off, made no confession; but in these final moments the barriers are down, and all the pent-up passion pours forth in a flood of tumultuous, ardent words. And it is in the arms of the usurper whom she hates and the man whom she loves that the poison takes effect, that through her brain passes a sound "like the ringing of a bell," and gently and painlessly she slips away into the void.

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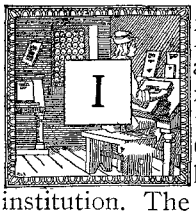
CHRISTMAS VOYAGE AND PICTURE GALLERY

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



N these days, when illustration is the bright and particular star of the magazine galaxy, it would seem that the Christmas picture-book has become a prominent institution. The humble author has many reasons for envying the opulent and arrogant illustrator, but none greater than the ease with which he sweeps his year's work into a resplendent holiday book. Harrison Fisher, Clarence Underwood, Henry Hutt, Coles Phillips, and James Montgomery Flagg—all spread wares which have already come to a wide market, once again for the Christmas booth.

The Fisher book, a collection of gay magazine covers with more or less irrelevant (and uncopyright) poems, depicts new subjects in the same old style. The bride for June, the bathing suit girl for August, the tennis girl for the Fall, and girls with alluring looks for all seasons. *Maidens Fair* is the name of the book, and the Hutt book is called *Rosebuds*. But though under another name, the latter has a similar sweetness, and is likewise composed of magazine covers interspersed with irrelevant and uncopyright verses. Irrelevant, too, is the title, for these young and knowing ladies are rather full-blown. The pictures present approved millinery on approved models—if you don't think the girls and the styles are pretty you won't like them. Magazine covers more worthy of collection are found in *A Young Man's Fancy*, the Coles Phillips book. They are in the style he has originated, personal and with a good eye for decorative values. Technically, the faces and hands and feet seem stuck on his pictures, and one wonders why he has not treated them in the style of the rest; especially since on the occasions when he does do so his pictures are more pleasing for the congruity. The book as a whole is attractive, and will arouse a young man's fancy in better directions than the other two books. The oversensuous quality of these is accentuated in the Underwood book, *American Types*. Here many intense young men are gazing into eyes of blue or brown in the familiar Fisher manner. The girls are of course pretty (how easy it seems for these lucky magazine illustrators to get hold of pretty girls!), and are interspersed with the same irrelevant (and uncopyright) poems. The insistence on the love-lorn look strikes the reviewer as less wholesome than it does the writer of the foreword. The pictures no doubt will pleasingly adorn the walls of many a hall-bedroom, but seem scarcely to merit the ecstasies of the introduction. *The Adventures of Kitty Cobb*, the Flagg book, have at least (as we are told works of art should have) a beginning, a middle, and an end. The story is treated in the clever and snappy way which has made the Gibson school famous. Conventional yet interesting, the faces have quality as studies in types and expression and depict the obvious but genuine humour of a Rose Stahl play. The book really exhibits American types, which the other book emphatically does not.

The five picture-books which form a second group aim to come nearer the real domain of art. Burges Johnson, with some pretty children's verses, and Cecilia Hunter and Caroline Ogden, with some photographs, seek to present the charm of *Childhood*. For this sort of book photography is the best kind of illustration that can be selected, but the publishers could have selected better photographers. Nevertheless, the subjects, though too obviously posed, are pleasing and dainty. Jessie Willcox Smith in *Dickens's Children* succeeds very well in catching the spontaneous action which these photographs lack. Her drawing and colouring are delightful, and the pictures are pervaded with feminine sympathy for children in their appealing moods, and with her well-known expres-

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sive charm. More almost than any one else she can make you feel how serious to themselves are the little souls of children.

Ballads Weird and Wonderful is a handsome collection of unhackneyed old ballads of the whimsical and extraordinary rather than of love and romance. They are put together to exhibit the drawings of Vernon Hill, which are introduced by an interesting and enthusiastic preface of R. P. Chope. Things are not at all morbid, he says, merely because they are entirely distinct from and outside of nature, and these pictures are intended to have the unnatural, poetic mystery of the ballads themselves. Mr. Chope insists one must not compare them to anything else, but it seems convenient to the reviewer to say that they are Blake-ish, with neither his naïve spontaneity nor his earnestness. In their attempt at a mysterious softness of tone they are for the most part somewhat weak and washed-out; in their attempt at weirdness they have succeeded in being stiff and artificial and incoherent. But they do not lack the chaotic effect they aim at and they show considerable invention. To *Richards' Masterpieces of the Sea,* Mr. Harrison S. Morris contributes a sympathetic sketch of the painter and his work. "He is a master of drawing," said William M. Chase, "I take off my hat to him." Fidelity and composition and selection were his strong points, says Mr. Morris. These leading traits the sixteen pictures of the book exhibit well, but they show also—alas!—how rarely a man's work touches perfection at all sides. They are rather to be considered as technical accomplishment than as a presentation of emotion. Careful renderings of the moods of the sea, but not creations, their deficiency is most exposed in reproduction. To *The Pike County Ballads,* which he illustrates, Mr. N. C. Wyeth also writes a brief introduction. They reek, says he, with the swagger of the early river-settlements along the Mississippi. John Hay should have lived to see how the illustrator has caught with his pencil the spirit his pen celebrates. In this little book Mr. Wyeth sustains his growing reputation for a distinctive and clearly defined grasp of his subject. The many characterisations are well-differentiated and their humour is notable. The pictures have tang and action and go.

For the five books which constitute the third group, the illustrations are but the accompaniment. Maeterlinck's ever-welcome *Life of the Bee* appears as a handsome holiday volume beautified with coloured floral pictures. *Kim,* equally sumptuous in festival attire, makes again his Christmas bow—the familiar bronze-green illustrations of J. L. Kipling framed in a rich border of Indian design. In both books the printing is a delight to the eye. More notable for their illustration are the two volumes of *The Works of Mr. Francis Rabelais* in the original English translation of 1653. The abundant drawings of Mr. W. Heath Robinson have rich medieval humour and raciness. The wood-cut suggestion in his work also admirably retains the spirit of the times, and the treatment is rightly one of high caricature. Delicious is the word for many of them, and as a set they are characterised by much fertility of imagination. *The Modern Reader's Chaucer,* by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye, is thus far the handsomest book of the holiday season. And since (alas!) the letter killeth, it is also a book which every real lover of Chaucer should be glad for. The editors, knowing that in modernising the language they could not fail to destroy much of the subtle melody of his verse, felt that a prose version would not only be more faithful but more melodious also. It was also their object to relieve the old poet of his obscurity and prolixity and coarseness, but to keep as much of his archaic savour as the reader's ease and taste would allow. A wise work tastefully done is this book, however academicians may scream. The narrative is flexible and idiomatic, and possesses quaintness and charm. The pictures by Warwick Goble, with their brilliant and opulent colouring, seem like designs for stained glass. They are, however, far less imaginative than decorative, and in them the artist seems to have taken his chief pleasure in the elaboration of inessential detail. The groups and settings have the picturesque artificiality of the opera stage, but their instinct for deco-

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TIM AND BOB CRATCHIT ON CHRISTMAS DAY. FROM "DICKENS'S CHILDREN."
BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

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ration is excellent. *In Everybody's Saint Francis* Mr. Egan opens, rather polemically, with the statement that unless one knows what the sacrament of the Mass stood for as the centre of a vast spiritual and economic system, it is impossible to understand Saint Francis. But he soon strikes the tone of the charming title. The story of Francis, who was a saint largely because he was a man of genius —the author says—cannot in the least be comprehended from the modern analytic point of view, and we all know what happened to Marguerite after she tore the daisy to pieces. Children and simple-hearted persons prefer to believe that the wolf of Gubbio was a real wolf, and they are nearer to God than the most of us. Now, this mood is tender or silly according to your temperament, but of the sweet humanness of the account there can be no question. And however lovingly Francis may have treated Brother Wolf, says Dr. Egan, he had the modern point of view about Brother Fly. M. de Monvel's illustrations are in exquisite sympathy with both text and subject. The softness of the tones even in the blacks and whites—suggesting fresco decoration—contributes to the genuine religious feeling of the pictures. You feel the love of Saint Francis for the childlike and the humble. The children, especially, in these drawings confirm the artist's early reputation, but throughout is manifested a naïve charm which makes his characters humorous while keeping them sincere.

And now, having run over some of the typical illustrated books of the holiday season, we must turn to the other typical expression of the Christmas spirit—the travel books. "It's hey for boot and horse, lad, and round the world away" at Christmas time. Europe first. First, too, a complete tour, and then let us come back and linger as we please around the circle.

Around the Clock in Europe is a model of what such a book should be. Mr. Howell tells us he wishes merely to visualise in an impressionistic sketch the appearance and life of certain cities at what he deems their most characteristic hour. The scheme more than counterbalances in attractiveness what it occasionally lacks in appositeness. Paris at midnight! everybody would cry at once; but some of the others—as was to be expected—seem arbitrary. Yet who cares, with such a satisfactory tripper as Mr. Howell! Princes Street, Edinborough, is the finest avenue in Europe, and most of the city is there the hour after luncheon. The weather-blackened rookeries on the heights above look like a row of prehistoric giraffes nibbling the tree tops. About the man on the street is something tremendously genuine and wholesome, but you could not imagine him singing a *barcarolle*. At two o'clock comes Antwerp, presenting the maximum of twentieth-century business activity in a setting of the Middle Ages, and bustling with more ease and less profanity than any other port in Europe: the grim old dormered veterans of the Grande Place which have held there stoutly through the centuries look down to-day on a commercial fabric that astonishes the world, yet most of the tradesmen go about their business with infinite leisure and merriment. In Rome the museums close at three o'clock, and the Forum becomes crowded with tourists, picture-card sellers, mosaic peddlers, and beggars; three is also the hour when Romans rub their eyes after their midday siesta and stroll to the marble parapet of the Pincio—thus it is an excellent hour to feel the life of the place and perceive best the physical and sentimental incongruities which dominate a city where Peter surmounts the column of Trojan and tennis courts are banked by the tomb of a Cæsar. At four, brooding stolid Prague leaves languishing for her lost independence and abandons itself to the music-passion which is the deepest and most intense expression of the Bohemian temperament. At five, emerges the neutral and elusive tone of Scheveningen, which at sunset becomes Holland *in excelsis;* then even the natives, like Delft tiles, come to life, array themselves in their best, and sally forth to exhibit that sort of loafing which is the apotheosis of idleness. The Berliner is the most boisterous and irrepressible development of the energetic Prussian, and when he starts out between six and seven in quest of the evening's diversions, the rip-roaring Friedrich-

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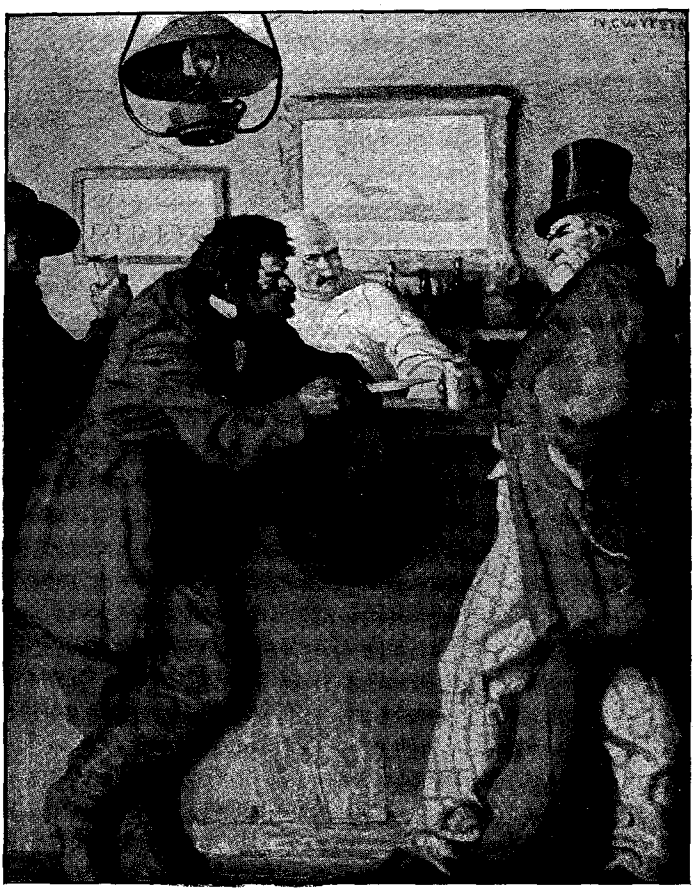

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

DRAWING BY N. C. WYETH FOR "PIKE COUNTY BALLADS"

strasse and the bowing and eternal thanking of Unter den Linden are truly Berlinesque. Between seven and eight, indomitable and world-weary London shows most its real character; during the day you cannot see London for the people, and the dining hour is an expression of the British conscience, not of its temperament; but catch the evening tide as it turns opera and theatreward and you have it at its finest moment. Like an aged beauty, Naples is best at night; away from all the hideous deformities of its voluble beggars and its smile-clad calculations. Take it upon the water between eight and nine, when once again all is romance and laughter and song. Heidelberg and its lordly ruins seem from nine to ten set in a veritable fairy ring of delicate beauty—then the vast ruddy wreckage of the Alhambra of Germany is most potently bewitching in spite of the jovial student, who is ever too much in evidence. Ten o'clock is the top of the evening at brisk, bracing Interlaken, and perpetual fête-hour for the little village. You should be in Venice at the hour of serenade, in a gondola with tenors all about; but it floats through the little bedraggled streets by preference, and as you listen you must needs remember that it is Venice herself who has always done the espousing, and if you would fully possess her it must be on her own terms of complete surrender. Paris, a practised coquette, reserves for midnight her rarest resources of gayety and charm; her last laugh is the best, and if visitors will refuse to take her seriously, all the more will she cultivate her laugh-

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ter; but the wise, seeing that she is mistress of the entire art of living, take her at her word when the body at one o'clock says to the heart "to bed," else they see her suddenly grow haggard and forlorn.

It is not to Edinborough that Mr. A. G. Bradley goes in his *The Gateway of Scotland*. He takes a leisurely path, as rich with reflection and historical comment as with personal anecdote, through the southeastern corner known once as the Eastern March—name empurpled in ballad and story. It is a region, he says, which quickens the pulse, but of which exists no appreciation by pen or pencil. Berwick changed hands thirteen times while it was to Scotland the Key of England, and still survive some sections of its blood-drenched walls. Yet to most of us it has only a vague association with golfing. The seafront of the Lammermoors is grim and full of wind and tumult and gloom, but inland a seven or eight mile walk can carry you through its untamed portions almost anywhere. The Merse is assuredly the most luxuriant spot in Scotland, and its many streams are clearest amber. Here is Flodden, one of the most compact and dramatic battlefields of Britain. Beyond is Hume Castle, restored into a comic opera nightmare. The White-Adder is open to all the trout-fishers of the world, and yet holds trout for all who come. Golf has within a generation settled the seacoast of Lothian, and afternoon tea become a function in the higher class farmhouses inland. At the end of leafy Lauderdale comes the boundary of this little unknown corner. Across the Tweed is the Scott country dusty with tourists. It is another world from the quiet local life of the Gateway of Scotland, sleeping (except for its thriving agriculture), since it was the parade-ground of the pageantry of two kingdoms.

Mr. Howell's clock strikes no hour in Wales, but the author of *Gallant Little Wales* says in her pleasantly sentimental way that it is a land which once loved can never be forgotten. The Roman took his vacation there, and left villas and fortresses and roads, and the traveller is everywhere haunted with a sense of the vanished past. Its turbulent history, its independence, and lack of unity are partly explained by its topography. Its language is full of savage consonants, and the poor occasional vowel is like some bleating lamb upon rocky mountainsides. Though the people are so religious they will not allow even water

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Maidens Fair. Pictures by Harrison Fisher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

American Types. Pictures by Clarence F. Underwood. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Rosebuds. Pictures by Henry Hutt. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Young Man's Fancy. Pictures by Coles Phillips. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Adventures of Kitty Cobb. Pictures and Text by James Montgomery Flagg. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Childhood. Verses by Burges Johnson. Pictures by Cecilia Bull Hunter and Caroline Ogden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Dickens's Children. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ballads Weird and Wonderful. Pictures by Vernon Hill. New York and London: The John Lane Company.

Richards' Masterpieces of the Sea. Text by Harrison S. Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Pike County Ballads. By John Hay. Pictures by N. C. Wyeth. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by J. L. Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Rabelais. In Two Volumes. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Modern Reader's Chaucer. By John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. With Colour Illustrations by Warwick Goble. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Everybody's Saint Francis. By Maurice F. Egan. With Pictures by M. Boutet de Monvel. New York: The Century Company.

Around the Clock in Europe. By Charles Fish Howell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Courtesy of The Century Company

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS. FROM "EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS." BY MAURICE F. EGAN

to be drawn on the Sabbath, the custodians have little fussy regard for truth when it comes to speaking of the age of things. They are right in thinking that everything in Wales should be very old. Poetic are the many superstitions that live in the solitudes of North Wales. There one spits when he hears the name of the devil, and nothing can drive away the fairies from those they love. This is unfortunate, as they are confirmed practical jokers and have no sense of equity. If you would see a fairy, you must have the right kind of instep and you must eat a great deal of cheese. The Welsh are keenly conscious of the beauty of their land and of its history and legend, and to comprehend their unique national spirit one should go to their annual festival of song and poetry, the Eisteddfod. This is one of the great experiences of life. When one asks one's self if Massachusetts could be brought to pour out its people from every farm in thousands to a festival, one realises how tremendous is the Welsh national enthusiasm.

There are four Welsh cathedrals and twenty-nine English ones. Mr. Bond in

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The Cathedrals of England and Wales frankly admits that it is impossible to know completely even a single one of them. But unless you study the parts in chronological order and with the knowledge that most of the alterations were forced by the need of meeting practical considerations, you have not touched the real interest. The chronological method requires legs, however, and the guide book, which jumbles topsy-turvy the work of centuries, at least saves much marching and counter-marching. The ground plans here given need not frighten any one away, since these and the illustrations of architectural detail are inserted merely to make description unnecsary. The expectation derived from the

Courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Company

"WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK, THE DEVIL A SAINT WOULD BE." FROM "THE WORKS OF RABELAIS." ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

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preface of a thoroughly informing treatment is not thwarted, and the numerous photographs are clear and good. The writer sticks to his text and does not dabble with historical allusion unless it really illuminates his subject, but he writes so interestingly he is not forced to turn aside for colour. Two books more complete our stay in England. One is of London and one pretends to be. *The Charm of London* is an anthology which contains many attractive bits. Mr. Hyatt has compiled with a not too finicky hand, and one may wonder what Bryant's Spring in Town, with its mention of Sing Sing and the shores of Tappan Bay, is doing here, or why Lovelace's Farewell to Lucasta should be conceived as a good-bye to London. But when beads are so rich who cares if they are strung on the wrong thread? Certainly one will allow London to be used as the typical city of which most poets have sung, whether in longing or in bitter mood. The colour pictures by Yoshio Markino have the typical London atmosphere, but they give a better idea of the city than of its charm. The delightful and chatty book of Mrs. Pennell's, under the beguiling title *Our House and London Out of Our Windows,* is a fraud. It is about neither the one nor the other, but rather of a procession of housemaids and of the tenants below and above. "The windows were just where they ought to have been, and we knew at a glance that we should be glad to spend the rest of our lives looking out of them," says Mrs. Pennell. But only in the last chapter does she give any sign of doing so. Then you see that the house is just round the corner from Charing Cross in an eddy into which only two streets lead, and afterwards become purposeless. Behind the tumbled roofs and awry gables the sun sets with dramatic gorgeousness and the river loses itself in mystery. This book is a pleasant trifle got out for the Christmas trade as text for some pictures of Mr. Pennell's—which it far surpasses.

More successful, too, is Mr. George Wharton Edwards with his pen than with his pencil. The sketches in *Marken and Its People* do not seem, as does the text, to be jotted down from the living subject. They have the studio and "property" quality of much of Mr. Edwards's work—the tricks of the life but not life itself. These singular people, says Mr. Edwards, are cut off from all the rest of the world, and have a dialect which staggers even a Dutchman; but though all outsiders are foreigners to them, they like everybody else are gradually losing with excursion rates their proverbial primitive ways. But the children are all the snapshotter sees of the better element, the rest remain behind closed doors until the boat has gone. Since there is no inn, nobody ever remains there overnight. Though the natives are prudish to a degree, they are very, very free of speech and most singularly frank in some things hidden by common consent. Old Martje broke a saucer on the step of the baker's wife Saint Nicholas' day, as a sign that

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The Gateway of Scotland. By A. G. Bradley. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Gallant Little Wales. By Jeannette Marks. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Cathedrals of England and Wales. By Francis Bond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Charm of London. Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. With twelve illustrations by Yoshio Markino. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company.

Our House and London Out of Our Windows. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Marken and Its People. By George Wharton Edwards. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Belgium, the Land of Art. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Switzerland in Sunshine and in Snow. By Edmund D'Auvergne. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Charm of Venice. Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. With Twelve Illustrations by Harold Sund. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company.

Egyptian Days. By Philip S. Marden. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. By Dwight Elmendorf. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Courtesy of The Macmillan Company

"IN THE NAME OF CHRIST," CRIED THIS BLIND BRITON, "GIVE ME BACK MY SIGHT." FROM "THE MODERN READERS OF CHAUCER." BY MACKAYE AND TATLOCK

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Courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS." ILLUSTRATED BY RENÉ BULL

she wanted their quarrel to be made up. The story-teller of Marken is a mysterious institution no stranger is allowed to see, but Mr. Edwards swore to his guide, who sneaked him into an adjoining room, that he would never betray him to the Markeners. "What was the end of the story?" he asked. "Ah," returned the guide, "I myself have not heard the beginning, nor will I hear the end." This pleasant book tells sympathetically many little anecdotes.

If you intend to stop in Belgium on this Christmas trip do not be misled by the title of the next book. *Belgium, the Land of Art,* concerns itself mostly with its sub-title, *History, Legends, Industry, and Modern Expansion.* The book is, indeed, a readable popular history of Belgium, with perhaps a trifle more reference to general matters of tourist interest than the ordinary brief historian allows himself. The reader, thinking it from the title and the numerous irrelevant picture-card photographs to be a different sort of book, is likely to throw it aside impatiently because of the unwise attempt to smuggle it on board the Christmas steamer. He will not perceive that the author makes no attempt to tell us what he has seen, but rather to provide material for others to enjoy more what they may see, for the art of no people—he wisely says—can be understood until their past is seen to be the soil from which their present has flowered.

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Mr. Howell's one charming hour in Interlaken has given us a desire to linger longer in the country. This is the last fragment of the old Roman Empire, says Mr. d'Auvergne in *Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow*. Its forgotten villages and valleys became free merely because they set no other in the place of their old lord. Berne is the most mediæval yet the most national of Swiss cities; with much of the character of a cuckoo clock, she still acts as umpire and broker for the rest of the world. Neuchatel is yellow and dull, and Lausanne has not yet recovered from the ecclesiastical tyranny of Calvin, when it was always Good Friday. Afar from the great tourist centres the herdsman still melodiously calls the cattle home, and you expect to find a Watteau Phyllis flirting with Corydon. But the Swiss land of romance is not the land of climber and of artist, but a valley famed for its cheese. Le Gruyère is Arcady. The Cinderella of the cantons is the Valois, and also the immemorial battleground of contending races. Here, too, the natives save up all their lives for their funerals. Do not place trust in Swiss time-tables, for in the interest of hotel proprietors they are generally obsolete. The author gives some sprightly quotations from an old Italian account of Baden. `In the fifteenth century this Swiss watering place was an Eden where no one had tasted forbidden fruit, but nowadays the bathing is conducted with that regard for the proprieties which is the glory of the Swiss. Lucerne and Geneva have been captured by strangers and are the most frivolous of Swiss cities. The former is the very vortex of the foreigner industry, and swallows aristocrats and cheapest of trippers alike, holding out special inducements to all whose travel-hunger outruns their purses. The great crises of history have ever called in the lordly yet human apple as fitting symbol of discord, so it is not surprising to hear that neither Tell nor anybody else shot one at Altdorf. In the mountain fastnesses of Einsiedeln, Our Lady of the Hermits is fast building up another Lourdes. For most visitors the Bernese Oberland is the pearl of Switzerland, but go expecting rain. Interlaken is Europe's favourite window on the Alps. It is overlooked that all Switzerland is not mountainous, and that a third of its population and its two largest towns are in the lowlands. It is also overlooked that the country was in Byron's time by no means the home of the free, and her old rotten aristocracy sold their peasantry to every banner in Europe but that of liberty. This is a pleasant book, vivacious for all its numerous historical notes.

The Charm of Venice is another anthology compiled with catholic hand by Mr. Hyatt. The dedicatory page bears the names of J. A. Symonds and Landor and Shakespeare and Ouida and Mrs. Braddon and Louise Chandler Moulton. Here the collector is not obliged to pad out with pieces of doubtful locality, for what pen has not written of Venice and through how many songs softly flashes and shines like a skiff of gold the lover's gondola! Mr. Sund's pictures are Venice in richness of colour, but, for the rest, are not infrequently photographic and lifeless.

In *Egyptian Days,* Mr. Philip S. Marden—unlike other recent writers on Egypt—adapts himself to the needs of ordinary travellers. He sees Egypt in the usual way for the usual amount of time, and he hopes to write such a book as he himself sought in vain when he set out to visit that country. As the ordinary traveller voyages by the Nile steamer, he presents us the journal of the trip. The tourist steamer is for the great majority, he says, perfectly satisfactory, and even for those of moderate means the cost is not prohibitive. In dress, one must go prepared for a warm day, a cold night, a fashionable hotel, and a very dusty road. The dams of the Nile, which have so greatly increased Egypt's prosperity, have been paid for in more than money, but here as elsewhere the modern world cannot be asked to halt for the sake of a world of long ago. Only from certain aspects does Cairo satisfy the mind as an Oriental city. There, if a man has lost a piastre or a mother, his utmost woe is expressed by dashing his fez upon the ground—after which nothing remains but to pick it up again and begin life anew. Fine as its museum, mosques, and zoo are, the city depends for her chief attraction on her native

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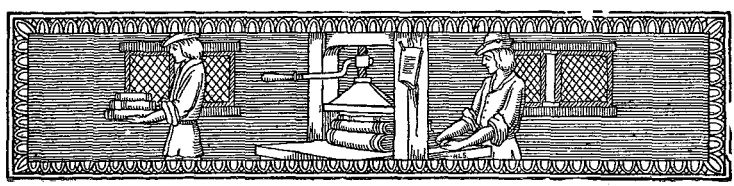
population. When you go to the pyramids, eternal backsheesh is the price of what little freedom you can procure. To explore the interior of any pyramid—even Cheops—is the height of folly, but the ascent of the exterior is well worth while. Now and then amid these plain and practical observations comes a lyric description of the desert or of a mummied king whose face still preserves after many thousand years a kingly character and an individuality that is indescribable. Without claiming to be either, this book is as lively and interesting as it is useful.

The next book is not illustrated with photographs, but is photographs illustrated with text. Or, rather, texts—for *A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land* is a sort of Camera Concordance. Mr. Dwight Elmendorf says he went to the Holy Land in a search for the truth and found it. He means, it would seem, that he realised and vivified in actual experience many scriptural expressions and localities. After three lectures on the North, the South, and Jerusalem—composed in the traditional vein of sentiment, and largely an illuminated mosaic of Biblical quotations—the book is given up to one hundred handsome full-page photographs, most of them of no interest except as illustrations of the Bible. Yet the book will doubtless give a tender and substantial pleasure to many, especially at Christmas time.

THE CHOICE

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER

Thy way leads forth to days of peace and calm.
That which was urgent in thy fiery heart—
And wrought to eager fulness from the start,
Craves now to find a respite as a balm
From fevered dreamings that the crafty palm
Upon the credulous. O Soul, thou art
Absolved of these, and never more a part
Of thrusts and parries! Life is like a psalm
Of sweet content: but is this rest to thee?
Sequestered in thy cloistered paradise,
Unvexed by visions, vain, and haply free,
How farest thou? Doth not thy spirit rise
And bid thee to the fray? Is not thy will
A warrior and thy hand a weapon still?



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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND HIS TALES

BY GEORG BRANDES

I

ROM the cradle to the tomb, Andersen was the child of the people, a poor boy, for a long period extremely indigent, a thousand times humiliated, having been able to make his way in the world solely through the kindness of benevolent persons, and during his entire childhood and youth compelled to seek aid from these benefactors. He retained the impression of this life upon his whole being, even when he attained universal renown, when he had gained experience of the world and had become a "great man." For a great man he undeniably was, but never a man. There was no germ of virility or masculine strength in his temperament. His mind totally lacked weapons of offence. Not for an instant did the idea occur to him of attacking the powerful in behalf of a good cause. He handled a weapon only in self-defence, and always under a poetic form. This weapon, in truth, was but a blunted foil.

Tender and affectionate, easily saddened, and yet full of animation, easy to dupe and easy to conquer, he was a man of kind and compassionate heart, as well as a sensible man who does not depart from caution. His dominant trait was an insatiable ambition, to which he owed all the joys and all the sorrows of his life. To secure fame, glory, adulation! This was his dream every instant, the hope that echoed through the night and the day in his ears during the long years when he remained at first unknown, then discussed, his sole support being a by no means substantial literary reputation. To be famous, to be admired, this pride and joy filled his whole soul when old age approached, though he might tremble at a breath of wind that was capable of snatching away a single leaf of his laurels.

Even after his triumph, he remained very sensitive to everything that was written about him. A Norwegian friend happened to be with him one day in a Copenhagen restaurant. Suddenly he saw Andersen's face express anxiety and pain. Following the direction of his eyes, he discovered that he was reading a worthless paper, in which some wretched scribbler had made disparaging comments upon his personal appearance.

"What! With your fame, you care for what such a man may say of you in such a publication!"

"Yes, I do care about it a very little," Andersen replied. And tears rolled down his cheeks.

He had an inordinate desire to be distinguished from the crowd, but this desire was of a very peculiar character. He did not aspire to power. All that he wanted was to have praise lavished upon him. He himself wrote with surprisingly simple frankness: "My soul is happy only when receiving general admiration. If any one does not bestow it, no matter how insignificant he may be, it makes me sad." He even rejoiced over the compliments of the most stupid people; he was grieved by the jeers of even the most ignorant. He would salaam profoundly to the most commonplace man if he knew or expected him to be able to have a laudatory article published in some newspaper.

From this source also sprung his admiration for the great, his impatience to be received at the different courts. All these things increased his renown; it was the wealth he was amassing. Toward the end of his life he persuaded himself that this renown constituted a national treasure. One day he hastily crossed the street, calling to me: "Do you know what has been written about me in Portugal?" And he volubly related what had just been translated to him from laudatory articles. Then he vanished.

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II

The jests of which he had been the object from his fellow-countrymen had rendered him suspicious. He had a sort of fear of being suppressed or poisoned by people who were jealous of his glory, even though he comprehended its improbability.

Having received one day a box of preserves from the Danish Antilles, he dared not taste them, but gave several jars to one of his friends. The following week he called at her house and asked the servant:

"Is your mistress well? Hasn't she been ill this week?"

The answer was in the negative.

In the course of the conversation he inquired:

"Did you eat the preserves I sent you?"

"Certainly. Pardon me for not having thanked you."

"And you have not been ill?"

"Not in the least."

"Oh, how glad I am! I was a little afraid the preserves might be poisoned, so I said to myself, 'My dear friend is the most courageous of women. I am going to send her a sample.' I am delighted to learn, as I hoped, that there is no danger."

His desire to be always surrounded by kindness made him simple and cordial. In spite of all the occasions offered of entering the highest society, he was pleasant and winning to the humble. And where he believed he had found the admiration due to his genius, his amiability was excessive.

In the letters addressed to me, which have been published, Andersen, who was then sixty-four years old, always calls me, "Dear friend!" in spite of the difference in our ages; I was then only twenty-seven. Toward 1870, I met him quite frequently in society. He was affable to all; when in conversation he flew into a rage there was something charming in his very violence. Yet at intervals, if his most sensitive nerve was touched, he allowed his ill temper to be visible. Shortly after the publication of Ibsen's *The Pretenders* he was at an entertainment where all the novelties in literature were minutely discussed. At table the piece and the still unknown author were talked of. Andersen was seated beside a pretty young woman, who had the impudence to ask him about this Henrik Ibsen. His sole response was the impatient exclamation:

"Have you never heard, madame, of a Danish poet named Hans Christian Andersen?"

Among his stories there was one which he has omitted in his memoirs, yet it is very characteristic. Toward the end of the year 1844 he was constantly invited to visit the royal family of Denmark on the island of Föhr. He had had in his youth a very great mortification. The clergyman who was to give him his first communion, finding him too poor, had refused to keep him and had sent him to the curate's group. Andersen chanced to learn that this clergyman was settled on the island of Föhr. "I asked the King," he said, "to lend me for a visit the royal carriage with the scarlet-clad coachman and footmen. The King, smiling, answered: 'Very gladly,' and I set out in the royal equipage to call upon my old pastor. During this time the carriage with the coachman and the magnificent footmen waited for me in front of the door. This was my revenge."

This little anecdote vividly depicts Andersen with his story-teller's imagination, his resentment of former humiliations, and his almost childish ambition.

III

One of the marks of writers of genius is almost always the necessity for constantly creating, and we are surprised not only to see how excellent has been their production in its best manifestations, but also to note its continuance and abundance. All the great creators who have not been prevented by illness or arrested by premature death have left quantities of work.

Yet for posterity the point in question is by no means to have written much, even though all might be excellent. It is impossible, with such an amount of luggage, to pass through the needle's eye that leads into the realm of immortality. There is no room in the celestial storehouses for the complete works of any modern author. The essential thing is

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to have produced one single little work which is immortal, a thing that is never forgotten because its form is so faultless and so final that nothing can impair it. *Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Manon Lescaut* represent in universal literature masterpieces of this sort. Their authors have written a series of other books which are known only in their native countries, and by very few persons. A collection of the best *Tales* of Andersen is worthy to rank among the number of the few unique books which mankind will never forget.

In the *Ugly Duckling,* one of his most exquisite stories, there is the quintessence of the author's entire life (melancholy, humour, martyrdom, triumph) and of his whole nature: the gift of observation and the sparkling intellect which he used to avenge himself upon folly and wickedness, the varied faculties which constituted his genius. This genius formed his happiness, which was deep and essential in ways different from the external triumphs, whose greatest was spoiled for him one day by an inopportune toothache.

He was not fortunate in love. The women who attracted him in his youth gave him no affection in return. They were repelled by his homeliness, preferred his rivals, and often made him suffer. One of them left in a book belonging to a public library the letter in which he asked for her hand. Another, the famous singer, Jenny Lind, offered to him, instead of love, a sister's affection. But there was one, the most beautiful of all, an Immortal, whom he loved longer and more passionately than any earthly creature. Her name was Glory. She did not trouble herself about his outer man, but relegated in his favour to the second place all his contemporaries, poets and writers of the North, far more esteemed than he during their lifetime, and sometimes more richly gifted. By her infallible glance she recognised in him what was apparent to herself, that is, his immortal part. Her voice was more resonant than Jenny Lind's. And through her speaking-trumpet, she shouted the name of Andersen and made it ring through the Old and the New World.

IV

In the works of Andersen, tales are often found which begin with absolutely oral forms of speech, such as the following: "Come, pay attention! We are going to begin. When we reach the end of our story we shall know more than we do now; for we shall have learned that once upon a time there was a wicked gnome of the very worst kind, the devil himself."

The order of the words, the construction of the sentence, everything is in contradiction to the most elementary rules of syntax. That is not the way we write. True, but it is the way we talk. Not to grown persons. Certainly not, but to children. And why, after all, should we not have the right to arrange words in the order in which children are addressed? New laws are substituted for the logic of written language.

Written words are very poor and colourless. Spoken ones find powerful auxiliaries in the expression of the face, the gesture of the hand, the music of the voice. The child sees what he is told as much as he hears the story. Like the dog, he notices the kind or angry intonation, rather than the meaning of the words themselves. So it is necessary to understand how to animate the language used by all the multitude of living elements, gestures, tears and cries, threats and caresses. The words must dance and sing, weep and laugh, so that pictures may be evoked when the child opens the book. First of all, and above all, no periphrases! the more simple the expression is, the better.

For instance: "And the trumpets sounded their flourishes. Taratata, here's the little boy, taratata!" We must know how to joke after the manner of children. "The soldier cut off the old witch's head. There it is on the ground." We can hear the child laugh after this unsentimental description of the murder. And by the side of this are lines like these, from which a sweet melody seems to rise. "The sun shone upon the linen, and the clouds, heavy with rain, watered it. The linen was freshened by this, like a child when its mother washes its face and then presses a kiss upon it, making it almost twice as beautiful." Mechani-

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cally a little pause is inserted in the reading, just the time required for the child to receive the kiss.

How fortunate was this Andersen! What writer of the nineteenth century has spoken to a public comparable with his readers! How unlike is his part to that of the scientist, especially in a small country, whose audience is composed of five rivals and a dozen antagonists! A fictionist is usually placed in more favourable circumstances, but who, like Andersen, has had readers with virgin souls?

The point of departure of Andersen's art is the frolic of the child, which transforms everything according to its pleasure, playthings—the little lead soldiers—into living creatures, and supernatural beings—fairies and gnomes—into toys. The secret of this art lies in the imagination of the child itself, who has visions while lighting a match, and vivifies even its father's shirt collar. The model of the story-teller is the child's dream, in which images succeed one another with changes more rapid and bolder than in play.

Little Hjalmar hears in his dream the letters in his writing-book scrawled across and tumbledown, complaining in his drawer.

"This is the way to stand!" says the copy. "Look at me, stand straight."

"We should be glad to do it," the letters reply, "but we can't, we are so sick."

"Well then, you must take some medicine," says the little sand merchant.

"Oh! no," they all cried, holding themselves so straight that it was a pleasure to see them.

An imagination of this species does not penetrate to the depths of things; it busies itself only with details. It enters, but not deeply; it strikes, but does not draw blood. It flits like a winged insect from place to place, and like an intelligent insect, it weaves its fine web, forming from many different threads one poetic whole.

V

The eighteenth century had its power in the critical mind, its foe in imagination, allied with and subject to superannuated superstitions; it saw its queen in logic and its king in Voltaire, but it considered only man, enlightened and freed from superstitions, it relegated the child, which was neither enlightened nor freed from traditions, to the *nursery*, where it could hear cock-and-bull stories as much as it desired, provided when once it reached manhood that it forgot all such infantine follies.

In the nineteenth century a reaction came. War was waged upon the rationalism of the encyclopædists; the fairy tales were given their appropriate place, folk tales and popular songs were collected in all countries. Rousseau propagated Locke's theories upon education. An attention hitherto unknown was bestowed upon the psychology of the child; less heed was given to its discipline, the state of nature of its soul was worshipped.

From the child to the animal is but a single step. The animal is a child whose development is arrested. The desire of the eighteenth century to refer everything to social life had diverted attention from the animal as well as from the child. The same thirst for artlessness and innocence which restored the child to literature also restored the animal. Rousseau, who made himself the champion of the child, made himself also the champion of the animal and of all nature.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre inaugurated the description of landscape in French prose with his *Paul and Virginia,* and at the same time he brought two children upon the stage. Humboldt, travelling in the tropics, carried with him *Paul and Virginia,* and read it aloud to his travelling companions. Humboldt influenced Œrsted, the discoverer of electro-magnetism, who deeply influenced Andersen. Nature worship affected the studies of naturalists, who in turn influenced poetic naturalism. Chateaubriand describes, in his colourful prose, a nature which is not without affinities with the more peaceful and more serene one of Bernardin Saint-Pierre.

About 1831, the very period when Andersen's tales were appearing, England, which had first introduced the child into literature, formed the first society for the protection of animals. Branches were established in France and in Germany.

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Landscape painting in Europe first appeared at precisely the same period. There was nothing of the sort in the preceding century. Turn the pages of Voltaire's *Henriade,* and you will not find in it a single blade of grass. There is not even forage for the horses. What a difference between this poesy and Andersen's, in which children, plants, and animals replace man, and almost render him superfluous.

VI

Every child, fragile as it may appear to us, is born old. It bears, sometimes strongly marked upon its features, the imprint of a civilisation thousands of years old. It is not the same with animals. See the swan, the hen, the cat. They eat, they drink, they sleep, they live as they did in the far distant past. A poet who, like Andersen, is reluctant to face cruelty in its ugliness because it repels him so greatly, feels at ease in a world where everything that is termed egotism, cruelty, baseness, persecution, really does not deserve these names in their full rigour.

All Andersen's animals are domestic animals. He describes only what he thoroughly knows. Moreover, this exclusive choice facilitates his employment of them; for the domestic animals are no longer the simple products of nature in their relations with man, they have acquired much humanity.

These cats and hens, these ducks and turkeys, these storks and swans, these mice, present many resemblances to the people with whom they associate. They lack nothing but speech, and there are human beings endowed with speech who deserve it less than these. Let us give them speech and admit them among us.

What is the end of that noble, royal creature, the swan, in the *Ugly Duckling?* How could Andersen give his end to a bird which he had described in so proud a fashion! He might let it die, if necessary. That is tragic and grand. He might let it spread its wings and fly away through the air, intoxicated by its own strength and beauty! That is bold and sublime. But, in pity, not the end here:

Some little children came into the garden and threw bread and bits of cake to the swans. The smallest one cried: "How young and splendid the new swan is! That is the handsomest one of all!" And the old swans bowed before it. Let the old swans bow! But let us not forget that there is something of greater value than their homage and the pieces of bread or cake, independent flight, wild liberty.

Andersen prefers the bird to the quadrupeds, for the bird is more gentle. The stork, which is always impatiently expected, figures in the frontispiece of his work. Yet he places the plants still higher, they hold the first rank in his tales, for it is only in the vegetable kingdom that we find harmony and peace, though in truth they are only apparent. The plant, too, appears a child, but a child unconscious or asleep. Here there is no action, no suffering, no sorrow. Andersen can better exercise his compassion, and there is nothing to irritate his delicate nerves.

Going still farther, the imagination of the story-teller gives life to the forces of nature and to inanimate things: to an old house, to the wooden shoe and to the ball, to gingerbread men. His imagination makes the moon talk. The wind relates what it has seen on its way. The snow, slumber, night, and death are personages that live and speak.

VII

There are two kinds of artlessness: that of the heart and that of the mind. The first is simple and touching, the second is often subtle and sly. One brings a tear, the other a smile. Andersen is the poet of artlessness of the heart, as La Fontaine is the poet of artlessness of the mind.

A poet is a man whose sensibility has in it something feminine. Andersen sees more clearly in man and in woman the traits which are common to them than those which are special. Nevertheless, listen to this passage in the "Chimney Sweep and the Shepherdess," two china figures on a mantelpiece.

"Have you really the courage to go out into the world with me?" asks the chimney sweep. "Have you thought how big it is, and that we shall never be able to come back here?"

"Yes," she replied.

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The chimney sweep looked at her steadily, then he said:

"My way leads through the chimney. Have you the courage to go in and slip through the flues with me?" And he leads her toward the opening.

"It looks very dark," she said.

After a long and difficult climb they reach the top of the chimney.

Above their heads was the sky, strewn with stars and at their feet the roofs of the city. They gazed far, very far around them. The poor shepherdess had never imagined the world so; she laid her little head on the sweep's shoulder and wept so much that the gold was washed off from her belt.

"It is too much," she said, "I can bear it no longer. The world is too big. I want to be back on the mantelpiece in front of the mirror. I shall not have a minute's pleasure until I go there. I have followed you into the great world. If you love me, you will take me back to my home."

What spontaneity there is in the little woman's outburst! What a heroic victory over the first feeling of terror! What firmness in this courage up to the moment when the wish to take her usual place before the mirror reappears!

VIII

In the story of *The Bell,* the poet of artlessness and of nature attains the sublime. The tale concerns a bell that is never seen, but whose sounds are everywhere heard. The Emperor had promised that whoever could discover the source of the sound should have the title of *Ringer of the World,* even if the sound did not proceed from a bell. All the young men, who are attracted by the appeals of the invisible, go in search. They enter an immense forest, but find nothing and, though their number grows larger and larger, the seekers become discouraged and withdraw.

Several stop on their way at a little bell on the roof of a small house and do not consider that so bewitching a peal cannot come from so tiny a bell, but there must be sounds of a very different nature thus to touch the human heart. So they are satisfied with their little discovery, their little happiness, their little idyllic joy. Readers perhaps have recognised some of these youths grown older.

At last only two seekers are left, a little prince and a little poor boy in wooden shoes and a jacket whose sleeves are too short. On the way they separate. One wishes to look for the bell at the right, the other at the left. The prince takes the path on the side next to the heart, the poor boy chooses the opposite one. Let us follow the prince and we shall behold the mysterious splendour which Andersen has understood how to give to the landscape, merely by changing the natural colour of the flowers and the fruits. There were white lilies with blood-red stamens, sky-blue tulips which sparkled in the breeze.

The prince was afraid of being overtaken by the darkness. He climbs a rock to see the sun again before it entirely disappears.

Listen to the poet's hymn:

He clung to the roots and the brambles, climbed on the damp stones where the snakes crawled and the toads croaked. But he reached the top just at the moment that the sun, seen from this height, was touching the horizon. What a joy! The sea, the boundless sea, lay before him in all its magnificence, dashing its waves against the shore, and where the sky and the sea met the sun appeared before him like a resplendent altar. Everything blended in the glowing colours. The forest sang, the sea sang, and his own heart was singing, too. The crimson hues died out when the sun vanished; but then thousands of stars shone, thousands of diamond lamps glittered, and the young prince extended his arms toward the sky, the sea, and the forest.

At the same moment the poor child, wearing his little short jacket and his wooden shoes, came out from the path he had taken. He had arrived at the same time and, delighted to find each other again, they remained hand in hand in the vast church of nature and of poesy. Above their heads pealed the invisible and holy bell.

The prince symbolises the artist, the poor boy the scholar. But, though separated on their roads, art and science will meet in enthusiasm and devotion, in the presence of the infinity of divine nature.

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TOLSTOY AND ROCKEFELLER

BY MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

ROM all parts people had begged the old man to write them something for his eightieth birthday. It was enough if a few words from his pen appeared in their journals on this world-wide celebration—something to show that they were connected, and that their nod would unseal the lips of the great man. Lew Nikolajewitsch sits and reflects. To one, possibly to two, he might have something new to say; the herd must be content to hear once more the old message that has not yet taken root in their brain and heart. So he sits and broods over the principles of his life—principles that tell how, in his work, he has sought to interpret the meaning of life and the purpose of mankind. "For five and thirty years I was a Nihilist. Not a Socialist and revolutionary, in the perverse sense that usage has given to the word Nihilist. No; one in whom there is nothing, not one spark of faith. I lost my faith in an early year, and then lived, as most do, in the vanities of our world. I wrote books, and would, as others do, teach what I knew not. But the Sphinx followed me with implacable wrath and cried to me, 'Solve my riddle or I devour thee.' The science that men prized taught me nothing. To the ever-recurring question of the purpose of life, the one question of moment to me, science made answer with knowledge of quite other things, which concern me not. The man who follows this 'scientific' teaching must join the age-long chorus of the wise—Solomon, Socrates, Sakya-Muni, Schopenhauer—and, like these great forerunners, deem life a senseless evil. I wished to slay myself. At length there broke on me the thought that I would see how the great mass of men live: those who do not, like us of the 'higher classes,' lose themselves in fruitless torturing of the brain, but work and suffer, yet are at peace and are sure of the purpose of their lives. I learned that one must live as these live, return to the simplicity of their faith. But my mind shrank from the polluted teaching which the Church gives to the poor in spirit. I therefore concluded that I would carefully examine this teaching, and try to find what was true and what was woven of superstition. The Church offers us food that nourishes not—food on which even the new-born babe cannot thrive. Instead of the spirit of the Gospels it gives us ceremonies; empty forms instead of faith. Its catechism says that we may judge, even slay, if it be done in the service of the State; says that we may take the goods of others and resist evil. The Church has fallen since the days of Constantine; it no longer listens to the voice of God, but to the cry of the age. In our time it is turned pagan. Who counselled or allowed you to struggle for life? To give your lives for others was the command of Jesus. Resist not evil. Judge not. Slay not. That is written; yet you have courts of judgment, armies and prisons, and, singly and as a body, you make daily use of force. Because you must? As long as earthly power is so far from divine truth your commands and forbiddings are of no avail. And how do you think and act? Once, at Moscow, I went through the Borowitzky Gate. Under the arch sat a misshapen old beggar with his head in rags. I felt for my purse, to give him a copper, and saw a grenadier run toward us from the Kremlin: a strong young man, who looked well in his uniform. And when the beggar saw the soldier he was filled with terror and limped away, as quickly as he could, to the Alexander Garden at the foot of the hill. He had forgotten that it is forbidden to sit under the gate. The soldier ran after him, loudly abusing him, and when he had come close to me, I asked him if he could read. 'Certainly; why?' 'Hast thou read the Gospel?' 'Yes.' 'The passage which bids us give food to the hungry?' I repeated the words to him. He knew them, but he listened attentively and I felt that he was

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uneasy. Two men stood by us, listening. The grenadier was uncomfortable; he had acted as the law bade him, yet had acted wrongly. The contradiction tormented him. He was uncertain how to answer. Suddenly his sharp eye lit up; he looked at me cunningly and asked, 'Hast thou read the rules of military service?' I had to confess that I did not know them. 'Hold your tongue, then,' he said; and he lifted his head with the air of a conqueror, and prudently moved away. So in our time do men flounder in error. All that I feel and see convinces me that I have found the real meaning of the Christian teaching. For a long time I could scarcely reconcile myself to the strange thought that, after nineteen hundred years, in which millions have known the words of the Saviour and thousands have devoted their lives to the study of the faith, I should find something new in the moral law of Christ. But it is so, however strange it may seem to me."

To read that again will help them. One word more. "All evil comes of stupidity and perversity of mind. As long as I know not what I am, and wherefore I am here, life is unbearable. In the infinite expanse of matter, time and space there is born an organic cell, which lives for a minute, then dies again. I am that cell. Is that, then, the final, the only issue of the hundreds of years of thought upon the matter? No. Not for himself shall man live, but for God; or he lives like the dog. Karatajew's dog is happy when it smells the lumps of meat about it: flesh of all sorts of animals, even man, in every stage of decomposition. The soldiers held off the wolves, and so the dog could gorge itself in peace. Is our happiness, the purpose of our life, not something different? When I recall the frame of mind in which I passed my youth, I understand the worst crimes: even those which are done without aim, without a desire to injure, from mere curiosity or the unconscious impulse to act. There are times when the future rises before us in such drab colours that the eye shuns it, and the mind seeks to convince itself that it has neither future nor past. At such times, when thought no longer controls each stirring of the will and only the instincts of the body rule, I can understand why the inexperienced child, without a shudder, fearlessly, with a smile of curiosity on its lips, sets fire to his home: the home in which parents and brothers are sleeping and that shelters all he holds dear. I would teach the children of the people to think and write. Must I not learn in their school to think and write? The development of man does not bring him so close to the ideal of harmony, which he bears as a standard within him, that he feels it merging into a reality; it rather hinders the realisation of the ideal. A healthy babe embodies the ideal of truth, beauty and goodness; such a child is close to the creatures without thought, the beast, the plant, the whole realm of nature, and each day of its life removes it farther from them. We seek our ideal in front of us; and we know not, poor blind fools that we are, that it is far behind us."

Men must hear that once more, hear it repeatedly; nothing else. No more towns, no more vast agglomerations of men, no more factories. Remain on the land; there each may find the necessaries of life by the work of his hands. The necessaries—not what seems necessary to a sick fancy; for his own needs—not those of others. Woe to the man who lets others work for him! Every man shall attend to himself; he shall look into his inmost soul, and seek the light of the divine message. With his neighbour he must suffer only, or give him what he can spare—give without pluming himself or calling for a reward. When my heart was glad because some one had seen me give three roubles to a beggar I was far from salvation. Almsgiving avails not: what we want is the division of our possessions. Idleness and luxury, wage-slavery and debt-bondage, are the beginning of all crime. Resist not evil; judge not: slay not; guard the tongue from the sharp thorn. We are tiny particles of the world-soul, and have but to care for our cleanness. What need have we of government, arms, armies, courts, verdicts, prisons, wars? These things God never willed; nor that we should take the lies of a strutting science for truth, and trust that abasement of reason which has

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brought on earth so much doubt and pride and disease, and rendered no service; but that we be Christians, walking with each other in the light as brothers, and giving neither near nor far, not even the wicked, any cause for anger or assailing by our act or indulgence.

"With such a view of the purpose of life here you become the hero of two hemispheres, their revered, almost worshipped idol, and so remained, for decades, down to this day? Strange."

Lew Nikolajewitsch raises his strong mujik-head, with the large, dull-glancing eyes of an old man embedded under the massive arches of his forehead. Has he again been thinking aloud? Has some one come softly into the room? Here he stands: old but sinewy, severe, masterful. Unasked he draws a straw-bottomed chair to him. Ask how he entered? It befits not a wise man to concern himself with so small a thing. It seems as if he would question the saying. "Strange? That men do not hate one who seeks only to teach them love? That there are yet Christians whom the folly of modern life has not blinded to the real purpose of existence, whose soul still rejoices when a brother of men, thinking to serve his brothers in all lowliness, points out to them in what direction they may yet find peace and happiness?"

"Strange; so it seems to me. For until this day men have not welcomed these guides, admonishers, prophets and preachers of repentance. Many have been stoned, or nailed to the cross, or set on the scaffold instead of the throne. Yet the world has been Christian for full two thousand years. One wonders whether men are nobler now than they were in the days of Savonarola, or whether they no longer see a menace in those who call them to repentance, no longer take so seriously the summons to higher righteousness; perhaps glance idly at it as the latest novelty, and pass on their reprehended ways."

"There are two kinds of men, as there ever were. There are those who live like animals and curb not the desires of the flesh, and those who would walk in the light. I see no larger growth of nobleness and goodness; rather an increase of God-hating animalism. But you speak as if I had received only gratitude and love, and as if all the powers of earth had not united to malign the light-bringer and bind his hands."

"Is it so bad? Alexander VI said of Savonarola: 'This man would have to die, even if in his person another John, a second Baptist, were slain.' But Alexander III, when he was asked to sacrifice you to the vengeance of the Holy Synod, made a reply which is almost western in its shrewdness: 'This man is an apostle; I will not make a martyr of him.' And your followers, who give not to their country the children, military service, and taxes its demands, are not more innocent than the crowds of Piangioni, the tearful folk, who fell under the Dominicans of Bologna. The house of the Holstein-Gottorp has not done so ill as once did the house of the Medici. Yet it does not owe this to you. Savonarola would put the power in the hands of pious burghers who would tear out each thing of beauty, each thing that pleased the senses, as a poisonous weed. Yet he would have government, and therefore order and subordination. And you? You assail all that is indispensable to the State: government, Church, army, justice, taxation, increase of population. The State itself you deem the greatest of all evils. You would have no authority of any sort: no coercion, no dependence, no breeding, no means of defence. You turn upon the Emperor and his servants, the Church and its priests, the lords of the land and industry, all who have power or wealth, with the hardest words; you would dissolve the civic community, forbid property, take from the land its power to strike, and enfeeble its chief implement, the number of its citizens. Yet not a hair of your head is touched. It is true that you have been excommunicated, like the Florentine reformer; but has it hurt you? Had you not long before seceded from the community which now excludes you? Has the fiery ban done anything but light up your unassailable greatness? Unassailable you are, because you are consecrated by the fame of the poet, the genius of creative intellect. Only in this land of marvellous contradictions could you with impunity have uttered your last and sternest word. You could not have

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done it in the freest of republics. Eighty years old, yet not a day of them spent behind the bars of a jail! When the foe pressed your country, bleeding from a hundred wounds, and it needed comfort, as a labourer needs nourishing bread, you spat your wrath in its face; you would take the weapons from the hands of your mother. And this mother loves you, and looks on you with pride as the best of her sons. See what a festival the land is making for your eightieth birthday. It seems to me that so easy a course of life will not read well in a martyrology."

Their glances crossed. There was a sound as when ice-cold water falls on glowing steel. Did you ever see in some house of the aged a spark fly from the snow-white skull and, hissing, die again?

"Jesus Christ be with you in all your ways! He who tells others the truth must be prepared to hear it himself. Do I owe this visit to your desire to imprint this truth on my mind?"

"Desire to educate? Subject and object have been somewhat too long in circulation for that. No; it was really curiosity that brought me here. Do not take it amiss. I took the road in order that I might see with my own eyes how things seemed in and about Baku; in Cernij Gorod, I mean, and the neighbouring region of eternal fire. There is not much new. The tank-ships and cistern-wagons are not changed, and as to the figures none could mislead me. But the land! Do people hold Caucasia to be Russian territory? It is hardly so now. The tax-gatherer seeks in vain to gather toll, and the stranger learns the nature of anarchy. I wonder whether your Tsar knows that he has almost lost this land, and whether the Nobels and Rothschilds, for whom the naphtha-springs flow, can sleep in peace. All kinds of idle thoughts occurred to me in Apscheron. Here, on the background of the thirty-yard long trench, burns the great eternal fire, which neither smokes nor smells, to which the Parsees would have built a temple. Pious men, after their kind, of course. Whether corpses are left to the worms on the dakhmas of Persia or in the earth, whether holy water or the urine of cattle is used to purify, as the priests may bid, is only a question of fashion. They are men who, in spite of the Avesta, have eagerly accommodated themselves to the times, and while other orientals dream on, they build railways and ships, practise commerce and banking. We have had to do with men of that sort. But they have not dealt rightly with the carbon dioxide which feeds the fire in the Apscheron peninsula. A temple and a cloister are things of value. But they bring nothing in, and help not to enrich the soil of the country; and no man can live by worship. Now the cloister is in decay, and there is the rattle and roar of factories where the church once soared; and the underground flow of gas is used to heat the retorts. Pactolus did not as easily bring blessing to the Lydians as the breath of the earth has brought it to the Caucasians, since the spirit of enterprise was wedded to science and began to use the proper technic for the new aim. Enterprise, science, technics; you shudder at the very sound of the words, it seems to me. Good. The land has no master; breeding and obedience are hardly to be found. If that go on, the walls of the factory will fall, and on its foundations a church will be built again: whether Christian or Parsee does not make much difference. I wished to see, at quite close range, the man who advocates this reaction (rebarbarisation, his opponents say). That, Mr. Tolstoy, is why I am here."

"As an enemy. As one who believes in the sanity of 'modern development,' and does not understand why the men of the Caucasus would loose the bond that holds them to the overpowering State, and to whom it would seem a crime if they abandoned the factory and returned to the purity of a natural condition. A crime, what is their one salvation. Enemies rarely come here. Yet you, my brother, are welcome."

"Thank you. But I am not an enemy. Anna Karenina, Peter Bezuchow, and Andrew Bolkonskij count me amongst their most devoted admirers. I first learned to love the Caucasus from the poet of the Cossack-stories; and I understand how the grief of a material loss converted the play of strings into a Kreutzer Sonata. Who could resist the

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magical power of the poet—the man who from such poor chaotic stuff as words creates enduring worlds? I am not even an enemy of the philosopher or the messiah. What he says is—pardon me—not new enough to make an old man's blood boil; it has been said so often by Lollards, Anabaptists, and pious communists, down to Rousseau and his heirs, that the ear of mankind is accustomed to it. The pure state of nature: that was ever the phrase. Nature as the most reliable friend of man, the one friend designed for him by God. But is it so? Is it not, in its greatness and majesty, also an enemy, whose stubborn effort to drag him back to animalism must be resisted by the erect quadruped with all his might? Of all that for some centuries has seemed to him indispensable it affords him almost nothing. To the animal it provides everything: trees and bushes, caves and clefts, clothing and weapons, food and drink. Man has with great pains to create what he needs: tools, weapons, dwelling, clothing, food. He cannot live under the canopy of leaves which spreads in the springtime; he cannot use the leaf, the stem, the grain, the herb, the flesh, as they are provided. What wealth of fancy, labour, and talent must he not employ to make the earth habitable! Is it strange that he is so prone to doubt whether a God, whom he must deem wise and benevolent, created this earth for him? Yet the divine wisdom is seen in the very need to struggle for the principle of life; the need for all that crawls or flies, swims or runs. The strong devours the weaker, sucks its strength, and so is made the fitter to conquer in the next struggle. The divine goodness is seen in the care to prevent the child of the sixth day of creation from relaxing. He who made the pike and the shark, the fox and the wolf, the hyena and the tiger, and filled his world with ravagers of every kind, was not a God of gentleness and softness, with tears dropping on his beard when the lamb bleeds under tooth or knife. To man, who was made in his image, he gave the lordship over the fishes of the sea, the birds of the heavens, the cattle and the worms, the whole earth. So says the Book of Genesis; speaks expressly of this right to lordship, which can only be exercised by force, and lets us see that a wise benevolence compels man to struggle for all he needs, because, could he pluck it without effort, he would not employ his powers and would see his faculties diminish instead of growing. Even in the welter of mythology the law of the struggle for existence has, as you see, taken root. We need not be more divine than God. The 'pure state of nature' was not set up for ever by him. There was to be neither equality (as the tree and the herb testify) nor uncompulsive, masterless brotherhood. He cannot will that nature, to which his breath gave a master, should conquer, and man should learn to crawl again, should dwell again in the cavern, a biforked animal, with his stew and his horse flesh; that art and science and civilisation should perish, and the earth be again a desert. He cannot will it, for otherwise he would condemn his own work to destruction. How would the world look then? The plaint of Savonarola were a luxurious joy in comparison. And in this pitiful world of moans you would place, not a herd of miserable beasts, but divine men, whose head should reach the heavens."

"We differ in our first principles, and therefore will hardly agree on the simplest point. For your praise of the artist I have no thanks. Not merely because the same lips have given a like praise to Shakespeare, to Maupassant, and other harmful men, but because I know that you regard the gift of presentation, the art of drawing and shaping, something of no consequence, instead of that which alone is of consequence: the moral relation to the subject and the sure discrimination between good and evil. It does not matter. It is thirty years since I outgrew the vanity of artistic pride; and long before that the words of praise had given me secret pain, because I painted life so masterfully yet knew not what to think of it. An artist who depicts a procession, and does not show whether he loves or despises such a ceremony! The one question is how a man conceives the meaning of life and the purpose of humanity. But the real meaning of life and the true purpose of all man's endeavour were taught us, for all

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time, nineteen hundred years ago by Christ, and we have but to remove the rubbish from the tablets on which His doctrine was inscribed. That I have tried to do this displeases you. That, with all your proud reason, you do not understand the aim and purpose of my endeavour is made plain by every word that falls from your lips. Yes; I should like to have a world without truffles, *paté de foie gras,* motor-cars, electrochemistry, horse-races, churches, wars, and either legitimised or illicit whoredom. I would not have the State an institute of compulsion: I would have no hierarchy or money-slavery. I want what Jesus Christ wanted. Do you fancy you can convert the man of eighty?"

"Only a fool could cherish such an illusion. I did not imagine that I should for a single second disturb the serene self-consciousness of the prophet. How could that be, and yet he remain what he is bound to be? I came to see—to see a saint in the flesh, him whom men praise so highly and who is irradiated with the brightest glow of love. I came as one whom men mightily condemn, are thrust into deepest darkness by hate and jealous wrath."

"Who are you that you should thus draw upon yourself the anger of our brothers? One who dragged the manly youth of his people to the scaffold? If I mistake not the speech, a son of British soil. . . ."

"American. I am John Davison Rockefeller, of Richford, in the State of New York. I was seventy on the eighth of July, and am therefore no longer a pleasure-seeking youth. I should not be even if my powers were unimpaired—unfortunately. At the age when you were enjoying the richest pleasures of student-life at Kasan, I had to bend all my faculties to the keen rivalry for money. At nineteen you, the scion of an ancient and noble race, with large possessions, had concluded your oriental studies and jurisprudence, and lived without anxiety on your estate; I was then head of a business I had established. The years you spent so gaily in the uniform of an artillery-officer I passed behind a ledger. And when you were seated with the license of St. Petersburg society and artists, I created a position for myself for the second time. And so on. It would be hard to find two lives whose curves diverged more."

"It would. Lord of industry and peasant, master of power and child of God; one whose whole life rests on violence and exploitation and a Christian; the richest man on this once Christian earth and the poorest."

"The poorest? Oh, yes; the good things we can see and taste here belong to your wife. You eat differently, drink differently, and make your own clothes (not an uncommon thing down our way). Formerly, you were a shoemaker and ploughman: a very healthy exercise, and quite tolerable when you can abandon it the moment it is convenient or no longer suited to your powers. I should call a poor man the man who has never known luxury, and would like to taste it, yet must die without it; not the sated man who has only to stretch out his hand to feed the new-born hunger of his appetites. However, we will not quarrel about that. Am I the richest? The press has said so often enough. 'At least twenty million dollars a year.' The rogue puts these in his pocket, the reader thinks, and buys palaces and jewels and delicacies and women. I may observe in passing that that would not be a crime against humanity; a clever political economist could tell you much about the social uses of great extravagance. In fact, however, I live much as you do: like every old man who does not care to accelerate his end by intemperance and folly. Not entirely as you do; our work differs in its nature and intensity. You write and read, and need vigorous movement, after sitting so long, to increase your circulation: splitting wood, running, ploughing. My work is not so sedentary, and demands more time; I should be an ass if I did not make use of anything that can be bought to assist my labours. Since I can in ten minutes, perhaps, create values which would never have been produced if just those ten minutes had not been employed, I must pay the highest price for every particle of an hour. Pullman-cars, motor-cars and private wires are dirt cheap if they save me time. My money? That also

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works; never rests, like myself. It courses through a thousand channels, and after the harvest it is both crop and manure. A man who can hear the grass grow might be able to say what my real gain is. But the tyranny and the exploitation! Is it not natural for mankind to hate one who deals so ruthlessly with its sons? I see you assent. I began in my twenty-sixth year with petroleum, which had then only been in use for five years as an illuminant of the first quality, and has done much for others besides me. The Standard Oil Works in Cleveland became the Standard Oil Company, then the Trust, on which so much abuse is poured. As the outflow is poorer between Ontario and Kanawka and the pumping less profitable, I proceeded to Kansas and Kentucky, Florida and Colorado, as far as the Pacific Ocean and the Southern States. Love and benevolence had nothing to do with the business. My market was three parts of the earth. Your country, with the immense resources of Apscherons Tscheleken, is my most dangerous rival. I had to concentrate my strength, and endeavour to raise the percentage of the available mineral oil by improved methods of refining, and, by improvements in transport and control of the network of pipes that convert the raw oil into refined and convey it to the coast, seek something like a monopoly, at least in our continent, and then endeavour as shrewdly as possible to extend my dominion. What does it matter if an import-house is ruined by underbidding or the people of the Pipe Line groan. The Lord God Himself could not make room for the great without narrowing the range of the small. How did we do it? When a knot is planed smooth there are splinters. The man who does nothing and folds his arms can keep his coat spotless. He has no need for apology, no need to ask for indulgent consideration. No doubt, we are sinners, if you compare us to the pure and holy. How the market would be if the wicked John had not secured unity and organisation, people do not seem to reflect. Every demagogue, whether he be Roosevelt or Bryan, abuses him and besmirches his honour. That I thrust the weak out of my path, so that they should not run between my legs and hurt themselves, is a crime. That I demand the highest available price, and only give what I am compelled to give . . ."

"Crimes and sins against the Holy Ghost. So I also deem them. And in one who lives thus, and brings others under the yoke of such a life, I see the veritable servant of Satan; even though he goes to church at the hours prescribed by the clergy, and swallows dogmas, like the mixtures of his physician, in which the sense of primitive Christianity has become nonsense. What? To herd men together, to compel them to work in stinking pits and pestiferous factories, which gladden not the soul, and of which the profit goes to the 'master,' that is to say, to one who exerts power over his brothers, and maintains his money-making by using all the compulsory resources of a politically organised robbery? And the man who does this comes to me and would . . ."

"See a man who is venerated as a saint. Why? Because, abandoning the one fruitful achievement of his life, he repeats, with the conscious pride of a discoverer, what has been said a hundred times already, and professes a faith the impracticability of which has been fully proved. Professes it with his lips; he does not exhibit its influence in his life. There is room here for a primitive Christian community. Is the land divided among the peasants, as we should expect of one who came late into the school of our good Henry George and never outgrew it? No. It belongs to Mme. the Countess. She has means, servants, comfort—all that the Count condemns as un-Christian and unworthy of a man. She will bequeath her property, movable and immovable, in order that her children and children's children may be spared the struggle for life. And what will the legacy of the holy man be to the broad-browed men of God who regard his wondrous deeds almost as deeds of the Saviour? Whether pitchblack John Davison has spent twelve or sixteen million dollars on his country, we will not seek to determine with pedantic accuracy; Chicago University alone has had more than six million. Any one who cares to

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inquire will hear of many a useful foundation. That is not the chief point. What has the rogue paid into the coffers of the State in forty-three years, since he began to deal in petroleum in Cleveland? By how much has he enriched the lands which he has since got within his claws (as you put it)? This should be shown in figures; and then you should inquire how the men he has enslaved lived before, in the delights of rural freedom, and how they live to-day in those horrid cities. The comparison would show . . ."

"How freemen have become slaves, religious men godless, and warm-hearted brothers bitter enemies; and how cupidity sullies the garment of the soul. That is what the comparison would show. Every one knows that who scans with open eyes the crust of the earth and the vault of the heavens, without any comparison. Did not these men live before you made them happy? They lived by faith in the Gospel of Christ—peasants of plain ways and severe morals, knitting their own clothes and baking their own bread. They did not then need, because it so pleased Moloch, or Leviathan, or some other power of hell, to fight the Spaniard or the Philippine, to-morrow, perhaps, the Japanese, and strew the coast with their mangled bodies or tumble in the foam. It is cool for a man to boast of paying tribute from the proceeds of stolen goods. Let him refrain from boasting, in the hearing of God, of the happiness he has created."

"Which of us is nearer to boasting I leave to a higher judge. I never ventured to liken myself to Him, or ventured only to approach His throne. I have never set myself up as saviour, or sought to make men dissatisfied with the jargon which the wisdom of two thousand years offered them, to devour their pain, to benumb or to stimulate them. You, holy man, imagine that none before you has recognised the faults of State and Church and every other institution founded on force. It would be easy to name dozens. But as they knew nothing better, and could not write a recipe which should contain a swifter and surer remedy for misery, they let the tradition run on and left it to God to loosen, and eventually remove, the bandages from the eyes of His children. These men I call truly pious and humble; they would not be wiser than the God who made them. Did He not create me also? Did He not make me what I am? Yet might He have kneaded the clay in some other fashion. He wished my being as it is, then, and found a use for it in His creation. In order to produce evil? Then were He an evil God; a God of spite. No, but to put some one forward who was fitted for the struggle against hostile forces—even for the struggle against nature, from which the strength and wit of man must wrest, piece by piece, the kingdom of the earth. You are welcome to your peasant of plain ways and severe morals, if you cannot see how the *mujik* lives in his old faith, and how it is the particular vices of this life, not the priest or the tilling of the soil, that please him, you must be blind. I leave you also the glory of denouncing war; the cheapest laurel ever yet gilded on the orator's brow (with real metal, which the naphtha-wells brought to light). When the day comes on which a people brought up without military spirit, accustomed to emasculation, pays for its folly, you will receive just punishment for the most mischievous of agitations since the days of eunuchs; and the eunuchs at least closed against themselves the springs of pleasure, while the levity of the heralds of peace gathers its harvest of praise and reward with ease. But your towering pride cannot shake my consciousness that I have engendered happiness and led onward the little army my will could reach. That can be questioned only by the hallucinated who denies that we have advanced beyond the stage of the cave-man. So art, science, and civilisation are an illusion? Have created the beautiful and the strong, in which the senses exult, and sin, and made the earth a kingdom of pale weaklings? For that end God did His six days' work? May the devil, in whom you must believe, enjoy your home-spun clothes and home-made bread. We were ripe for other joys. That pestilence should no longer stalk amongst us as it once did, that the mortality of child-bearing mothers is reduced by nearly a hundred-fold of its proportion, that we take our place at last in

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the whole and need no longer envy the bird its pinions, that we can, with a spark controlled by the human will and sent far into space, save the crew and passengers of a sinking ship—these and innumerable others are the wonderful achievements of reason. How do your men live? In a joyless world of dull creatures, resembling the animals (all that makes the man, the finest and the strongest, is denied them), not daring to aspire beyond the sheer necessaries of existence, only groaning a little less when they have a roof over their heads and some rye-bread or barley-brew in the oven. Brothers? Yet in your herd also the wolf falls on the lamb, the fox takes toll of the stupidity of the sheep. So they lived a hundred, two hundred, years ago; it was a little different under the yoke of the Tartars. What does it avail them that the holy man sleeps, and eats, and drinks no better than they, talks peasant-language with them, carries water to the house, ploughs the land, mows the field, fills and empties his body in the stubble, mends his clothes and shoes at the open window? The simplest boor could do that. They expected something more of the master. Is it of any use to them that he affects to forget what he has learned and lived? That he is wonderful, the most remarkable sight of the province? It would be, if reverence and curiosity brought money with them when they draw near! But the travellers are content to pay their coachman, and the master says that any man who goes beyond the minimum of existence is in peril of his soul.

"In San Francisco and Tula, Paris and Mukden, Sicily and Alaska, there is to be no other standard of life than that set up at the Sea of Tiberius and on the threshing-floor of the Baptist. The law that was preached there is the immutable law of all time, for every day and every station of life."

"It is from God, Mr. Nimbletongue. He does not give His laws for three months, as you give your bills; and He was thus free to take no account of thieves, robbers, slayers of men, and slave-drivers."

"Yet did not exclude them from His world; are not those whom you hold such found in large numbers? Like the pike in the carp-pond. His all-seeing eye perceived that the man of the tropics, whose food grows, does not advance, and had too many features of Cain's ape-wife, the ancient and evil-smelling woman. The brood of his sixth day must go onward; neither die out nor return to the beasts. Therefore it must long for more than falls or flies into its mouth, and must be spurred and whipped to higher achievement—with the whip of the desire of power and the spur of need. The smile of Buddha does not discompose me. The nature and number of our needs increase; even this circumstance, which seems to you so vicious, may have been included in the providence of God. That is the belief in which thieves, robbers, slayers of men, and slave-drivers live and work. Do not put out of sight the relation of each to the Lord of Heaven, which He above can regulate as He thinks fit. Rather urge people, with the hope of greater enjoyment, to do greater things. 'And you will take the lion's share of the result.' Right. But not, as the dishonest rogue would, for ourselves; for the greater security and wider development of production. From your hesitating rationalism — a bastard that curses its mother, reason—we expect no more than from the dreams of millenniaries and communists. We believe in a God who made nature subordinate to man, and would wring from the muscles and nerves of man whatever the reluctant stuff can give. Not always with gentleness and sobriety, yet the sum of intelligence increases and is distributed. Where we have husbanded, organised and gathered the profit, the world of men looks otherwise than it did. My people live more than men did in the days of sheep-minding and ploughing. There is more mentality and more joy of the senses. They must obey, of course; otherwise, instead of the unity of the implement, which serves all, we should have a heap of useless fragments. But they are slaves! Each is a master in a small way: free to make or dissolve contracts, far from the brutal stupidity which, on some day of intoxication or world-re-

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deeming madness, makes your people fire the pit. And because I have done this, enriched my country, done service to millions, helped whole races to the light, and led thousands to the lofty sources of culture, I, a sinner stained with all the vices of industrious creative work, set my life-achievement higher than that of a fruitlessly holy man. The chatter of the streets would put me in the pillory and you in heaven. You have made yourself comfortable in a peasant's smock and skin-boots. Mankind would have more: would attain without Rockefellers what those callous folk have taught it to desire. Away with them! The anti-clerical calendar-saint, under a glass bell, does assuredly not slacken the march."

WHAT MAKES A BOOK SELL

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

NEVERTHELESS, there is no doubt that Blank and Company can sell more copies of a book than any other house in America."

The publisher did not dispute this, though he did not believe it. In the first place, in spite of her great faith in the selling ability of this other house, he had secured on other grounds this celebrated lady's next book, with the prospect of more to follow, and he did not have to argue; in the second place, decent publishers do not compete by running down each other's abilities.

"There's not so much in this selling business as you think," he said diplomatically as he patted affectionately the signed contract between them on the table. "You do not do justice to your own vogue."

This was a red-letter day. While they were still talking, another, a recent celebrity, called him on the telephone and asked for an appointment. When they met the author said:

"Yes, I'm leaving Dash and Company. Of course they have done very well with my novel, but I am satisfied that they should have done better. I want to come over to you."

"Why do you think they should have done better?" asked the publisher. "I thought your last sold finely for a second novel. We have all been congratulating Dash. It is generally thought among publishers that he handled your book very well."

"I don't see how you can say that when he didn't advertise more," said the author. "I simply pleaded with the man, but it was no use. The newspapers were full of book advertising, but mighty little of my book. I am sure that if he had advertised properly he could have put it to a hundred thousand. Now *you* really advertise. I see your big black-faced three-column announcements everywhere. So I'm leaving him and coming to you. In spite of common belief to the contrary, an author can also be a man of business, and I'm a man of business."

The publisher shrugged his shoulders as he instructed his secretary about the terms of the contract. His duty was fully done. He had sufficiently defended Dash and Company, and his defence had not driven the novelist back to their office. His conscience was clear. It only remained to accept what the gods gave him. It was with a cheerful smile that he blotted the author's signature.

Yet this publisher was far from being a larger advertiser than Dash and Company; in fact, he was a smaller one. But he was a shrewder man. He used few of the magazines and obscurer advertising mediums so effective for solid books, in which Dash's advertisements appeared the year around; and he did not believe in circularising. He depended largely upon his books to "sell themselves." But he perceived that several thousand dollars a year cunningly displayed in certain newspapers would create a public impression of his advertising prowess that would be invaluable in reputation, even if not in direct sales. Year after year his reputation grew. But he never told his advertising appropriation. It

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would not be believed. The result more than justified the expense. Novelists flocked to him. His name was waved like a club by many dissatisfied authors over the heads of their own publishers.

And he kept his novelists, too—at least as well as most other publishers. He had his share of "best sellers," and as some of the best selling of his best sellers were among those he advertised least, he became, year by year, more and more justified in his policy. He was a canny man and a good publisher. He made money even in the worst of years. But often it worked too well. The novel that didn't sell, that wouldn't sell, came along in its turn and the author who had sought the house for its advertising came down hard upon the publisher who had accepted him knowing the reason for his coming.

"It's up to you," the author would say grimly.

"No," the publisher would reply, "it's up to the book."

"But you said——"

"I said nothing," the publisher would interrupt; "it was you that said it. No amount of advertising will sell a book that isn't what the public wants just at that moment——"

"But it is because Dash and Company talked that way that I left them and came to you."

"All publishers talk that way about books that will not sell. They talk that way because their experience with books that will not sell is identical and leads inevitably to the same conclusion."

And so on.

But every author must learn the truth, as publishers learn it—namely, by bitter experience. Not the least of every publisher's burdens is the disappointment of his authors over the inevitability of the law of supply and demand. It is a lesson which he himself learned early in his business life, and has learned over again every day since. With him, therefore, the failure of any book to sell is no surprise, almost no disappointment. The proportion of unprofitable and small and moderate sellers to larger sellers is so great in the season by season practice of the years that the advent of a "real winner" is generally a delightful surprise.

The study of failures and successes with the purpose of deducing the laws underlying the sales problem is the publisher's everlasting occupation. This is a problem that never has been solved. It never will be solved. It cannot be solved. It is a problem that changes like the April sky. Conditions are never the same. The taste of the buying public changes, and there are a thousand publics. When your author says (as every author says at least once), "My book is twice as good as Jones's, but his sold and mine didn't; he must have a better publisher," he assumes one public. He also assumes that Jones's publisher had something to do with the book selling well. In the latter assumption there is a small percentage of fact.

Authors who accept sales as publishers accept them, namely, as so many phenomena naturally resultant from a complicated, incalculable and always different combination of human and commercial causes, and make such study as is possible of the elements with the purpose of producing, so far as possible, the same or more fortunate combinations with succeeding books, are usually the authors who succeed eventually in making book writing a profitable business.

But it may be said in passing that the authors who do this, who are capable of doing it, are *raræ aves* compared with the other kind. That combination of imagination, insight, originality, power of expression, combativeness, vanity and thin skin which is commonly miscalled the "artistic temperament" usually refuses to stand for more than one or two failures. It then heaps the blame on the shoulders of the nearest publisher, and dabbles with some "easier" art. But at that there are a plenty left of the true temperament to bend the enlightened eye, the chastened mind and the hand rendered skilful with effort more laboriously, more painstakingly, to the arduous advancement of true art.

Meantime the publisher continues perplexedly to scratch his head alike over the inexplicable failure and the surprising success, questions his salesmen about the latest freaks and usages and tendencies of the country's markets, consults with booksellers whose judgment he trusts, glances over the newest book covers and the last eccentric advertise-

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ments and reads in the elevated on the way home the novel from another shop which he heard that morning was in its fourth printing. His is the perpetual job of keeping up to date on the market for everything sold between covers.

These are days when every business process is submitted to the merciless probe of the analyst. There is no excuse for any man any longer. The Psychology of Salesmanship, like the Psychology of Everything Else, is obtainable at a dollar net under half a dozen titles, and Advertising claims to have become Mathematical Science. The modern University Professor has made it all so simple that all men in the next generation cannot help being rich and successful.

The publisher, however, has his troubles notwithstanding. Unfortunately books refuse to come under the given rules. A book seldom sells well after the first season, and its first costs tend to kill its first year's profits; consequently it sets at naught about every one of the rules both for selling and advertising. The psychologist of sales who attempts to "modernise" the publisher is as tiresome and futile as is the advertising "expert" who calls the publisher "conservative" and "old-fashioned" because he refuses to believe that a newspaper or a string of newspapers of vast circulation at a dollar or more an agate line won't produce the same sales with a psychological novel as with Cream of Sesame or Bleachem's Pills—that is, "if you take big enough copy."

Far from being "conservative" and "old-fashioned," however, every publisher wishes so heartily that what the psychologists and experts say were true about easy sales that already he has disregarded the experience of many generations of publishers and sowed his own wild oats—with the customary result. Yes, and too often he continues to experiment, in the vain hope that times or human nature may have changed.

Yet, though he cannot, without disaster, do the "stunts" of men of some other trades, there are still many things he may do to sell his books, to fit his authors to their market and to surround and saturate his business with the atmosphere of success. Difficult though his business is, it may be conducted soundly and brilliantly. The problem of selling involves importantly every department and every function of a successful house. It does not lie in manuscript selection, nor in salesmanship, nor in advertising, but it lies in all of these things and more. Though it is an axiom that few books are bought because of their imprint, nevertheless a house's sales involve mysteriously but importantly the very tissue and repute of the house. It is not for nothing that good will figures so extensively in the valuations of publishing business. It has many times more reality in publishing than in most other businesses. Next to its list, this mysterious quality is by far the publisher's most precious possession.

What, then, is it that makes a book sell?

One distinguished publisher, whose exploits in the difficult art of combining selling and literary qualities are altogether notable, replies:

"That question is a tough one. My own growing belief is that the answer should be the publisher's Will and the success vibrations that he emanates, extending from his travellers and advertising men to the trade and the public. Woe betide the publisher, however, who tries too often to give success vibrations for books that haven't quite the 'potency of life' in them; and, as our friend Henry James says, 'There you are.' "

This is a statement as shrewd as it is breezy. It contains, in fact, all the Law and the Prophets. It is not, however, the recipe for success in publishing only; it applies with approximate force to all businesses dependent upon an appeal to the public taste. It is also, for instance, most of the story of producing plays and selling calico. The human aspects and conditions are at least the same. The difference from other businesses lies chiefly in the more complicated problem involved in publishing, the more delicate determinations of what the public wants and what it doesn't want, the more difficult medium for influencing large bodies of possible purchasers and the comparative smallness of the possible market, with its consequently greater proportional penalty for not guessing right.

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A publisher seldom stops to figure out the reasons for his success any more than the average successful man in any other business. He is lucky. Or he's "got things running." Any phrase will do if called upon for an explanation. The fact is that he lives and works in such sympathy with his tools and his market, that he identifies himself so completely with his work, that day by day, season by season, year by year, he so radiates the spirit of the institution he is upbuilding, that presently he, or the business (for the two things merge into one in the years) acquires a power and a personality of astonishing magnitude and, within its lines of influence, quite irresistible. His clerk and his stenographer feel this mysterious spirit in the very air. His advertising man becomes saturated with it and translates it into palpitating appeal. His salesman absorbs it and exudes it to the increase of his sales and the making of his own reputation. This is the spirit that wins battles. In business it is called by many names. It is what is generally meant when a staff is said to have *esprit de corps*. "Success waves" express the idea as well as any. This common but mysterious personal quality is the greatest element in selling books.

Once a novel sold close to the half million mark, which was, from every point of view, quite an ordinary production. It had no literary or narrative or sentimental distinction whatever. It contained no element of novelty, either in the story itself or in its characterisation. It was a fairly well-written, interesting novel, but little else. It had no advantage over fifty or more other novels, just as interesting or more so, published the same season, which did not sell more than five to twenty thousand each—except that the author's former novels, all equally without unusual distinction, also had large sales.

The doctors have sat on this case, and various have been the explanations. Advertising cranks grew red in the face proclaiming it the triumph of clever advertising, for the book had been very thoroughly and skilfully exploited. Anti-advertising orators struggled fearfully to discover some occult popular quality in the book itself which could explain the sale in spite of the advertising. Still others proclaimed it largely a triumph of salesmanship. The fact is that all three were partially right.

The greatest of all causes, however, the cause of causes, lies somewhere in the personality of the publisher. The sales triumph of this author was a triumph of faith—his publisher's faith. In the trade this publisher was admiringly called "the crazy man"—because he was so "crazy" about his author. It was his only author. He believed him to be—really, honestly believed him to be—in many respects the greatest living novelist. He devoted himself to making this author's work known and read as no other living novelist's work was known and read. His intense convictions got somehow into his advertising and made the reader believe even against his will. His fervour passed to his salesmen and they talked as men inspired. The "big trade," which he sold in person, were willingly carried along by his enthusiasm and determination, for they saw in these qualities the promise of success; therefore, they helped him along by good orders and personal work. Of course he was also a sound business man, though his enthusiasm was responsible for the great daring of his start.

This is the whole story of this novel's and this author's great sales. It is an extraordinary story—to be hitched up with success. But most of all it is an extraordinary example of this wonderful personal quality in leadership that is as much an element in successful selling as it is in successful war and politics.

So much for this particular case, which, however valuable as an example of a great principle, is in other respects altogether exceptionable. For it is evident that every author cannot have his individual publisher, and that very few authors have the universality to justify and to make profitable such distinguished devotion. In the nature of things there must be few publishers and many authors. In the nature of things a publisher cannot be as "crazy" about each of five hundred authors as he can about one—especially if a big seller.

The conditions of book advertising are highly specialised. A volume might explain. Sufficient here to say that one principal fundamental difference is that

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the publisher has as many businesses to advertise as he has books. On the other hand, a corset maker, let us say, may have as many styles as a publisher has books, but in an advertising sense, as in every other sense, he has, unlike the publisher, only the one business.

For example, Mrs. Ess is impressed by the advertising of the X, Y and Z corset and asks for it at the department store where she deals. "I liked the picture of Number 23," she says. The saleswoman shows her many styles, out of which, at length, she chooses one. It is not Number 23, but it is, you observe, the X, Y and Z corset she has asked for and purchased. Then she goes to the book counter.

"Have you got *Adventures in a Harem?*" she asks. "I saw the advertisement and liked what they said about it."

"H—m," says the saleswoman, "I don't know the title. Must be a brand-new book."

"Yes," says Mrs. Ess, "it said 'Published this day' at the top of the advertisement."

"I suppose we just have it in," says the saleswoman; "it will be—oh, who is the publisher?"

"The publisher?" asked Mrs. Ess. "What do you mean? I thought you'd have the book. You have everything as soon as it is out. Do you mean the printer? Why, I don't know. How could I know?"

"No, the publisher," says the saleswoman, running over the lists of books not yet on the counters. "You know, the firm that published it. Their name must have been on the advertisement."

"Oh, yes," says Mrs. Ess, "there was a name, I think, but the title is *Adventures in a Harem.* The author's name was—let me see—I think it was Green—somebody Green."

"Here it is," says the saleswoman, "up this very minute."

Mrs. Ess carefully examines the cover of the book. "I don't care much for that," she says, "I don't like the girl's face. She looks silly. I hate silly heroines."

Then she glances at one or two of the illustrations and runs carelessly through the leaves.

"It is awfully short," she says. "If a story is good, I like it long. If it isn't good, I don't want it at all. Is there anything else here I haven't read? What would you recommend?"

The saleswoman painstakingly describes four or five recent novels, but Mrs. Ess does not fancy them on examination, and she finally picks out one that mysteriously appeals to her mood. Its publisher? I don't know, and neither did she.

You see, the advertising results are radically different. The corset maker has made a customer for his brand, irrespective of any particular style, a customer who will probably come again and again until some new advertisement catches her fancy. But the publisher has accomplished little. He has not sold the lady a book. He has not even impressed his name upon the memory of a possible future purchaser. He has persuaded her to pick up that particular book from the thousands offered and give it a few moments' examination. And that is all. Even if she had purchased the book, she might not have liked it, and if she had not she would industriously have informed her friends that it was poor or silly and advised them not to get it. If she had liked it, she would lend her copy to several of her friends. But, on returning to the shop for other books, neither she nor her friends would ask to see Dash and Company's new novels. She would ask again for a title, or, having none in mind, would look over the counter for something that "looked interesting."

The book advertiser's problem, therefore, is one requiring a quality of care and judgment not demanded of the corset advertiser, for if he has fifty books on his list, he has fifty special problems to the corset man's one. And as one injudicious plunge may practically ruin the profits of any of these books for a season or two, his responsibility is times greater than that of the other, whose problem is chiefly to cover, as cheaply and effectively as possible, all parts of the country inhabited by women who can afford to buy his corset; and so long as there continues a satisfactory relation of profit to expenditure, he need not worry

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a great deal about occasional errors in placing his advertisements.

All attempts to chart this shifting unknown sea have failed. Some have tried to play the game after a "system," as the gambler attempts to reduce the chances of faro or roulette. One house deliberately settled down to solve this one problem, and for some years published only a given number of novels a season, each novel chosen specially for the purpose of catching this greater public. Each novel was started off with a thousand dollars worth of advertising and received additional appropriations of a size exactly proportional to the amount of returns. Automatically, so to speak, one novel would swell in sales and advertising, while another, under the same formula, would dwindle and disappear. This seemed to work all right for several boom seasons, but unfortunately trade conditions would persist in changing. This would be shown by disturbances in the returns, and our pioneers would experiment with a new formula, which, in turn, would develop its period of prosperity and decline. Then to see every now and then some comparatively unadvertised novel from another house rush into an astonishing success could not fail to be upsetting to our pioneers, who were never sure that some of their own successes which had cost ten or twenty thousand dollars to advertise would not have sold equally well at perhaps fifteen hundred each.

As to such selling devices as picture covers, illustrations and decorations generally, they are part of the campaign to catch that casual public of which we have spoken. Many publishers who will not take the long chances of advertising for Mrs. Ess's patronage will design a cover to catch her wandering fancy at the book counter or load down his volume with frightfully expensive coloured illustrations. The argument in favour of this is that if your book does not "catch on," you are in for only the original cover and picture costs, which, heavy though they may be, will be only a fraction of any half decent advertising campaign. The weakness of it is that if your book does sell, you are saddled with coloured illustrations to the bitter end, whereas you might stop your advertising when the run is really on and take real profits for say a hundred thousand copies.

The pressure on the publisher from his salesmen and, through them, from the trade is always strongly for bright coloured covers and illustrations, and the fair success of many novels is attributed to the external beauty which attracted Mrs. Ess and her friends at the book counter. At the same time an infinitely larger number of novels equipped with outward beauty or gaudiness have failed utterly; and perhaps most of the conspicuous successes of each year have appeared between plain covers and without illustrations. It is anybody's race. You may pick your own horse!

So finally we come down to the Book itself!

Ah! Now we have torn aside the curtain and entered the sanctuary. We are not the first by any means. Here is one celebrated publisher, at least, who has dwelt comfortably and happily and most profitably here for these many years, scorning the gibes of those who rushed after the noisy advertising parade some years ago and who have since been dropping back, one by one, all looking just a little foolish, possibly, as they peered in at him through the lifted flap. Yes, this is the answer to our conundrum if that answer must be expressed in one word.

It is the Book Itself that Sells Itself, because it is the book that a thousand or ten thousand or a hundred thousand buyers want to buy at the time it is published. No publisher can sell a book that does not come under this definition any more than a corset maker can sell a corset, no matter how handsome, that is not cut to the figure admired at the moment. Many different corsets cut to the fashionable lines will sell side by side in competition, for tastes in frills differ. But no corset cut to the lines of a decade ago will sell now, no matter how it sold then, and your novelist who produces to-day an imitation of some novel famous several years back (and most novels amount to that) must not blame his publisher if it does not sell.

Of course our corset simile will not carry long, for, after all, we are dealing with art when we deal with fiction, no matter how crude its expression and how

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commercial its object. Most novels, of course, are frankly commercial in object on the part of both writer and publisher. But occasionally a publisher is fortunate enough to produce a novel which is also literature—and the exception smashes our generalisations.

Such novels are destined to success, greater or less according to their natural publics, entirely without reference to the handling of their publishers. Now that is not to say that they would be unaffected by such handling, for clever publishing may bring fame and sales to a Real Novel whole seasons, or even years, before it could have won them for itself. But my point is that if it be really a Real Novel, eventually it will win them anyway, even in spite of bad publishing, for that is the way of a book. We all know of instances (they occur nearly every season) of Real Novels themselves setting the pace and keeping their publishers puffing and perspiring to stay even in the tail of the procession.

In closing, let us sum it up, as the parson does at the end of his discourse. The principal element in the sale of a book is THE BOOK ITSELF. A long way after comes the second element, the spirit and enthusiasm and genius of the publisher as expressed through every wheel of his complicated human machine. Still a longer way after comes the third element, scientific though not necessarily voluminous advertising.

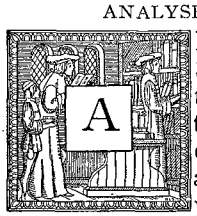
And then comes the rest.

THE GREAT SWINBURNIAN HOAX

[Twenty-five years ago there existed in New York a paper called the "Daily Graphic"—the first illustrated daily to be issued anywhere in the world. Its illustrations were lithographs; and its career was cut short after a year or two. It was edited by D. G. Croly; and it gave a good deal of its space to literary matters. Orpheus C. Kerr, for example, contributed to it his unreprinted parody of George Eliot's "Middlemarch." One of the most daring and original articles that appeared in its columns was a review by H. C. Bunner, then the editor of the newly established "Puck," but not yet known either as a poet or a novelist. This review purported to analyse a new volume of poems by Swinburne, and it contained abundant extracts from the poems, which were supposed to be in the volume criticised. But as a matter of fact, the whole thing was a fake. No such volume had been published by the British bard; and the brilliant young American parodist had himself written all the quotations which he pretended to take from Swinburne and which he presented as samples of that poet's work. Only in the final paragraph did the playful reviewer give any hint of his humorous deception. Bunner never collected his many parodies into a volume—a fact greatly to be regretted; they lie scattered through the pages of "Puck" and of the "Puck" Annuals and of "Scribners." This apocryphal review of Swinburne deserves to be recovered from the oblivion of the back number.—B. M.]

SWINBURNE'S NEW BOOK*

AN INTERESTING VOLUME OF POEMS ANALYSED AND SAMPLED



A NEW volume by Mr. Swinburne is certain, at this date, to attract attention; not certain to excite comment and discussion, as it would have a few years ago. This is much to be regretted. Mr. Swinburne's powers have reached that point of maturity when a general summing up of his work—a rough reckoning of his influence on the literature of the day—would be not only fair to him, but eminently desirable to those who have watched with interest, sympathetic or otherwise, the birth and development of a school of which the one exponent of indisputable genius is this Phœnix and phenomenon of the younger English writing poets.

Hitherto Mr. Swinburne's most careful and artistic work, and in his eyes

*Later Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 1 vol., 12mo, 370 pp. London: Chatto and Windus. New York: Worthington.

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probably his most important, has been found in his classical studies. His aim has been to make himself a master of this branch of poetical art; to speak more exactly, he has sought to Hellenise himself. It may be said, we think, without fear of contradiction, that in this purpose he has failed. In "Atalanta in Calydon" and in "Erechtheus," strictly as they conform to the classical model and wonderful as is the technical ability which the author has brought to his task, the sentiment and feeling, the soul of the work, are essentially Hebrew rather than Greek. Greek in the intense appreciation of the grandeur and mystery of nature, Hebrew in the exaltation consequent thereupon and in the identification of that exaltation with a religious idea; Greek in the wish to comprehend and to contemplate beauty, Hebrew in the mad desire to possess and partake of it; Greek in the keen realisation of the divineness of all material joys and delights, Hebrew in the all-pervading and insistent monotheism; Greek in the quick perception of an irresistible and inevitable fate, Hebrew in the bitter wailing and outcry against it.

Still further, however, have these classical studies failed of their ideal in a point more readily felt, if not fully understood, by the general public. Mr. Swinburne's one power is the perfect apprehension of a single detached situation, spiritual or physical, and of the significance and value of all inanimate objects in relation thereto; that is, he knows thoroughly any one phase of emotion, its material manifestation, and the method of translating to the senses the sentiment it conveys. But of combination of effects in mass, of sustained action, continuous development or cumulative progression, he is incapable. He can paint us a scene; he cannot tell us a story. In "Atalanta" and in "Erechtheus" he pictures the falling of the bolt of fate, but never does he show us the figure of preordained Fate herself, filling all the background—the black overshadowing wings; the uplifted arm, the dread absolute certitude of advance. He exhibits to our eyes the reft web, but he does not point out the one fatal blood-red thread inwoven with the weft from the first up-gathering of the silken floss.

That this weakness is an unsurmountable obstacle to the construction of a classical drama—or, indeed, any drama—need not be said. The characteristic which it implies is visible in all Mr. Swinburne's work. His magnificent power has only the tenure of a moment. He chronicles an isolated instant of time, without reference to those that precede or follow. Any one phase or shade of love, however subtle, he can seize and project upon the sensuous mirror of his verse; but the gradual process of unfolding, the budding and blossoming of the passion, he cannot grasp in its entirety.

Let us look, for an example of this point, to one of Swinburne's shorter poems, "The Triumph of Time." Here he is bound by no restrictions of place or period; by no arbitrary rules of an independent or foreign art; nor is he overweighted by a plan of construction involving immoderate length. Tennyson's idyl of "Vivien" has over eight hundred lines; "The Triumph of Time" a little under half as many. Yet—holding the different merits of the two poems as practically equal—we can easily understand a man's reading "Vivien" through at one sitting, without any fagging of interest; while he would feel his sense cloyed and wearied by the honeyed monotony of Swinburne's poem. This is its one fault. From the first stanza to the last, it is one melodious iteration of a single note; or, at best, a series of variations upon one theme; with a certain uniformity in the very changes so artistically rung. And like "The Triumph of Time" are a hundred shorter strains, written from stanza to stanza, from line to line—a honeycomb of many luscious cells, one the facsimile of another.

This faculty of Mr. Swinburne's, then, is clearly not dramatic. It is not epic. It is, if anything, lyrical. And it is, therefore, with satisfaction that we find him, in the book now under review, striving successfully to reawaken the brief but spontaneous bursts of song with which he first announced his arrival on the poetic horizon.

Later Poems and Ballads is composed,

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with the exception of two classical studies in blank verse, "Mintho" and "Over Against Tyre," and one, "Leuce," in the form of an irregular ode, of comparatively short pieces, some of which are already familiar to the public, having been widely copied from the columns of the *Examiner* and other English periodicals. The majority, however, are printed here for the first time, and are for the most part translations from the early romance poets, or original essays in the metrical forms of the Trouveres and Troubadours. The revival of this old French versification is now making quite a furore in England. In his earlier *Poems and Ballads* Swinburne printed a couple of "Rondels" and "Ballades," which were wholly false in form; but since 1873, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, R. Bridges, Theophile Marzials and others have successfully reproduced all the favourite forms of mediæval Gallic prosody—the Rondeau, Rondel, Triolet, Villanelle, Virelay, Kyrielle, Ballade, Chant Royal, Sirvente, etc. And it must be owned that if we are to judge from the specimens given in the present book, these metrical fetters sit more easily on the light and graceful muse of the minor poets than on the passionate and pain-crowned genius of Mr. Swinburne.

Our space does not permit us to give more than a few characteristic extracts from "Later Poems," but we may refer by name to certain of the contents which have, at various times, appeared in cis-Atlantic prints. Among these are "A Ballad of Dreamland," an exquisite piece of delicately sensuous mysticism; "The Forsaken Garden;" the "Song," written for a London revival of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, a few years ago, and "Ex Voto." The last mentioned poem seems to us little more than an elaboration of the ideas suggested in the stanzas in "The Triumph of Time," beginning:

> I will go down to the great white mother,
> Mother and lover of men—the Sea.

Another odd reversion to an early model is the "Defiance," on page 67, which, though differing somewhat in style, is in spirit almost identical with the well-known "Litany:"

> O God, who hast heard us not, neither inclined thine ear,
> What shall be said of thee, being wholly bitter and cruel?
> A flame that flies fast and is fierce, and thy own hand heapeth the fuel;
> Dead in the path of thee Pity, and awake and aware of thee Fear.
> Give to us wings that we fly from thee, hid and havened in heaven on high from thee,
> Away where time rests, where he reckons not passage of day nor of year.

No one can read these initial verses without being impressed by the similarity of motive.

That unpleasant obscurity which was an early fault of the poet's crops out occasionally in his present work. Take, for instance, the following lines, which, in the fragment "Madreloca," have nearly the force of a detached passage:

> Saw him, an old man with enforced limbs,
> The lantern-bearer of the silver house
> And white-faced halls of Artemis, by night
> Go forth untimely and unseasonable:
> Having no patience to wait till the live sap
> In the dark womb of time made stir, but went
> Seeking a place none knew of in that day.
> Nor less that other in the uttermost South
> In fervid lands uplift the strange sweet fare,
> Burning the tender round of all his mouth;
> Strange chill lying keen where keener heat had been.

We ask any intelligent reader if he can find a meaning to this quotation. Who are the personages referred to? What are their movements, so vaguely hinted at? As you read it, you have a certain feeling of familiarity, as if you had seen something of the same sort before. Yet we know of no mythologic tale which furnishes a clue to a single line. Indeed, it might well pass for a paraphrase of the beautiful sentiment crudely voiced in the song of our childhood:

> The man in the moon
> Came down too soon—etc.

Of translations from the Provençal and the later French, our author gives us thirty-four specimens in all, ranging from Bertrand d'Allamanon and Peyre de Ruer to Clement Marot and Voiture. But we cannot accord unlimited praise

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to Mr. Swinburne's efforts in this line. He presents versions, rather than translations—sometimes better, sometimes worse than the originals, rarely the same in manner or merit. The following rondeau from Villon, to whom he devotes most of his space, giving twenty-two examples of his style, is one of the few that can lay any substantial claims to fidelity. It follows the "De Soye et d'Or" of the "mad poet" almost word for word:

Of gold and silk: yea, every day,
In that sweet time of latter May,
  Was thus enwove of glittering thread;
  But when the spinner Spring had fled,
The tender weft hung all afray.

There shall no days come such as they;
Not while Time plies his shuttle. Nay.
  Not though the loom be built and fed
    Of gold and silk.

You rent that woven veil away
That hid us from the world. I say
  You sold yourself, and God hath said
  That bitter is flesh-boughten bread.
Eat thereof till the sheen grows gray,
    Of gold and silk.

We advise all our readers to procure and read the original of this poem. If they can carry out the first part of our advice, we venture to affirm that they will find no difficulty about the second.

But of Mr. Swinburne's translations from the Provençal, one may be cited as an example of almost literal rendition. It is the "Plaint of Geoffrey de Rudel." Rudel was a troubadour of the twelfth century, who fell in love, *by report,* with the Countess of Tripoli, a fair and hospitable lady, who had kindly entertained the homeward-bound crusaders of Richard. He sailed for Africa, was seized of a mortal illness on the way and lingered just long enough to greet and bid farewell to his "amour de luench." Swinburne has elsewhere alluded to him:

There lived a singer in France of old
  By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
  There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land and saw her as life grew cold,
  And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Sismondi has translated the "Plaint" into French, and an unknown hand has rendered his verses into English. Mrs. Jameson has also attempted it, but none come so close as Swinburne.

PLAINT OF GEOFFREY DE RUDEL

1162

(*From the Provençal*)

Yea, sore and sorrowing shall I go
  If I see not my love afar:
Nor know I when this may be so;
  Far from our shores she dwelleth far.
God of the tides that ebb and flow,
  Who hast set her I love afar,
Grant my heart's hope: this mercy show
  For my desire of her afar.
Yea, Lord! hold this for true, although
  My heart hath turned to one afar;
Lo, for one joy, I have sorrow
  A thousandfold, being thus afar.
May love no joy on me bestow,
  Saving joy of this love afar,
Than which no one more fair I know
  In any place, or near or far.

The romance metres Mr. Swinburne handles, as we have intimated, with strength and precision, but with no notable ease or lightness, as witness this:

VILLANELLE

Shall Love be quit with kisses,
  Nor take his due of pain,
Who never tribute misses?

Thy lips light laughter his is;
  But when he comes again
Shall Love be quit with kisses?

Where blossom of brief bliss is,
  Time garners it as grain
Who never tribute misses.

When like a snake that hisses
  Swells Lust's lithe leprous vein,
Shall Love be quit with kisses?

For here the black abyss is,
  And there that captor's chain
Who never tribute misses.

Is one thing sure as this is
  Wherefor we plead and plain?
Love is not quit with kisses,
  Wax dim desire or wane,
He never tribute misses.

The final quintain, though a variation on the established form, seems to us pleasing and melodious. Another bit of

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effective originality is to be found in the "Virelay" on page 263. It will be observed that the first syllable of each feminine rhyme forms the masculine rhyme of the next stanza. We have only room to quote the concluding division:

Yet for all pains of her,
All pangs of care,
This thing remains of her,
That she is fair.

What God blew breath to her,
Made full her veins,
Whose face draws Death to her
Sets Life in chains?

All men come, verily,
To her, she saith,
Or sad or merrily,
But none chooseth.

As a light to the meadow lent
Her soft feet err
Among flowers less redolent
Than the feet of her.

Love all gifts fair upon
The red rose shed,
For her lips to find thereupon
A bridal bed.

Of the two classical studies before mentioned, "Mintho" is the weaker. It is a long and somewhat tiresome address put into the mouth of an apocryphal Menedemus, who bewails the loss of his love, the nymph Mintho, carried off by Pluto. One or two passages will give a general idea of the style:

Thou Hades, who with fierce eyes and hot foam,
Hot foam and salt spume of the nether flood,
Issuing amorous, even from thy rank full lips,
Saw once Persephone, set around with flowers,
In Nysian meadows, over which the wind
Soft blown of summer, playing about her limbs,
And falling faint from contact of white breasts,
Gracious and white, pure blossoming breasts of her,
Uplift a voice, singing: Thou Hades hear,
Yea, though with fed lust art thou like one dead.

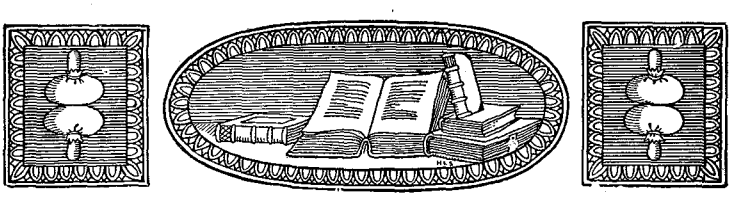
There shall no rape of all thy ravishments,
And no excrescency of thy desire,
Known to all gods as shameful; for these know
Even the secretest and most intimate waste
And bringing forth distort and perishable
That is thy loins' flower and the fruit thereof;
Until the faint airs of the uttermost blue
Make cool the steam abominable of thy house,
Before the face of gods and in the sight,
Law-fraught and knowing not change, of Him most high,
Even in their eyes shall no sin be as this.

We are sorry that we have not room for more extracts, nor for more detailed criticism on those we have been able to make. What we have given, however, will probably answer our purpose in imbuing the reader with a wish to procure and study Mr. Swinburne's *Later Poems and Ballads*.

And those readers who are led to *Later Poems and Ballads* by this review will have the additional diversion, when they get the book, of comparing our extracts with the originals.

Should the two not match, we expressly disclaim all responsibility. Here are our extracts. If Mr. Swinburne, when he revised his proofs from Messrs. Chatto and Windus, had not time to rearrange his originals to correspond, it is his own lookout.

H. C. BUNNER



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THE NEW ORDER OF DEDICATION

BY EDNA KENTON

"TO the wittiest woman in India I dedicate this book," runs the dedication page of *Plain Tales From the Hills,* read with more gentle envy by women the world over, possibly, than any other modern dedication. Written there years ago by the clever boy who was to be the most talked-of writer of the modern world, it still breathes in its single adjective an intense flattery that the old dedication pages, heaped with all the pompous treasures of the thesaurus, could not achieve.

The ornately servile, turgescent dedication seems to have passed out of the world as the new democracy has come in. Just as the world, slowly, is developing toward natural expression of natural feeling, so modern dedications of books reflect the growing sincerity of the new era. Tennyson's grandiloquent dedication of *The Idylls* to the Prince Consort just deceased, whose death threw the English court into a state of permanent crêpe for the rest of his widow's life, was almost the last of the blindly revering dedications of literary work to the merely exalted of the earth, though a slight savour of this sort of thing seems to lurk in Zangwill's recent giving of his play, *The Melting Pot,*

To
Theodore Roosevelt
In respectful recognition of his strenuous struggle
Against forces that threaten to shipwreck
The Great Republic
Which carries Mankind and its Fortunes
This play is, by his kind permission,
Cordially dedicated, 1909

And now and then one runs into the old, lengthy, sonorous formality of dedicatory phrase that distinguished the age of patronage. Mrs. Humphry Ward makes it an act of conscience, seemingly, to dedicate properly and solemnly her books, and her dedicatory pages are as utterly formal as the pages they precede. The sort of thing that one reads on the gift page of *Robert Elsmere:*

Dedicated to the memory
of
My two Friends
Separated in my thought of them by much diversity of
Circumstance and opinion;
Linked in my faith about them to each other,
And to all the shining ones of the past,
By the love of God and the
Service of man;
Thomas Hill Green
(Late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Oxford)
Died 26th March, 1882,
And
Laura Octavia Mary Littleton
Died Easter Eve, 1886:

this has almost passed into the limbo of a more formal, precise age.

Instead have come the intimate dedications, most of them meaningless except to the few concerned, and often these dedications are as informally expressed as the books they yield are—all too many of them—informally written. "To My Father"; "To My Mother"—the age of sycophancy could not have permitted such wanton waste of boot-licking space to mere sentiment. Sometimes in a family of writers there is an interesting interlapping of dedications. Charles Belmont Davis dedicates *The Stage Door* "To My Mother." Richard Harding Davis has the same inscription in *Gallegher.* And the mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, dedicates *Dr. Warrick's Daughters,* a curiously interesting novel by the way, with an unforgettable characterisation in it—"To C. B. D."

Mark Twain dedicates to his family beautifully. His *Prince and Pauper* bears this inscription:

To
Those good-mannered and agreeable children,
Susie and Clara Clemens,
This book
Is affectionately inscribed
By their father

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Joan of Arc was his silver wedding anniversary gift to his wife and was tendered with the following dedication page:

1870 1895

To my wife
Olivia Langdon Clemens
This book
Is tendered on our wedding anniversary, in grateful recognition of her twenty-fifth year of valued service as my literary adviser and editor.

The author

And *Tom Sawyer* also was inscribed to her.

Jesse Lynch Williams gives his *The Stolen Story* "To A. L. W."—surely Alice Laidlaw Williams, his wife, and his *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrols* is inscribed "To my mother, an old-fashioned woman who understands the new."

Ben-Hur stands dedicated "to the wife of my youth who still abides with me." Stevenson's dedication of *Weir of Hermiston* belongs to the realm of Stevensoniana—all his dedications are exquisite and as intimately personal as Shelley's. And here must be put Patmore's dedication of *Angel in The House:*

This Poem
Is inscribed
to
the memory of Her
by whom and for whom I became a poet.

Kipling wrote for the dedication page of *The Light That Failed* a poem beginning:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

and mothers have had all sorts of books dedicated to them. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is dedicated "To my mother, who for years has been the good angel of the Cabbage Patch." Some time later Alice Hegan Rice inscribed *Lovey Mary* "To Cale Young Rice, who taught me the secret of plucking roses from a cabbage patch."

Not so personal a dedication and yet every whit as meaningful to the scores of Princetonian '93's, to whom the book is dedicated, is Booth Tarkington's inscription in *Cherry:*

To the diligent and industrious members of the class of '93 at Nassau Hall, also to the idler spirits who wasted the Golden Hours of Youth in profitless playing of toss-the-ball; and even to those more dissolute ones who risked the tutor's detection at pitch-the-penny and carve their names on Adam's table—in brief, to all of that happy class is dedicated this heroic tale of the days when Commencement came in September.

An entirely characteristic dedication of a characteristic book is Gelett Burgess's dedication of *Lady Mechante*

To the whilom
Associate editor of
Phillida
and
Le Petit Journal des Réfusés
Fellow enthusiast and Partner in
Many acts of unregretted folly,
Critic, artist, friend,
This abandoned narrative
is cordially dedicated.

Then follows a long and formal letter beginning: "Porter Garnett, Esq., Sir:" which has for its text "Nonsense is the Fourth Dimension of Literature, the mechanics of playing"; a text elaborately set forth.

Not too rarely, and, thank heaven, not too frequently, we run across really charming informal letters to those whom the writers of books are honouring. The better part of that almost forgotten book on the list of the Best-Sellers that raged country wide a decade ago, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, is a dedicatory letter addressed by Maurice Thompson to M. Placide Valcour that runs through two flowery pages of decorative type, and ends thus:

Accept then this book. In my mind and in yours, I hope, it will always be connected with a breezy summer house on a headland of the Louisiana gulf coast, the rustling of palmetto leaves, the fine flash of roses, a tumult of mocking-bird voices, the soft lilt of creole patois, and the endless dash and roar of a fragrant sea over which the gulls and pelicans never ceased their flight, and besides which you smoked while I dreamed."

Another Hoosier writer, Meredith

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Nicholson, dedicates *The Little Brown Jug at Kildare,* "To you at the Gate," and sends it forth to find the girl in the fresh gingham dress—or was it lawn—who one tender morning, or perchance eventide, leaned across a gate and smiled at him as he passed respectfully along the country road and away. A dedication evidently to an experience unseized and a tribute to an unending regret.

Conan Doyle lapses into the familiar epistolary style on the dedication page of *The Hound of the Baskervilles:*

MY DEAR ROBINSON: It was your account of a west country legend which first suggested the idea of this little tale to my mind. For this and for the help which you gave me in its evolution all thanks.

Arthur Symonds gives his *Studies in the Seven Arts* "To Rhoda" in a long letter covering two closely printed pages, a charming letter that ends: "I want this book to be yours, chiefly because we have lived so much of it together."

But it is not only in books of fiction, romance, poetry, belles-lettres, and the fine arts generally that interesting dedications are to be found. Cursory research on the technical shelves is liable to rich reward. Only a few of us are likely to find interest in Thomas Shaw's *Clovers,* but any of us picking up that volume may find this inscription formally set forth:

To all persons
who are or may be interested
in the
Growing of Clovers
This work is most respectfully dedicated by the author.

Mrs. Henderson's *Practical Cooking* holds this page between its covers:

To my friend
Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman
A lady who studies the comforts of her household
These receipts are affectionately dedicated.

Baldwin on Heating, a volume technical to a degree, contains one of the most remarkable and unconsciously humorous dedications likely to be found in a long and deliberate search. By chance it fell open at its dedication page, which reads:

This book is respectfully dedicated
To
Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane
in consideration of
The great charity their bounty has created and maintained
in the
Sloane Maternity Hospital, New York
and
Their concurrent interest in the science of Warming and Ventilation

Musical critics indite their volumes to musicians. Laurence Gilman gives his *Strauss's "Salome"* to Alfred Herz, "a conductor of temperament and authority and the introducer of the music of Salome to America." Paragraphers dedicate to paragraphers; Franklin P. Adams inscribes his *Tobogganing on Parnassus,* "To B. L. T., guide, philosopher, but friend." And plays, published after their successful production, are almost invariably dedicated to the star: *The Servant in the House,* to Walter Hampton; *The Middleman,* To E. S. Willard; *Disraeli,* To George Arliss; *The Great Divide,* To Henry Miller. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, *Julia France,* that started its career as a play for America's most mentalised actress, is dedicated as a matter of course "To Mrs. Fiske."

Dedications of technical or purely scientific books, while evidently not obligatory upon their wise compilers, are not at all rare. More often than not the dedication will take the form of acknowledgment of mental debt to some former teacher or fellow-researcher. The growing literature of eugenics is, unless a halt is called, going to make Francis Galton "August master of all Eugenists," the possessor of more dedications than any other scientist.

Most dedications are flattering and genial. But in another fast-growing field of literary output, that which deals with feminism and the feminist movement, there is to be detected a slightly acid tang to several dedicatory inscriptions. Molly Elliot Seawell, in *The Ladies' Battle,* a book that sums up the position of the so-called Antis, inscribes the book, "To those of my country-women who think for themselves." And the Rev. Buckley, author of *The Peril and Wrong*

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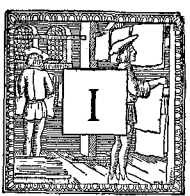
of Woman Suffrage, dedicates it "To Men and Women Who Look Before They Leap."

Now and then one runs across an interestingly hidden dedication, like Wedekind's dedication of *The Awakening of Spring,* "To the Masked Man," or Helen Mackay's *Houses of Glass,* "To some one who will never read them." There is something exquisitely pathetic about the dedication of Wilstach's *Richard Mansfield,* "To Beatrice Mansfield." And there is always that sublimely poignant gift of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* to one who might never read it:

In Memoriam
C. T. W.
Sometime Trooper of the Royal Horse Guards
Obiit H. M. Prison, Reading, Berkshire,
July 7, 1896

THE THEORY OF ENDINGS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is curious, when we stop to think of it, how long a time has been required for modern technique in fiction to come around to a principle of structure that was perfectly understood more than two thousand years ago by the Hindoo fabulists —namely, that a story logically ends when, through acts resulting from his own character, the principal actor is brought to a situation involving a definite finality that may be summed up, either expressly or by implication, with the familiar formula, beginning, "this fable teaches." The crow loses her bit of cheese, not because the fox is an adroit flatterer, but because the crow has an innate and unconquerable vanity; the grasshopper is left to starve and freeze, not because the ant is industrious and miserly, but because the grasshopper is a frivolous idler. But when fiction outgrew the age of fable, and the compact moral lesson gave way to the more or less amorphous tale of adventure, writers lost sight of that very simple rule, that the only really satisfactory ending to any human story is that which shows human beings reaping the merited reward or punishment entailed by their own acts,—and furthermore, acts that are the expression of their individual temperaments.

The moment that the novelist loses sight of this principle, the beginning and more especially the ending of his novels becomes a more or less arbitrary matter, depending on the whim or fancy of the moment. Strictly speaking, of course, there is no beginning and no end to a human story, individual or collective, because the life history of each one of us has been slowly preparing through countless generations, while the consequences of our own small contribution to the sum total will continue to react upon those who come after through unnumbered centuries yet to come. So the most we can do is to cut boldly into the fabric of life at what to our finite vision seems to be a break, or new starting-point in the weave, and then come to a stop when that particular detail of pattern seems to have been rounded out to an approximate symmetry,—in other words, when a certain number of human beings have reached a position where they must hold themselves, and none other, neither their fellow-men nor blind chance nor predestination, responsible for their joys or sorrows.

In old-fashioned novels, it was the habit, with a certain superficial show of logic, to begin with the hero's birth, and end with his death. This method had the practical advantage of silencing, even if it did not satisfy, the demand of the public to know "what happened next." But it is very seldom that death is a satisfactory ending to a story; far oftener, it is a violent interruption, all the worse because it is an irreparable one. In a

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literal sense, to be sure, a man's death is the result of the life he has led; if he dies of disease, his tastes, his habits, his trade or profession have probably been important factors in predisposing him to certain forms of illness; if his death is due to sheer accident, such as a shipwreck, a flood or an earthquake, none the less he himself is a contributing cause, because instead of being on the spot, he might have been elsewhere. But this sort of contributing cause does not make a story, in the modern acceptance of the term. A child born of consumptive parents, and growing up in the damp and darkness of a tenement cellar, is foredoomed to die of tuberculosis, and the spectacle of its death may offer the elements of grim tragedy; but it does not make a well-constructed story, because the child is simply the passive victim of forces beyond its control. But if that same child, by strength of will or subtlety of intelligence, succeeded in escaping from its environment, and achieving a final cure, or even holding the deadly foe at bay, then we do have the needed element, an altered condition due to conscious effort. It is not life's handicaps, but the courage and energy that overcome them, that make fitting material for the story-teller.

It is this natural yet often unconscious demand for a conclusion due directly to human action that explains the popularity of stories in which the action is physical rather than mental. The soldier of fortune achieves his effects by translating heroism into terms of a flashing sword; Sherlock Holmes broods long over his inevitable pipe, but always ends with quick, decisive, spectacular action; the gambler strips his ruling passion bare, whether it is on the gold-heaped tables of Monte Carlo, or in the wild frenzy of the Chicago Pit or New York Stock Exchange. A battle that ends with a surrender, a thief hunt that stops only with the snapping of the handcuffs, an attempt to corner the world's market that fails only when the last dollar of margin is wiped out—such stories leave a sense of utter finality that the slowest intellect cannot miss. It is when we come to more serious fiction, of the kind that attempts to say something of real weight about life, that the difference between the novel with a logical ending and the novel which merely comes to a stop is oftentimes a little hard to determine.

Let us take a few specific cases. One of the commonest forms of conventional ending is that which takes leave of the supposably happy pair at the altar rail. Now, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this is no ending at all, but simply a beginning, because in these ninety-nine cases the central theme is the effort of a young man and woman to find happiness in each other; and the intended implication is that they have found it in marriage—and that is something that neither they themselves nor any one else can predict. But let us look for a moment at an exceptional case, Mr. Howells's admirable and at present little read *April Hopes*. There the point at issue is not at all the conventional one, but something far more subtle. Throughout their long and rather stormy courtship, Alice Pasmer and Dan Mavering are slowly proving to the reader, if not to themselves, what a host of troubles and readjustments lie in waiting beyond the wedding-day, because she is an over-serious young woman who will always exact too much, and he is of the ease-loving, temporising type who has learned the danger of too much frankness. The ending has the element of logic because, so long as the engagement lasted, the couple could still see each other through a mist of idealism, while beyond the closing pages lies inevitable disillusion.

Or again, let us take another familiar type—the woman who has chosen the wrong man, and is finally released by his death. Two widely different examples of this same formula come to mind, Mrs. Dudeney's *Folly Corner*, and Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*. In the former story, it will be remembered, Pamela Crisp is an ease-loving, placid young person, who is rescued from imminent want by an honest, big-souled farmer, who takes her on faith and asks her to marry him. But Pamela has another side to her nature, a side that responds imperiously to the call of a particular voice; and although the owner of that voice has the shadow of prison on him, he has only to utter the one syllable, "Pam," in his

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unforgotten tone, and she forgets everything and will go with him through shame and sorrow to the end of the earth. Mrs. Dudeney, it will be remembered, finds Pamela's release through her lover's death. But this ending does not give a true sense of finality; we feel that Pamela's nature demands something more than the plodding routine of a dull farmer's wife, and that sooner or later another man, with a soft, seductive tone, will say "Pam," and the old tragedy will be renewed.

Sister Carrie offers a sharp contrast in this respect. Like Pamela, she is poor and fond of material comforts; and like Pamela, she gives herself without legal marriage. But the difference lies in temperament. Beyond what they can give her in the form of luxuries, silks and velvets and jewels, she has no use for men, not even for Hurstwood, who has sinned for her, ruined himself for her, and finally owes his utter disintegration as a man and his squalid death to her indifference. In a certain sense, she does not wait for his death, to make herself independent of him; the lure of the footlights and her rapid triumph have made this easy. Yet, in a way, so long as he lives the shadow of their past may fall across her path; and when he dies, the story reaches a logical point of finality, because we know that there will be no second Hurstwood in her life. She is on the road to prosperity, and no man shall again be allowed to break the tranquillity of her cold, selfish, calculating life.

This naturally brings us to a consideration of Mr. Dreiser's latest and most ambitious venture in fiction, *The Financier*. The type of story that it represents is one that has become fairly frequent since the novel of the business and financial world has come into vogue. It is the type that follows the hero through a promising career, as he rises through spectacular strokes of fortune to a dominant position, and then suddenly by one fatal blunder sends the whole carefully built structure tumbling, card-like, to the ground. This was the formula of *The Pit*, by Frank Norris; it served the purposes of Robert Herrick and David Graham Phillips, in a modified form, for more than one of their volumes,—in fact, a representative list of recent novels in which it forms the main structure would seriously encroach upon available space. And the noteworthy point about this formula is the nature of the ending which it foreordains. The hero, having learned his lesson and suffered bankruptcy, sometimes only of fortune, but in other cases, of love and honour as well, is supposed to have learned his lesson; and the implication of the closing pages is, that in a new environment and with a chastened spirit, he will begin over again and eventually achieve victory. But to give the impression that Mr. Dreiser's novel belongs undistinguishably to the rank and file of its class is to do him grave injustice. *The Financier* is a very unusual piece of work, a social and economic picture of American life that, in spite of certain crudities, must be recognised as a novel of the first magnitude. Its one real fault is that it is unwarrantedly long. Through nearly eight hundred pages of rather fine print, it surges forcefully on, in a mighty tide of words that the author himself seems to have been impotent to stay. Not that the structure of the story is loose and rambling, nor that the episodes are irrelevant or lacking in interest. It is simply that for the purposes of a clear, forceful picture, he has given us too much. That Mr. Dreiser should himself know all he has told us about his principal characters, and perhaps a good deal more, is as it should be; but he would have gained by practising a more rigid elimination. If Mr. Dreiser's structure had been of an epic variety, if it dealt with the destinies of a race, or summed up the psychology of an epoch, then space and amplitude, and crowding throngs of characters and incidents would all contribute quite properly toward the needed impression of vastness both of theme and of setting. But *The Financier* is distinctly the story of a single character, a certain Frank Algernon Cowperwood, from the time when as a small boy, he bought castile soap at auction and resold it to his father's grocer

"The Financier"

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at one hundred per cent. profit, until a day twenty years later, when the doors of the penitentiary open to give him freedom, and he starts once more to take up the broken threads of his life. In a certain broad sense, the book does give us, in addition to this central character, a picture of American business life, as it was during the Civil War and the reconstruction period, and in a veiled way it is a criticism of the same conditions, on a larger scale, existing in the financial world of to-day. But all this seems to interest Mr. Dreiser only as background. There is no dominant central symbol, like Wheat in *The Pit,* by Norris, or the Bourse, in Zola's *L'Argent.* The dishonesty of the local political ring in Philadelphia during the sixties and seventies, the juggling with city funds, the grabbing of street-car franchises, all of these things concern Mr. Dreiser only to the extent to which they react upon the character and the fortunes of his hero. And for that reason, the sheer mass of detail, the cumulation of names and incidents, people and situations glimpsed only for an instant, in a swift, bewildering panorama of life, have the effect of obscuring, instead of helping us to see. None the less, the personality of Cowperwood, born manipulator of money and colossal egotist, is a portrait not easily forgotten. From early boyhood, he knew precisely what he wanted, and he got it. He never was satisfied with what he had, but was always looking ahead and above for something better and bigger. There was no limit to his ambitions: wealth, position, influence, luxuries of living, a beautiful home, a beautiful wife: all these come to him, one by one, and fail to satisfy his insatiable demands. When he cannot amass fortune quickly enough in an honest way, he cajoles the city treasurer into gambling with the public funds; when the attractions of his lawful wife begin to wane, and his eye falls upon Aileen, favourite daughter of the Irish political boss, old Butler, who has largely made young Cowperwood what he is, no sense of gratitude or loyalty prevents him from reaching out and taking unlawful possession of Aileen, and no flash of intuition warns him that by doing so he is laying the fuse to his own destruction. After this events follow swiftly; the Chicago fire precipitates a panic, in which Cowperwood becomes dangerously involved; yet he might have weathered the storm, had it not happened that, at this fatal hour, old Butler learns the truth about Aileen, and wreaks his vengeance by prosecuting Cowperwood for his irregular dealings with public funds. A term in state's prison sends him forth a wiser but apparently not a sadder man; and as the story closes, his first wife has divorced him and he has repaired his wrong to Aileen by making her his second. Mr. Dreiser, in taking leave of the couple, starting anew in another city, implies that Cowperwood has learned his lesson and is a changed man. But the reader knows better. Cowperwood is the type that does not change; he learns the wisdom of avoiding certain specific mistakes; he will never again be convicted of juggling with city funds; but to the end, he will always be as dishonest as the subtleties of the law allow; and when Aileen's charms begin to fade, his second marriage bonds will hold him no more tightly than did his first. That is why the point at which Mr. Dreiser interrupts his story is not a logical end, but merely a convenient stopping-off place: some of the most crucial chapters in Cowperwood's life are yet to be told.

"Mrs. Launcelot"

Mrs. Launcelot, by Maurice Hewlett, forms in more than one way an interesting contrast to Mr. Dreiser's book. In the first place, it is a model in the art of compression. With an ampler background, reflecting the social and political atmosphere of Georgian England, and with a closely woven human story involving the leading statesman and the leading poet of the period, it nevertheless gives an impression of surprising brevity, a feeling, when the last page is turned, that it does not greatly exceed the dimensions of a novelette. Yet within its modest limits, it tells with inimitable delicacy of suggestion a curiously complicated psychological tangle, in which one woman and three men are involved, and in which at least two of the men are swayed by motives so mixed that it is humanly im-

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possible to say decisively whether they are men of honour or cads. Almost all the charm of this rare bit of fictional art lies in the sheer deftness of the telling, and that, of course, is the very thing which a mere epitome must ruthlessly strip off; yet it is only by a brief retelling that any idea of its peculiar quality may be conveyed. When Georgiana Strangeways married Launcelot, she literally knew as little of the material facts of love and marriage as the properly brought up young woman of that period was supposed to know. She married because Launcelot was regarded as a rising young man in English politics; furthermore, the Duke of Devizes had looked upon him with favour, and was vaguely committed to giving him a helping hand in the near future. Now, the Duke was not only a leading political power, but he also had a reputation for gallantry that was the undoing of many a female reputation, if once a woman's name and his became coupled in current gossip. Georgiana Launcelot was a woman of delicate and elusive charm; Mr. Hewlett does more than merely tell us so; he actually conveys the charm across from the printed page; and we know, beforehand, just as her husband knew, that the moment the Duke lays eyes upon her, shameless old connoisseur of women that he is, he will promptly lay siege to her. Launcelot is obviously in a very difficult position. Political advancement, the one great ambition of his life, hangs tantalisingly just ahead; if the Duke happens to look upon Georgiana with favour, there is no end to the opportunities that will open up; but, on the other hand, the deliberate barter of his wife's honour is a thought which, to do him justice, Launcelot never seriously entertains. Though he knows the Duke, he trusts Georgiana. But he sees no harm in using her as a lure, warning her vaguely to be circumspect in her attitude toward the Duke, yet repeatedly impressing her with the necessity of winning the Duke's favour and thus promoting her husband's advancement. Very soon, the Duke's new conquest is the talk of London; and what all London believes, her own husband is quick to believe also; and blameless Georgiana, whose simple purity has shamed the old Duke into the first decent friendship he has ever had for a woman, is besmirched in public opinion to an extent that she can never live down,—although luckily the ugly scandal does not reach her ears. Meanwhile, a young poet has come into her life, an ardent young man, fine of figure and big of heart, who is not awed by wealth and rank, and does not hesitate to tell Georgiana that she is unhappy, that she cares nothing for her lawful husband or her reputed lover, and that what she needs most in the world is love, the sort of love that he can give her. And in the end, the poet triumphs, and Georgiana defies the world and goes with him for an ideal, if unlawful, honeymoon in Italy. And when Launcelot and the Duke overtake them, the surprising young man outargues them both, proves to them that it is they, not he, who have sullied Georgiana in the eyes of the world, that their selfishness has made her wretched, and that they have forfeited all rights over her. And this astounding scene closes with mutual regrets and expressions of sincere esteem. We may gravely question the lady's chances for future happiness; but undoubtedly Mr. Hewlett has chosen the right point for the ending; the couple have burned their bridges, there is no going back, no further vile inuendoes born of a false position. She has openly defied public opinion, and robbed of her halo of mystery, will soon be forgotten. Incidentally, the story is technically almost flawless.

"The Soddy"

The Soddy, by Sarah Comstock, is another story of human failure, breaking off at the point where a man and a woman start out to fight the battle of life all over again. It is a pioneer story, the name being taken from the local term applied to makeshift houses constructed of squares of sod, piled up to form solid twelve-inch walls, that form a successful rampart against heat and cold alike. The workmanship of this story is distinctly good; it conveys, far better than many another more ambitious volume, a sense of the impotence of human effort against the cumulative forces of heat and drought

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and parching wind. The special little community of settlers who form the background of this story have fought a losing battle against failures of crops for so many years that they are on the verge of migrating in a body to other, more promising lands. But there is one young girl, who, like her father before her, believes in the ultimate success of perseverance. Her parents are dead, and she is left with the care of a younger brother and sister, yet still fights on single-handed,—until a new settler, a young man from the East, with scant capital, but with a courage that matches her own, woos and wins her, and starts in to plough and plant, with all the energy of ignorance. From this point on, the story is a record of heart-breaking failures, of devastation by fire and drought and winds that in a single night rip up entire fields of young grain by the roots; of plans for irrigation that are thwarted by unscrupulous land agents, who wish to bring about a wholesale emigration. And at last the young Easterner's courage fails, and he accepts the offer of a position in his former home. But the wife is made of sterner stuff; she refuses to return with him, and in sickness and loneliness carries on the fight single-handed. In her eyes, he has lost his manhood, has played the coward, and she feels that it is only by staying and holding on to the farm that she may eventually help him to be true to his better self,—if he ever hopes to win her again, he must come back and renew the fight. And in this her instinct proves true; for, although she is unable to adhere to her resolve not to send for him,—because when her child is born, the doctor knows that nothing short of a miracle can save the mother's life, and a telegram is sent speeding eastward,—yet, as it happens, the miracle does occur, because the husband has for several days been journeying west, and the telegram was not needed. And the reason why this ending, with new responsibilities and a fight to be begun all over again, is a satisfactory and convincing ending, is precisely because the wife has won her battle, the husband has learned his lesson, and henceforth there will be no more wavering, no second desertion of his post.

"Kirstie"

Kirstie, by M. F., who is known also as author of *The Journal of a Recluse,* is one of those books that are saved from mediocrity only by an occasional shrewd observance, a subtle touch here and there of real insight into character. More specifically, it is the story of a trained nurse who has the misfortune of being in love with the physician whose wife she is engaged to nurse. Some years before the opening of the story Kirstie knew and loved this same physician, but she was then an awkward, inexperienced girl and the doctor passed out of her life with an open show of indifference that hurt her cruelly. The second meeting, years afterwards, finds the doctor an embittered man, hopelessly at odds with an exacting wife who is an ardent Catholic and who believes that it is sinful for her to show any affection to her husband until she succeeds in converting him to her belief. The rest of the story, depicting Kirstie's prolonged struggle against the doctor, who, now that it is too late, realises she is the one woman he has ever loved, and her brave but unsuccessful effort to keep the truth from the doctor's wife, while not badly done, lacks distinction; it sounds like an echo of a score of stories turning upon a similar situation. And the weakest part of all is the ending. Just why the doctor's wife, frail and sickly, should take a new lease of life, and Kirstie, model of health and vitality, should suddenly sicken and die, is to be explained only on the ground that the author, having got the characters into a troublesome tangle, invoked the aid of death as the quickest solution and the one requiring the least mental effort.

"Cease Firing"

Cease Firing, by Mary Johnston, is a volume of commendable amplitude, and while the comparison that has been made of it to such recognised masterpieces as *Peace and War* and *La Débâcle* are an unfair exaggeration, there is no question that it does attain a certain epic sweep of action, a haunting sense of the havoc of war. Furthermore, the manner in which the author has overcome structural difficulties and enabled us to overlook the

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entire field of struggle during the great war of emancipation, is deserving of sincere praise. It was due to mere accident that Edward Cary was struck senseless by a gun carriage at the time that his regiment was hastening to the aid of Vicksburg. Unable for the time being to rejoin his company, he is cared for by an aged negro, and under the latter's guidance finds refuge in an old plantation in Louisiana,—the home of the Louisiana Gaillards. The men of the family have of course all gone to the war and the work of the slaves is being overseen by Désirée Gaillard, beautiful, dauntless, and all that the traditional heroine of romance is expected to be. Cary's courtship of Désirée, however, is merely a side issue in a volume filled with the scream of shells, the onrush of mighty charges, the grim and grisly aftermath of war. It is a picture drawn upon a big scale and with a touch that seldom falters. It contains some of the best work that Miss Johnston has done.

"Clara"

Clara, by A. Neil Lyons, is a collection of brief sketches which are episodes rather than short stories. They give fleeting glimpses of the wretched and drifting street waifs of London, the flower girls, the sidewalk artists, the crossing sweepers and beggars; they range all the way from the whimsical comedy of a new hat, crushed in the ardour of an unblushingly open proposal and acceptance, exchanged between an ill-assorted couple who have been brought together by the kindly offices of the owner of the hat:—to the grim tragedy of a murder trial, in which the poor, half demented creature who is tried and found guilty, is the only person present who is unaware of what is going on. As already said, these are not short stories in the correct meaning of the term; for the most part they simply set forth a situation, without even attempting to show that the result is due to the actions of the characters concerned.

"Scientific Sprague"

A word of commendation is due to a volume of detective stories by Francis Lynde entitled *Scientific Sprague.* There really is not much room in which to do anything absolutely new in the form or the substance of detective stories. The old formula which, from the days of Gaboriau has been employed countless times, namely, the intervention of an amateur detective who, by superior mentality, easily solves a problem that has baffled the best skill of professionals, really leaves no chance for further variations, excepting in the matter of personality and minor details of method. All this holds true of these stories by Mr. Francis Lynde. They are undeniably cleverly done. Take, for instance, the opening story: a certain branch railroad is thrown into a panic by the fiendish ingenuity of some mysterious person who is spoken of as the "Wire Devil," and who amuses himself, for reasons unknown, by sending into the despatcher's office blood-curdling reports of collisions, misplaced switches, appalling loss of life,—all of which, upon investigation, proves to be pure fiction. Well, after the professional detectives have exhausted their efforts in vain, a certain Sprague, government expert, chemist, and various other things besides, happens along, and clears up the mystery in twenty-four hours, finding the guilty party in the despatcher's own office. It is all quite plausible, the details dovetail in beautifully, and there is an element of genuine surprise. It is a little puzzling at first sight to find where the trouble lies, and why these stories awake no real enthusiasm. The trouble, it would seem, lies in the supposed method practised by Sprague. The only explanation that he gives of his astonishing powers is that he has learned to observe men. "I noticed," he says in substance, "that when the despatch announcing the wreck was received, only one man present failed to show excitement, only one man who did not clinch his hands." As a bit of observation, this is all well enough, but it is unfair to the reader, for the simple reason that it makes the solution depend upon minute gestures which the reader himself is not in a position to see, and therefore cannot foresee how the story will come out. And this is wrong because a good working rule for the ending of a detective story is, that it shall be such that the reader might have guessed it had he only happened to be a little cleverer.

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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Arnold Bennett's "Your United States"*

In several respects the United States did not confirm the rumours that Mr. Arnold Bennett had heard about it. For one thing he had thought to be asked his opinion of this country every fifteen minutes from the moment of landing. The question was not once put to him even in jest till after he had been here ten days. He expected to be asked how much money he earned and that many people whom he barely knew would mention the amount of their incomes. Neither of these things happened. He thought to find clubs and hotels full of heavy drinkers. On the contrary he found an astonishing sobriety. He looked for harsh words and insolence from paid servants, attendants and officials. Nobody was rude to him except a barber, who on being requested to desist from bumping Mr. Bennett's head asked why he should not go on bumping it—and be it remembered we have only Mr. Bennett's version of that affair and not the barber's. He expected to see many signs of the national vanity and sensitiveness to criticism. He heard no boasting and observed no impatience under criticism. These things, however, did not surprise him so much as the discovery that the far-famed "American rush" was mythical. He found no trace of it either in New York or Chicago. Lower Broadway did not exhibit the expected degree of bustle. The Stock Exchange was rather tame. "Earnest students of hustle should," he says, "visit Paris or Milan." The sky-scraper seemed to him architecturally a failure, though the effect of "massed sky-scrapers" at dusk was very beautiful. He runs on in this manner through many a page, indeed through most of his pages, apologising now and then for the superficiality of his views.

Benignity and an easy, pleasant, prattling style are the characteristics of his narrative—benignity sometimes carried to such a point that it resembles a set purpose. He must, for example, have been annoyed by the American child. All sensible persons are annoyed by the American child except its father or mother. But observe Mr. Bennett's suspicious mildness:

> After this I seemed somehow to be prepared for the American infant who, when her parents discomfited her just curiosity by the same mean adult dodge of spelling words, walked angrily out of the room with the protest: "There's too blank much education in this house for me!" Nevertheless, she proudly and bravely set herself to learn to spell; whereupon her parents descended to even worse depths of baseness, and in her presence would actually whisper in each other's ear. She merely inquired with grimness: "What's the good of being educated, anyway. First you spell words, and when I can spell them you go and whisper." And received no adequate answer, naturally.
>
> This captivating creature, whose society I enjoyed at frequent intervals throughout my stay in America, was a mirror in which I saw the whole American race of children—their independence, their self-confidence, their adorable charm, their neat sauciness. . . .
>
> I was observing all this when a number of young men and maids came out of a high-school and unconsciously assumed possession of the street. It was a great and impressive sight; it was a delightful sight. They were so sure of themselves, the maids particularly; so interested in themselves, so happy, so eager, so convinced (without any conceit) that their importance transcended all other importances, so gently pitiful toward men and women of forty-five, and so positive that the main function of elders was to pay school-fees, that I was thrilled thereby. . . .
>
> I have sat at dinner in such houses, and the talk was of nothing but children; and anybody who possessed any children, or any reliable knowledge of the ways of children, was sure of a respectable hearing and warm interest. If one said, "By the way, I think I may have a photograph of the kid in my pocket," every eye would reply immediately: "Out with it, man—or woman!—and don't pretend you don't always carry the photograph with you on pur-

*Your United States. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1912. Pp. 192.

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pose to show it off!" In such a house it is proved that children are unmatched as an exhaustless topic of conversation. And their conversation is rendered more thrilling by the sense of partially tamed children—children fully aware of their supremacy—prowling too and fro unseen in muddy boots and torn pinafores, and speculating in their realistic way on the mysteriousness of adults.

It is a book of first impressions politely curtailed out of decent regard for the people who entertained him—an exceedingly decorous book by a man whose real talent and individuality quite obviously are to be sought elsewhere. There is no resemblance whatever between Mr. Arnold Bennett the novelist and Mr. A. Bennett the comfortable bourgeois English visitor, grateful for the attentions that he has received. *Your United States* is not at all in the line of those rank and absurd but picturesque flowers of international impressionism which the BOOKMAN has from time to time reviewed—for example, that mad book of Mr. H. G. Wells on the *Promise of America* or Mr. G. W. Smalley's genuine but awe-struck *Anglo-American Memories* or Mr. Price Collier's chapters, palpitating with success-worship, on *England and the English*. He is not in the same class with those interesting persons who pit their whims against a hemisphere and come out smiling and cocksure. Mr. A. Bennett is far too conventional or rational to be cocksure about the unknowable, and that is why his book will never take high rank in this preposterous and amusing series. If Mr. Arnold Bennett the novelist had let drive at us without regard to the duties of guest-friendship, it would have been another thing. As it is, his book would serve for a bread-and-butter letter to his American hosts and hostesses, and of no true contribution to the literature of international impressionism, with the possible exception of Mr. Smalley's *Memories*, could this be said. What sort of people he met here—the only thing worth hearing from a novelist—he does not disclose. We learn his opinion of the comparative merits of rapid transit. We share his amazement at a telephone exchange and his raptures while in the bowels of an electric power plant. Vastly significant things no doubt, but they could as well be set forth by a Bureau for the Institution of International Comparisons.

I am fairly sensible of the enormous imperfection and rashness of this book. When I regard the map and see the trifling extent of the ground that I covered—a scrap tucked away in the northeast corner of the vast multicoloured territory—I marvel at the assurance I displayed in choosing my title. Indeed, I have yet to see your United States. Any Englishman visiting the country for the second time, having begun with New York, ought to go round the world and enter by San Francisco, seeing Seattle before Baltimore and Denver before Chicago. His perspective might thus be corrected in a natural manner, and the process would in various ways be salutary. It is a nice question how many of the opinions formed on the first visit—and especially the most convinced and positive opinions—would survive the ordeal of the second.

Thus is the native hue of his resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. The moment a literary visitor develops these conscientious scruples as to the truth of what he says he becomes unfit for the jovial game of international impressionism. That is a game of first thoughts, or rather of first feelings without any thoughts at all. Readers of Messrs. Kipling, Paul Bourget, H. G. Wells, Pierre Loti do not expect from them the hard dry light of truth. They look merely for the vivacities engendered in ardent, imaginative literary persons by a change of scene. If truth had been seriously the end sought, what would have become of these entertaining volumes? Their writers would have stayed here thirty years and ended by saying nothing. It is as if a poet were to defer his casual verses to the moon till he had made his mark as an astronomer. There is nothing really "rash" in telling people how you felt in Boston even if you were there only a week, nor is there any reason why you should go out to San Francisco and come back to Boston again to see if you still feel there just as badly. That is taking a morbid view of the impressionistic obligation. Nobody reads these books to find out what is in the country but merely to find out what was in the man at the moment of

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writing. The first fine frenzy on seeing Hoboken is quite harmless. It need never be revised.

Mr. Bennett says he never slept an hour on any American sleeping-car, "what with stops, starts, hootings, tollings, whizzings round sharp corners," etc., and that he had a mind to go out and say to the engine-driver,

"Brother, are you aware—you cannot be—that the best European trains start with the imperceptible stealth of a bad habit, so that it is impossible to distinguish motion from immobility, and come to rest with the softness of doves settling on the shoulders of a young girl? . . . If the fault is not the engine-driver's, then are the brakes to blame? Inconceivable! All American engine-drivers are alike. . . ."

There are some shrewd comments in an altogether too brief chapter on American education and art. Among the so-called cultured classes in this country he found hardly any interest in American painting. He also found no improvement on his fellow-countrymen in the matter of intellectual honesty—

a quality which has been denied by Heaven to all Anglo-Saxon races. . . . I seemed to see in America precisely the same tendency as in Britain to pretend, for the sake of instant comfort, that things are not what they are, the same timid but determined dislike of the whole truth, the same capacity to be shocked by notorious and universal phenomena, the same delusion that a refusal to look at these phenomena is equivalent to the destruction of these phenomena, the same placid sentimentality which vitiates practically all Anglo-Saxon art. And I have stood in the streets of New York, as I have stood in the streets of London, and longed with an intense nostalgia for one hour of Paris, where, amid a deplorable decadence, intellectual honesty is widely discoverable, where absolutely straight-thinking and talking is not mistaken for cynicism.

He was not agreeably impressed by the Europeanised American art dilettante. Indeed he said his bitterest experience while in this country was the frequent repetition of the remark

and usually from the lips of an elegantly Europeanised American woman with a sad, agreeable smile: "There is no art in the United States. . . . I feel like an exile."

And he observed that each of these exiles believed himself or herself to be the only ray in the darkness and deeply resented the pretensions of all the other exiles to the same luminous solitude. He found these people very bad judges of what was original and vigorous in art, being merely imitative with no real opinion of their own. A genuine artist struggling under their very noses would, he believed, have small chance with them. In regard to Winslow Homer, he says:

I would have liked to collect a trainful of New York, Chicago, and Boston dilettanti, and lead them by the ears to the unpretentious museum at Indianapolis, and force them to regard fixedly these striking creations. Not that I should expect appreciation from them! (Indianapolis, I discovered, was ever to keep perfectly calm in front of the Winslow Homer water-colours.) But their observations would have been diverting.

With this tart remark he concludes the few pages in which he seems to discuss matters about which he seriously cares—pages, by the way, that may indicate to the discerning what sort of people he was thrown with. Here may be had a pathetic glimpse of him running the awful gauntlet of teas, dinners, and polite conversation through those perfectly correct interiors described by Henry James, full of nice people with well-modulated minds, tepidly concerned for the proper thing in books and paintings, asking questions for which in answer any articulate noises will suffice. Here the good soul utters his only cry of pain and even here it is considerately stifled.

He prefers New York's baseball to its "culture." As to foot-ball, as played here, he finds too much of the American passion for "getting results." On seeing the dead or wounded carried out he questioned whether so serious an engagement could be regarded as sport. The systematic provision of "dozens of supplementary heroes" to replace those who fell in the encounter seemed to him to imply a somewhat cold-blooded and excessive military organisation.

Was it possible that a team could be permitted to replace a wounded man by another, and so on *ad infinitum?* Was it possible that

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a team need not abide by its misfortunes? Well, it was! I did not like this. . . . An enthusiast for American organisation, I was nevertheless forced to conclude that here organisation is being carried too far, outraging the sense of proportion and of general fitness.

Yet in the main American sport is not so strenuous or so democratic as in Europe, where forty thousand persons will often gather at an ordinary football match and where over a hundred thousand have assembled at a "Final," where too the sporting news is the chief feature of the daily papers. Nor at a great baseball game in New York did he find the popular excitement equal to that in his Five Towns. There was good cheering, but it was not the cheering of "frenzied passion." The anathemas of the visiting team, though emphatic, had not the "religious sincerity" which his own fellow-townsmen put into theirs; and the umpire seemed to be in far less danger from a homicidal public.

Referees in Europe have been smuggled off the ground in the centre of a cocoon of policemen, have even been known to spend a fortnight in bed after a decision adverse to the home team!—More evidence that the United States is not in the full sense a sporting country!

C. M. Francis.

II

Bliss Perry's "The American Mind"*

In beginning the discussion of his vast, vague subject Professor Bliss Perry wisely takes note of the danger attending the explanation of mental types by physical geography, race traits, economic, social, and political conditions, and the time spirit. In the fields of literature and art he has been at some pains to gather a number of exceptions. Thus Keats seems to have altogether escaped the time-spirit. The political and social influences of his day did not affect him. Poe might have written some of his stories in the seventeenth or twentieth quite as well as in the nineteenth century. There is no reason for thinking that the few "classic" remnants of Greek art really expressed the spirit of the whole Greek people.

One may go even further. Does a truly national art exist anywhere—an art, that is to say, which conveys a trustworthy and adequate expression of the national temper as a whole.

He points to the Occidental generalisations concerning the Japanese character based on a view of Japanese art derived from vases, prints and enamel. They seem hardly applicable to the grim little victors in the Russo-Japanese war. Art and literature may give no expression at all to the dominant emotions of a people during a given epoch.

Now through long periods of time, and over many vast stretches of territory, as our own American writing abundantly witnesses, the whole formal side of expression may be neglected. "Literature," in its narrower sense, may not exist. In that restricted and higher meaning of the term, literature has always been uncommon enough, even in Athens or Florence.

The feeling may be there and form a part of the national character even if no artistic expression of it survives. The American Puritan felt literature if he did not write it. Professor Perry denies that a sense of beauty was lacking in the Puritan.

Emerson's *Journal* in the eighteen-thirties glows with a Dionysiac rapture over what he calls "delicious days"; but did the seven generations of clergymen from whom Emerson descended have no delicious and haughty and tender days that passed unrecorded?

Professor Perry marks time in this manner through page after page of this amiable volume, pausing now and then to admit quite frankly his own lack of ideas—

Such considerations belong, I am aware, to the accepted commonplaces—perhaps to what William James used to call "the unprofitable delineation of the obvious."

This is perhaps explained by the fact that these words were not written in the first instance for a reader, who, however "gentle" he may be, sometimes has his wits about him, but were "delivered" in the form of lectures at the Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Cali-

*The American Mind. By Bliss Perry. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company. 1912. Pp. 249.

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fornia. It is seldom that the slow, expository palaver of a lecture turns out well in the subsequent reprint.

This book is no exception to that general rule, but it has far more reason for existence than a number of similar collections put forth by college professors or presidents—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's, for example, on *The American as He Is*, or Dr. Henry Van Dyke's on *The Spirit of America*, both of which, by the way, Professor Perry seems to admire. At least it offers concrete proof of acquaintance with books. It cites a large number of other men's ideas, and although it does not do anything with them it leaves one with the impression that he has been in good company. Moreover, though he is impelled by inner necessity in any estimate of the virtues and vices of his fellow countrymen to strike a balance in favour of the former, he does not confine himself to general compliments. There is nothing in his book quite so unnecessary as the following passage from another author, which, strange to say, he quotes with high approval:

"The typical American is he who, whether rich or poor, whether dwelling in the North, South, East, or West, whether scholar, professional man, merchant, manufacturer, farmer, or skilled worker for wages, lives the life of a good citizen and good neighbour; who believes loyally and with all his heart in his country's institutions, and in the underlying principles on which these institutions are built; who directs both his private and his public life by sound principles; who cherishes high ideals; and who aims to train his children for a useful life and for their country's service."

Which if it means anything means that the typical American is a very fine fellow indeed, but it does not mean anything. Professor Perry calls it a "modest and sensible statement" and appears not to be ironical.

He has ranged widely over the great mass of foreign books about us and has not made the mistake of taking it too seriously. The man who tries to take at its face value the conflicting testimony of foreigners as to American traits, will, he says, "be a candidate for the lunatic asylum."

Yet the testimony is too amusing to be neglected and some of it is far too important to be ignored. Mr. John Graham Brooks, after long familiarity with these foreign opinions of America, has gathered some of the most representative of them into a delightful and stimulating volume entitled *As Others See Us*. There one may find examples of what the foreigner has seen, or imagined he has seen, during his sojourn in America, and what he has said about it afterwards. Mr. Brooks is too charitable to our visitors to quote the most fantastic and highly coloured of these observations; but what remains is sufficiently bizarre.

His summary of the characteristic American qualities and defects is plainly based on wide reading and observation and has the merit of concreteness. He cites many good instances. Beginning with the American physique he recalls the familiar comparison that the American "leans forward" and the Englishman "leans back." Then comes the British view of American "smartness" and vulgar curiosity. The latter quality Professor Perry traces back to the natural interest of pioneers in any newcomer.

That curiosity concerning strangers which so much irritated Dickens and Mrs. Trollope was natural to the children of Western emigrants, to whom the difference between Sioux and Pawnee had once meant life or death. "What's your business, stranger, in these parts?" was instinctive, because it had once been a vital question. That it degenerated into mere inquisitiveness is true enough; just as the "acuteness," "awareness," essential to the existence of one generation becomes only "cuteness," the typical tin-pedlar's habit of mind in the generation following.

As to our provincialism as expressed in the famous question, "What have we got to do with abroad?" he remarks that after all in the most serious crises of our political history we could not profit from European experience, but had to muddle through as best we might. But there is no use in denying the vices born of isolation—the lack of a sense of proportion, the over-confidence, braggadocio, recklessness, national vanity, and he does not minimise them. The bragging which Dickens burlesqued sprang from "sectional fidelity."

The settlement of "Eden" may be precisely

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what Dickens drew it; a miasmatic mudhole. Yet we who are interested in the new town do not intend, as the popular phrase has it, to give ourselves away."

Oratorical buncombe and sophistry have had a disastrous effect on many occasions in our history.

Throughout wide extended regions of the country, and particularly in the South and West, the "orator" grew to be, in the popular mind, the normal representative of intellectual ability. Words, rather than things, climbed into the saddle.

Our journals though gaining in public spirit remain for the most part "unscrupulous in attack, sophistical, and passionate." The magazines are pitched in a hysterical key and even a President of the United States calls people liars. As to the national recklessness he sees it in all fields from finance to philosophy.

Emerson will "plunge" on a new idea as serenely as any stock-gambler ever "plunged" in Wall Street, and a pretty school-teacher will tell you that she has become an advocate of the "New Thought" as complacently as an old financier will boast of having bought Calumet and Hecla when it was selling at 2.5. (Perhaps the school teacher may get as good a bargain. I cannot say.)

Another characteristic of us is our "radicalism," as shown in our readiness to found new religions, philosophies and socialistic communities, but this is no more remarkable than our "conservatism" as shown in our political development. Professor Perry takes refuge in the phrase—

There is, in fact, conservatism in our blood and radicalism in our brains, and now one and now the other rules.

Then there is our individualism, and "finally, and surely not the least notable of American traits, is public spirit."

This discussion as well as the other chapters of the book owes its interest to the writer's ready command of illustration and anecdote. He can always find a good "case in point."

Thus as to the romantic imagination—

I have never known a more truly romantic figure than a certain tin-pedlar in Connecticut, who, in response to the question, "Do you do a good business?" made this perfectly Stevensonian reply: "Well, I make a living selling crockery and tinware, but my *business* is the propagation of truth."

C. F. Jones.

III

Mr. Galsworthy's "Inn of Tranquillity"*

It is hard to believe that Mr. John Galsworthy was labouring under any abnormal nervous excitement when he wrote these soft-toned little papers. No one would guess from them that he belonged to that rare class of men of whom Dr. Holmes has said that their heads steamed while they worked. Yet in one of these very papers Mr. Galsworthy tells us that unless his spirit is extravagantly stirred and his emotions are unduly excited he never feels inclined to write, that when he does write he is always a little abnormal and that his comfortable and normal self never has brought forth and never will bring forth fruits meet for publication. The candour of this acknowledgment is the more remarkable because Mr. Galsworthy manifestly takes a low view of his own achievements, for his pride might naturally have sought a refuge in the stout assertion that he dashed things off. Ever since Pope's sneer at his enemies for their slow and painful literary execution, writers have liked to assure each other that their own withers are unwrung—especially when they are privately aware that they have not yet set the Thames afire. As to the public, it would never do to let them hear the dismal groans of many a literary workshop.

There is candour also in what Mr. Galsworthy says of the class to which he belongs—

the producers, season by season, of so many "remarkable" works of fiction—for though, when we take up the "remarkable" works of our fellows, we "really cannot read them!" the press and the advertisements of our publishers tell us that they *are* "remarkable."

He says that he and the others go round in a vicious circle valuing only "praise" and "bread" and caring little about the

*The Inn of Tranquillity. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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quality of either. The first book often has something in it, and a generous press declares that it shows promise. Then the rush begins and one book follows another, "warmed up variations, like those dressed remains of last night's dinner which are served for lunch." And in this immoral manner they run on.

Here and there among us is a genius, here and there a man of exceptional stability who trains himself in spite of all the forces working for his destruction. But those who do not publish until they can express, and do not express until they have something worth expressing, are so rare that they can be counted on the fingers of three or perhaps four hands; mercifully, we all—or nearly all—believe ourselves of that company.

Then he goes on to say that the public is a "mechanical and helpless consumer" at the mercy of him and his kind and that it is in no wise to blame for devouring what is set before it. And the press is equally guiltless for the same reason, being also mechanical and helpless, and the critics are as bad as the authors themselves, having "been to no school, passed no test of fitness, received no certificate."

Nor is the Publisher to blame; for the Publisher will publish what is set before him. It is true that if he published no books on commission he would deserve the praise of the State, but it is quite unreasonable for us to expect him to deserve the praise of the State, since it is we who supply him with these books and incite him to publish them. We cannot, therefore, lay the blame on the Publisher.

We must lay the blame where it clearly should be laid, on ourselves. We ourselves create the demand for bad and false fiction. Very many of us have private means; for such there is no excuse. Very many of us have none; for such, once started on this journey of fiction, there is much, often tragic, excuse—the less reason then for not having trained ourselves before setting out on our way. There is no getting out of it; the fault is ours. If we will not put ourselves when we are young; if we must rush into print before we can spell; if we will not repress our natural desires and walk before we run; if we will not learn at least what not to do—we shall go on wandering through the forest, singing our foolish songs.

And since we cannot train ourselves except by writing, let us write, and burn what we write, then shall we soon stop writing, or produce what we need not burn!

For as things are now, without compass, without map, we set out into the twilight forest of fiction; without path, without track—and we never emerge.

Yes, with the French writer, we must say: *"Et nous jongleurs inutiles, frivoles joueurs de luth!"* . . .

This is not the sort of confession that we might have expected from a novelist of Mr. Galsworthy's merits. It is more like what we might have expected from a certain American "best seller"—and did not get; for when he disclosed his mind in a magazine some years ago he seemed on the other hand rather proud and happy. But of course we have always known that the thing goes by contraries—the good artists tormenting themselves because they are not better, and the bad ones happy as larks—and Mr. Galsworthy's gloom over his own work is altogether natural. It simply means that it falls short of his aspirations. But he has no right to assume that any such qualms are felt by popular writers generally. His view of them as consciously guilty persons sinking lower as their sales expand is fantastic. Popular novelists seldom feel remorse. On the contrary they are innocently cheerful. And by what criterion shall they pursue this writing and burning process which Mr. Galsworthy counsels? Suppose Mr. Hall Caine had said to himself some fifteen years ago, Henceforth—I will burn all that in my heart of hearts I feel to be false and bad in my novels. Does any one suppose he would have burnt anything? And if, as Mr. Galsworthy says, nearly all the popular novelists believe they are also the best novelists, it seems rather foolish to ask them to climb to the heights on which they believe they are standing already. Indeed the more one ponders the passage above quoted the more one's head spins. It seems to boil down into blaming popular novelists for writing only popular novels, which is like rebuking hens for laying only eggs. It reveals Mr. Galsworthy as a most candid and honourable but utterly unreasonable person, as writers of his gifts generally are

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when they set out to blame those who have none.

But there is no pretence of having thought things out in these brief papers which will be valued chiefly for their sincerity and their fidelity to the author's mood. One of his most frequent moods is that of sympathy with the under dog. His mind is fairly haunted with hopeless cases and apparently goes on looking for more. He blames himself for them, wherever it is possible as a member of society. There is no unity in subject or design in this collection of sketches, episodes, impressions, memories and bits of literary criticism—but a certain degree of unity is imparted by the cadence of his somewhat plaintive style. He disposes easily of that foolish sneer about "taking one's self too seriously," and is indeed the last person to whom the phrase would apply. But he plainly is not made for any sort of irresponsible laughter at men and things and an occasional burst of it in this volume would not come amiss.

In his misnamed "Platitudes on the Drama" he effectively answers a good many critics of the contemporary stage and makes a strong defence of his own ideals. The course which he commends to the serious playwright is:

> To set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, but *not distorted,* by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favour, or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. . . . It was once said of Shakespeare that he had never done any good to any one and never would. This, unfortunately, could not, in the sense in which the word "good" was then meant, be said of most modern dramatists. In truth, the good that Shakespeare did to humanity was of a remote, and shall we say, eternal nature; something of the good that men get from having the sky and the sea to look at. And this partly because he was, in his greater plays, free from the habit of drawing a distorted moral. Now, the playwright who supplies to the public the facts of life distorted by the moral which it expects, does so that he may do the public what he considers an immediate good, by fortifying its prejudices; and the dramatist who supplies to the public facts distorted by his own advanced morality, does so because he considers that he will at once benefit the public by substituting for its worn-out ethics his own. In both cases the advantage the dramatist hopes to confer on the public is immediate and practical.

Though the same thing has often been said in a different way these many years and may be found in the germ in Aristotle, it is not the sort of platitudes with which we can afford to dispense. If play-reviewers had taken it to heart it might not have changed their verdicts, but it would at least have made their occupation seem more rational these past twenty years. Dramatic criticism for the most part consists in the public assertion of a wrong reason for a private taste. Another remark of his calls to mind a long and dreary line of play-reviewers—

> It [the word "pessimist"] has been applied, among others, to Euripides, to Shakespeare, to Ibsen; it will be applied to many in the future. Nothing, however, is more dubious than the way in which these two words "pessimist" and "optimist" are used; for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be, and the pessimist one who cannot only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully. . . . In the whole range of the social fabric there are only two impartial persons, the scientist and the artist, and under the latter heading such dramatist as desire to write not only for to-day but for to-morrow, must strive to come.

E. B. French.

IV

H. Noel Williams's "The Love Affairs of the Condés"*

Of late many gossipy exploitations of *cherchez la femme* have enlivened biography — especially French biography. (The materials, one supposes, have been more accessible than in smugger England!) They make animated reading. But the chief service of such spicy books is to clothe the dry bones of a dead past. Even the great exploits of warriors, sages, kings, and diplomats fall upon somewhat dulled and listless ears. If history retains a man's name at all, one

*The Love Affairs of the Condés. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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expects it will be by reason of such deeds. But his smaller exploits humanise him for us. There can be no doubt that the picture of a long-dead man or woman stands out more boldly in relief from the presence of the other sex in the background. Such a background is to the chatty historian what crimson velvet drapery was to the eighteenth century portrait painter. The difference is that while the earlier drapery defied the laws of nature and of man, the later background is strictly in accordance with both. It defies at the most but the law of decorum—which, in any internal sense, one discovers more and more by the light of these same biographies to be the most modern of terms.

Not the least of the pleasures such books afford is that of seeing how neatly each writer will leap his thin ice or how closely he will head into the prevailing wind. In dangerous places Mr. Williams has a footing as deft and confident as Mr. Gribble, but he is scarcely as venturesome. He does not seek to outdo Blondin. At the same time he is not as fertile in illuminating suggestions. His manner is rather to explore whatever by-paths open to his view than to flash a glancing head-light upon them as he passes on the main quest.

No prince of the blood, says Mr. Williams, could have made a more modest début at the court than the first of the Condés. Diminutive and soberly dressed, he was laughed at by the gorgeous butterflies of both sexes who adorned the salons of Henry II. His wife brought him little wealth and influence, but amidst the brave band of Huguenot ladies who inspired their disheartened co-religionists there is no figure more noble and attractive. Nevertheless, she failed to subdue her husband's taste for gallantry, and Brantôme writes that "he loved other people's wives as much as his own."

At the early death of her eldest son, the King (just in time to remit the sentence of death passed by him upon Condé) Catherine de Medici at once assumed a quasi-absolute authority. Calvinism, intolerant and deliberately provoking persecution, was becoming as much a political as a religious organisation; and she found herself unable to persuade the two religions to dwell together in even a pretence of harmony. She tried to do so, however, by legalising Protestant worship outside the walls of towns; and the exultant Huguenots in return for blood shed by the Catholics plunged France into the most horrible civil war of modern times. At the end of it, the intractable theologians, exasperated at Condé's preferring patriotism to theology, accused him of having yielded to the seductions of Catherine's court.

The queen-mother's earlier austerity had, indeed, given way before political exigencies; and she had long been exploiting without scruple the pretty faces that she had gathered together from the noble young girls of all France. Her squadron, says Mr. Williams, had often demonstrated its peculiar value; and she found it convenient to ignore vices that stood her in such good stead. This insidious warfare she now began to wage against the Huguenot chiefs. By this means she had already seduced Condé's elder brother, Navarre; and her fair agent had become the gentle instrument of his actual as well as his theological destruction. By the end of the civil war the queen-mother, at first believing in the ultimate success of the Huguenots, had become convinced that they were the weaker party of the two and that it would be inexpedient to alienate the Catholics. She saw that she could re-establish unity in her kingdom only by the ruin of Protestantism, and her first step was naturally to discredit Condé.

One of her maids of honour, Isabelle de Limeuil, had already made a favourable impression on the inflammable prince and was a universally successful siren. Having already a nice appreciation of the commercial value of her charms, too, she lent herself very readily to Catherine's plans. Inspired by the queen-mother, she began to employ all her persuasions to induce Condé to break with England, and finally succeeded—much assisted thereto by the impossible and arrogant demands of Queen Elizabeth. Whereupon the zealots of his party accused him of "swimming betwixt two waters," especially as his private life

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was very far from according with the austere religion he professed. By this time, indeed, many other complaisant beauties of the court had demonstrated their willingness to meet the gallant though diminutive prince a good deal more than half way. One of these ladies even had the zeal to attempt to wean the prince from Isabelle by offering his youthful son one of the greatest fortunes of France at the hand of her daughter. Geneva, still more scandalised by the prospect of this family affair, was nevertheless not desirous of excommunicating a man with whom the party could not possibly dispense, and merely remonstrated with studious moderation. Catherine, taking advantage of each new complication in the amorous comedy, continued to be a little blind to a passion which was literally binding her enemy hand and foot. Finally Isabelle herself precipitated the rupture. She gave birth to a boy, of whom she at once declared Condé to be the father.

Catherine, still a stickler for outward decorum, was beside herself with indignation. She found it easy to listen to grave accusations against the faithful maid of honour who had thus, as it were, been wounded in her majesty's service, and expelled her to a convent. After many sprightly ramifications which one regretfully passes over, the prince succeeded in locating her and finally in getting her under his roof—his devoted wife having in the meanwhile conveniently died. But, indeed, Catherine had deliberately thrown the two together again, with a view to Isabelle's being as successful as the other maid-of-honour had been with his brother Navarre. The wiser of the now thoroughly scandalised Huguenots counselled trust in time, since affairs of this sort are more frequently nourished than overcome by opposition.

They were right in discerning that free opportunity leads to satiety and satiety to lassitude. For Isabelle, soon perceiving that he had not the slightest intention of regularising their connection, began to weary him with reproaches. Soon the Protestants received the penitent with open arms and set to work to procure him a second wife. Catherine had to put up with the reconciliation, but at least frustrated an alliance with the Guises. The new princess of Condé proved almost as estimable as the first yet, wisely determining to strike while the iron was hot, she insisted that the prince demand back from Isabelle all the presents he had bestowed upon her. Isabelle flew into a violent passion, but being obliged to do so, sent word to the princess that if a certain nobleman had treated her mother in the same way that lady would now be altogether without trinkets. Condé, sharing the thick skin of the majority of his contemporaries, was probably not much ashamed of himself—though public opinion loudly declared that the young lady had honestly earned her presents. But he died none the less heroically, for all that.

Space does not permit even a brief recital of the love affairs of Henri I, his eldest son, or of Henri II, or of the Great Condé (whose heart was more fiercely disputed by the ladies of the Court than his ancestors had been) or of the fifth Prince of Condé Henri-Jules, or of the last Condé, Monsieur le Duc. But the court and factions under Louis XV were not so greatly different from the days of Catherine, and love kept on playing, as it always does, ducks and drakes with political projects.

André Théry.

V

Duffield Osborne's "Engraved Gems"*

Irrespective of its authoritative value, this imposing and voluminous monograph by Mr. Duffield Osborne might profitably be taken as a model of form by writers of special treatises, because of its happy blending of hard, dry facts with a certain lighter element of more general human interest, a deft appeal to the imagination, which as a rule is a trick more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon, and contributes so largely to the greater readableness of books of science that come to us from France. *Engraved Gems* belongs primarily to the class of works written for collectors, ac-

*Engraved Gems. Signets, Talismans and Ornamental Intaglios, Ancient and Modern. By Duffield Osborne. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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tual or potential; and collecting, whether its object be butterflies or postage-stamps, or bits of exquisitely carved stone, is in last analysis at best a hobby and at worst a monomania; and whenever a man begins to talk to you about a hobby that you do not happen to share, the chances are a hundred to one that he will end by boring you.

Mr. Osborne happens to represent the hundredth case; and the explanation is to be found in the place he himself occupies in his own subdivision of collectors of antique intaglios. There are, he says, three well-defined classes: the students of antiquarian lore, who find in these carved gems of classic and preclassic times, precious clues to manners and customs, details of dress and armour and the style of wearing the hair; miniature reproductions of statues and temples that have since perished, names of artists otherwise forgotten, and now and then confirmation of historic dates and happenings. Secondly, there are those who collect merely for the pleasure of collecting, and whose only useful service is that of preserving gems which would otherwise be scattered and perhaps lost, and placing them within reach of serious students. And lastly there are the romantic collectors,—and this is the class to which we must assign Mr. Osborne, without denying him the right to be included also in the first class—the collectors whose chief pleasure in engraved gems lies, not in the delicacy of their art nor in their archæological value, but in the halo of romance that gathers around them, the possibility that their one-time possessors may have been men who swayed the ancient world with their prowess or their wisdom, or women who swayed it with their wiles and their beauty.

"I wonder," says Mr. Osborne, "what a man's feelings would be could he become the owner of the signet of Julius Cæsar,—that famous stone engraved with a Venus Victrix, his patron goddess? Very probably it is still in existence somewhere, perhaps unrecognised in some collection, for we know nothing of it beyond the device and the certainty that it was a work of the best art. Perhaps to-morrow the plough may turn it up."

That the collecting of engraved gems,—by which Mr. Osborne means intaglios, since the cameo was a post-classical development,—was a practice dignified by antiquity, he hastens to remind us in his preface. Scaurus, it seems, the step-son of Sulla, is the earliest collector of whom we have record. Mithridates, the great king of Pontus, had a collection which his conqueror, Pompey, seized and consecrated in the Capitol. Julius Cæsar himself made no fewer than six, all of which he offered to his patron goddess, Venus Victrix. And this same gentle pastime, which found favour with the great and wealthy of classic days, continued to be followed by princes of the Church and State, in mediæval and modern times. Many a Humanist Pope were ardent collectors; and so was more than one head of the House of the Medici. Lorenzo the Magnificent was a most discerning collector. And it is told that Michael Angelo went into ecstasies over a head of Minerva, obtained by Benvenuto Cellini from some workmen digging in a vineyard. The list of royal collectors includes rude Hapsburg emperors and suave Italian despots; no less than three kings of France, namely, Charles IX, Henry IV and Louis XIV; Catherine II of Russia founded the famous Russian collection, and Frederick the Great largely enriched the one begun by the "Great Elector." "Even poor bucolic George IV," concludes Mr. Osborne with indulgent irony, "felt called upon to join the ranks of an army of whose aims he knew little and with whose enthusiasm he could have had but the most perfunctory sympathy."

The natural effect of a pastime which had become almost a prerogative of princes was, first, to send the prices soaring, to create an inflated and well-nigh prohibitive value for gems, the supply of which at best was limited; and secondly, to place a premium upon fraud; because the wealth, vanity and archæological ignorance of most of the royal patrons of this branch of art united in offering one of the best possible markets to the skilled counterfeiter. Then suddenly the bubble burst in a collapse as spectacular as any to be found in the annals of collecting. The end came

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when the much vaunted collection of Prince Poniatowski was offered for sale in London, in 1839. "What had happened," says Mr. Osborne parenthetically, "was what always happens when a sane taste degenerates into a mere collecting mania." The collection in question was built up by Prince Poniatowski upon the basis of one hundred and fifty-four gems inherited from his uncle, Stanislaus, the last king of Poland,—most of them of undoubted antiquity, and some of them numbering among the finest known specimens of the art, as, for instance, the female head by Diskorides, formerly held to be intended for Io. To these one hundred and fifty-four gems, the Prince added nearly three thousand more, which were made, so the story runs, by his order, by Roman gem cutters, the subjects being either their own conceptions, or those of the Prince, of pictures from classic history or mythology. The stones used were for the most part oriental sards, amethysts and crystals of fine quality, and for the most part of considerable size. "There is absolutely no suggestion of antiquity in the melodramatic flamboyancy of these compositions and the supposition that the Prince himself was deceived is inconceivable." Neither is there the least evidence that he intended to reap any profit from the deception, since none of these gems was offered for sale during his lifetime; and the only explanation that Mr. Osborne can offer is that Prince Poniatowski had become an unbalanced monomaniac. He died in Florence in 1833; and when the collection was offered for sale six years later, the effect of the scandal was so disastrous upon the prices that even the famous *Io,* which a few years earlier would easily have fetched a thousand pounds, was marked down to seventeen. The whole business of gem collecting was discredited; and with the loss of influential patronage, the profits of the counterfeiter at once fell off, and he soon abandoned a useless trade.

All this leads Mr. Osborne to give much sensible advice to amateur collectors, intended to protect them from the modern imitations which still flood the market. In the first place, he points out that the genuine antique signet was with few exceptions intended for a finger ring, and hence was never of large size. Secondly, the difficulty of cutting the harder stones led to the almost universal use of the softer stones, chalcedony, sard, onyx, etc. The diamond and ruby never occur in any authenticated stone; while the sapphire and amethyst are so rare that the wary collector looks askance at all such specimens; and, although the emerald or *smaragdus* is frequently mentioned by Pliny and other ancient writers among the gems used for signets, it is an open question whether in many cases the classic name *smaragdus* does not designate some other of the numerous semi-precious stones of a green hue. Furthermore, it is a safe rule for the novice to limit his purchases to comparatively low-priced specimens, say from five to six dollars. A little industry in hunting among the curio dealers of Europe will bring him abundant treasures, even at these modest rates; and he may assure himself that in all probability they are authentic, since the cost of labor obliges the modern imitator to place a higher price on his wares. That the industry of counterfeiting is still kept up on a small scale, and that all sorts of curiously ingenious tricks are resorted to, to entrap the unwary, appears from several incidents recorded by Mr. Osborne. He cites, for instance, the case of a lot of ancient unengraved scarabs, found in Cyprus, that were promptly bought up by some dealers, who had them engraved by clever workmen, with a skill amply calculated to deceive even the experienced collector, and subsequently scattered broadcast over Europe. "I know but one forger in Constantinople," he writes further, "a Greek who is reputed to make occasional trips to Asia Minor, where in exchange for genuine finds, he distributes his own work among peasants who bury it, to be dug up for the delectation of missionaries and tourists." Among the many tricks practised by experts to give the worn effect peculiar to the true antique, he mentions the not uncommon practice of forcing the gems down the throat of a turkey, in order to subject them to the slow grinding action of the gizzard. As for the inevitable

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mistakes that the beginner is sure to make, Mr. Osborne advises him to set it down as valuable experience, well worth the price. Furthermore, a few modern specimens are worth having, for the sake of comparative study. And in this connection, he mentions that any collector wishing to possess one or more of the famous Poniatowski frauds can do so for a very modest sum, since a large residue of that collection was placed on sale some years ago in New York City, for the benefit of a certain charitable organisation, and those still unsold may be had at the offices of the society in question.

The foregoing review, however, barely skims the surface of a work that obviously represents the patient and affectionate industry of years. The more serious side of the volume deals with an exhaustive examination of the various kinds of stone used at successive periods by Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Oriental races; the favourite themes, the artists, so far as it is possible to identify them; and the minute details of craftsmanship by which the different periods may be distinguished with reasonable certainty. A number of carefully executed plates, showing representative specimens throughout the entire history of intaglio cutting, suitably rounds out a volume that sheds such a halo of romance over this almost lost art that it will in all probability add numerous recruits to the ranks of collectors of engraved gems.

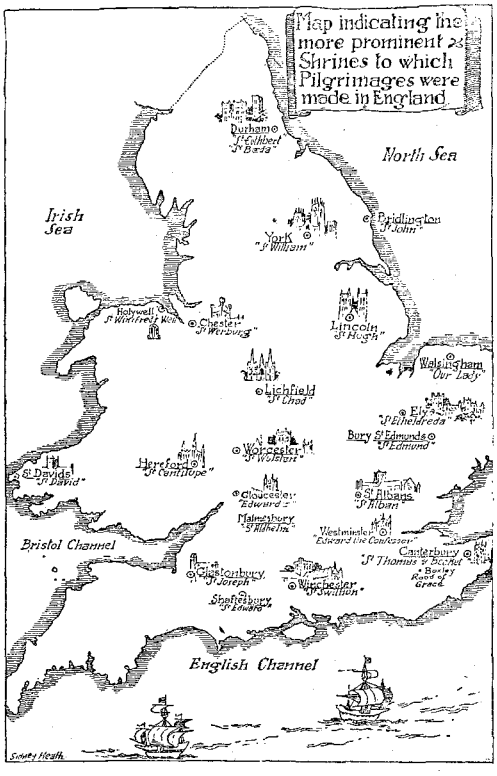
Forbes Turner Colton.

VI-VII

Mr. Sidney Heath's "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages"*

Mr. W. J. Laurence's "The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies"†

Both of these books seek to vivify a dead and gone practice. But in presenting to you the fruits of their research, the former seeks to entertain as well as to instruct; in consequence, what it says is really alive and memorable. The other—showing a more trained and constructive scholarship, though not a wider or more digested reading—is prepared for enlightenment alone. To read the two together is to be impressed once again with the importunate academic disposition to obscure achievement with dulness. "Dry and barren," says Mr. Heath, "are the acres given over to the culture of nothing but proven facts." The student has only himself to thank that this



should be the general opinion. Though he can have nought to do with the merely romantic and legendary, yet—unless he works for the benefit of other antiquaries merely—to make old facts alive again should be equally his endeavour.

Pilgrim Life is a delightful volume. "The idea of the Christian pilgrimage," says the author, "was that the deity exercised a more benevolent influence in some localities than in others." The pilgrim enjoyed, too, particular privileges of a temporal nature. Once the sacred cross was sewn upon him he was above all law

*Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages. By Sidney Heath. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

†The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies. By W. J. Laurence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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save the ecclesiastical. The result was that a pilgrimage was particularly attractive to proscribed criminals and hunted debtors. Also, the old-time pilgrimage was touring and sight-seeing at its best, and thus almost anything proved excuse enough for me. But though an outlet for the *wanderlust,* the church did its best to convert pilgrimage and vagrancy into a regular and honourable profession. With more than a sprinkling of both criminal and pleasure-loving elements, however, it is easy to see that when pilgrimage became the fashion scrip and staff were as frequently assumed for the purpose of committing new sins as doing penance for the old ones. Even if they prayed very hard at the end of the journey, they had a good time on the way.

There was no scarcity of holy relics for them to visit; and all of the relics had by Papal decree the divine gift of self-perpetuation and even self-multiplication. "In the shrine you speak of," said a monk once to a sceptical pilgrim, "is the skull of Saint John when a young man; whereas this in our possession is his skull after fully advanced in years and wisdom." Really astounding is the value the clergy put upon relics, and to secure them no efforts were considered too great and no means too low. Fake relics drove a thriving business, for if the real could not be procured an imitation was infinitely better than none at all. Monasteries proudly exhibited the plume of a phœnix, the tip of Lucifer's tail, the marks on Cain's forehead, a glass containing some of Christ's breath. Yet who can doubt that holy relics proved the inspiration of much that is noblest in ecclesiastical architecture? If science has killed the belief in the efficacy of relics, it has also scotched the great driving force behind the marvellous achievement of mediæval building wherein every stone was a paternoster and each delicate carving an Ave Maria.

The researches of Mr. Laurence in the well-swept field of the Elizabethan playhouse are for the most part in the way of confirming what was already known. But his examination of Lyly's plays in the light of the Court stage they were written for rather than the public playhouses where the other plays of the period were performed, is illuminating. As any new book on such a subject must, it is the smaller details with which he concerns himself. The performance in the popular houses could hardly be prolonged over two hours except in summer, and consequently time had to be rigidly economised there. Action became well-nigh continuous, and act-divisions were indicated rather than realised. Yet intervals of time even at the large houses might be marked off in some way. But at the semi-private roofed houses they played by candlelight, and the performance was about three hours long; and here brief instrumental music might mark intervals of time even between scenes. The stages of the later Elizabethan theatres had several traps, and sometimes they were all in use at once. Consequently the stool-holders on the stage could not have sat about promiscuously. Realism was always attempted in the imitation of natural phenomena. Thunder, lightning, rain, mists, blazing stars, the song of birds, were all presented. Title-boards were often shown upon the stage to indicate the play, for the absence of programmes made it necessary to inform the casual playgoer what play was about to be given. Bills were posted all over the city, it is true, but many came to the Bankside houses attracted at the last moment by the raising of the flag or the preliminary trumpet blasts. There is slender evidence, however, for the use of locality-boards. Besides these details, there are many of interest to the more specialised student of Elizabethan drama.

Ashford Torrey.

VIII

F. Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art"*

It is a curious fact that, as Mr. Weitenkampf remarks in his "Word of Explanation," while "the history of American painting and sculpture has been written more than once in recent years," the only connected and comprehensive account of the reproductive graphic arts in

*American Graphic Art. By F. Weitenkampf. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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this country has been given in German. When, at the end of the last century, the *Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst*, of Vienna, issued its four-volume record of "contemporary reproductive art," the American section was entrusted to the late S. R. Koehler for etching and wood-engraving, and to Mr. Weitenkampf himself for lithography. Even this record was incomplete, however, for it took no account of the beginnings of these arts in America, before 1800; while to-day there is much to add to their later history, as the last decade has been particularly fruitful in the revival of all three media as means of individual artistic expression. Hence there is a distinct place for Mr. Weitenkampf's book, which is an invaluable repository of facts, most conveniently arranged, and will hereafter be found indispensable for all who essay to write, historically or critically, on the same subject or any aspect of it.

In his division of the contents of his volume, Mr. Weitenkampf has allotted two chapters to etching, three to wood-engraving, two to engraving in line and stipple, and one each to mezzotint, aquatint and its congeners, lithography, the illustrators, caricature, the comic paper, the book-plate, and applied graphic art from "business card to poster." Some chapters, under this plan of treatment, are almost entirely historical, like those dealing with line, stipple, and mezzotint engraving, though the first mentioned still has, of course, its commercial uses, and is also employed to some extent in the execution of book-plates and other special work where the engraver is often the designer as well. This is the case with Mr. S. L. Smith, perhaps the best-known practitioner of this nearly obsolete art, which is the less likely to be revived for the reason given by Mr. Weitenkampf, that "the greater difficulty in handling the graver . . . keeps artists from adopting it as a means of original expression as they do the needle or the lithographic crayon." And in this day of process work any method that does not lend itself readily to such expressive purposes is doomed. Whereas, on the other hand, there never was a time so favourable as the present for the resurrection or invention of methods that tend to enhance and accentuate the individuality of the artistic experimenter.

Probably the chapters to which the general reader, as well as the reader closely associated with the graphic arts of to-day on the practical side, will first turn are those, toward the end of the book, on illustration, caricature, and the comic paper. In a way, all these are phases of the one subject—the use of process work in contemporary periodical literature: the monthly or weekly magazine, and the newspaper. And here the author's grouping of contemporary names and his appraisal, however brief and summary, of contemporary talents, will naturally lead to more or less discussion and even cause some dissent. On the whole, however, Mr. Weitenkampf has done his work very well. Certainly it cannot be said that he is lacking in sympathy with the aims of modern illustrators, cartoonists, and advertising draughtsmen —even when their aims are largely commercial—or that he is slow to recognise evidences of genuine talent when it appears in their work. At the same time, though his attitude is marked by an amiable tolerance toward all sorts of pictorial phenomena, he does not allow his good nature to dull his faculty of discrimination, or to blind either himself or his reader to the need of critical standards in this very democratic department of modern American art. His feeling is, on the whole, optimistic, and he notes in general a higher level of technical ability and resourcefulness than has been attained before. And yet he has a grave and wise word to say on the tendency of our illustration "to parade cleverness in place of thoroughness, to dazzle the eye by a display of glittering superficiality."

Of course, omissions are inevitable, but one could wish that just here he had seized the opportunity to indicate the growth of a new spirit of thoroughness in at least one important field, by drawing attention to the work of such a man as Walter Jack Duncan, who, for some time, has been endeavouring, with true scholarly application, to give a sounder basis and a broader extension to the sadly debased art of pen-and-ink. Indeed, pen-and-ink, whose possibilities, properly developed, would render it by

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all means the best and most logical method for general illustration, is rather neglected by Mr. Weitenkampf, or receives from him merely incidental consideration. It is, of course, perfectly true that the modern perfection of mechanical processes has come to make it a matter of small importance from the purely reproductive point of view, how an artist executes his drawing, with the result, as he points out, that the old lines of demarcation between illustrator and illustrator have become largely obliterated. But the fact, nevertheless, remains that there is to-day one style pre-eminently suited to illustrative needs, and this is pen-and-ink. It reproduces more accurately and has a purer typographic quality than any other style; and while clearly it cannot compete with wash, for instance, in representative fulness, and range of tonal effect, still enough of these qualities can be compassed with skill, patience, and practice, to create a satisfactory illusion of reality; while whatever is wanting in sheer literalness is more than compensated for by the suggestive charm of this method.

At present there is little pen-and-ink used except in figure work, where Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has established a sort of convention for all imitators. Departing from this, in the attempt to create more of a background or a fuller effect of atmosphere, these generally fail through a defective understanding of a medium which they have acquired, as it were, ready-made. And this is the trouble with pen-and-ink, the real reason why its manifold advantages have been turned to so little account of late, but have been allowed to go to seed in the single figure and in the quick sketch transferred with little essential change from the newspaper and comic weekly to the magazine and even the book. It is hard to become a first-rate pen-and-ink artist. The process requires close study and long preliminary practice, during the early stages of which the work of the artist is likely to appear somewhat hard and "tight," and therefore unpleasing to art editors who, for the most part, encourage cleverness rather than sound methods of procedure. And even after the pen-draughtsman has attained a certain position and a certain measure of success, he still finds that he runs the risk of putting more work into his drawings than he is likely to be paid for. This was the reason assigned by one of the most accomplished and conscientious men in this field—Mr. Frederic Gruger—for abandoning pen-and-ink entirely and taking up wash. A word on this subject from Mr. Weitenkampf, where he had so excellent an opportunity, would have been of considerable service in the effort which is here and there being made to-day to bring about a return to saner standards in the art of American illustration, and to secure a better position for the individual illustrator as artist.

Cleveland Palmer.

IX

Dr. William H. Allen's "Modern Philanthropy"*

"The mouth of a gift-horse," says Dr. Allen, "may spread glanders or cholera." Thus whether the princely giving of Americans is a national resource or national drain is a matter of momentous concern. The science of giving is absolutely undeveloped, and there has been very little effort to discover the laws of its effectiveness. As Americans will in the next ten years give away twenty-four billions of money, any book which seeks to discuss this question intelligently is of the utmost value. This book consists of a tabulation of five thousand begging letters received by Mrs. Harriman and the conclusions based thereon by the author.

Made possible by so unique an opportunity and so eminently worth doing in itself, it is unfortunate that the book should not have been better organised. Chaotic in spite of much paraphernalia of orderliness, it often fails even to be clear. The reader, too, is wearied and confused with merely documentary detail from which no conclusions can be drawn. But it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the material here presented, both in the way of the letters and the deductions from them.

The former, as Mrs. Harriman writes in a simple and sincere foreword, throw new light upon time-worn customs and

*Modern Philanthropy. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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ideas; and show that unless man gives systematically as well as sympathetically, his gifts will fail to benefit receiver or giver, or any one else. Furthermore, they show that charities of many sorts must be considered from the point of view of government responsibility rather than individual bounty. Health work, for instance, passed long ago beyond the possibilities of private philanthropies. The rich man's mail demonstrates that modern sanitary regulations are widely unknown, and the enforcement of them would be of more value than the endowment of private laboratories for researching the diseases which still remain unconquered. Indeed, nothing needs scientific researching more than the vast sums now spent privately in acquiring disserviceable facts rather than in finding out how to use more efficiently the facts already known. Besides, to give away money on the basis of investigation, thoughtful inquiry, and clear vision of results and alternatives, is a task beyond the capacity of the individual. In the business of giving away money wisely all government agencies must be harnessed.

As might be expected, a book containing references to five thousand begging letters is warm and quick with human interest and humour. But Dr. Allen's own human interest and humour are exceptionally eager, and his observation owes less to its width of opportunity than to its keenness. He wonders, for instance, if the whole history of religion would not have been different had churches not blithely incurred debts they should have avoided. He wonders why charity organisations must be poor bookkeepers and poor truth-tellers—why people devoting their lives to social service should have so little natural and wholesome social spirit themselves—why people should think that Red Cross stamps are a substitute for a tuberculosis campaign—why organisations devote more time to exploiting old givers than to finding new ones—why it should be fancied that standardising tests for appeals and gifts should rob giving of its humanitarian qualities any more than standardising grammar robs writing of its individuality. Everybody, he says, overlooks the social cost of the time and energy withdrawn from the real work in order to raise money; and any arrangement to do away with this great waste is of incalculable value. Givers, too, have a right to full information as to the destination of all their money: few exposures of public men have been more uncomfortable and astounding than would be the publication of the facts of the use by religious and charitable organisations of money donated.

Particularly important and illuminating is the attention Dr. Allen bestows upon sentimentality in giving. Just as studying and eradicating tropical diseases is no nobler in the name of abstract science than of business houses whose dividends will grow as these diseases are eradicated, so philanthropic enterprises are not diluted because they are combined with commerce. What some people urge for philanthropic reasons, others urge for business reasons; and we can never be sure of clean milk until somebody finds out that it pays. Similarly, Dr. Allen has no tolerance for the vagrant giver. When the president of a billion dollar corporation gives one thousand dollars after one look at the bread line, he is just as much of a vagrant giver as anybody in that line is a vagrant beggar. Much good may proceed from the former just as much good may reside in the latter, but to give without knowing results harms giver and beggar and the neighbours of both. Efforts to abolish vagrant begging have been largely ineffective, because we have not attacked the vagrant giving. Ill-considered giving to organisations is just as harmful and reprehensible as street-giving. The best way to convert the vagrant giver is to confront him with so many attractive alternatives that he will have more satisfactory ways of spending his money than on people he knows nothing about and for stories he has not tested. No benevolent cause should be at the mercy of the accidental interplay of personal equations, especially as the experience of generations proves that success in collecting money has almost no relation to the soundness of the cause or the ability to present the facts of the situation.

Graham Berry.

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DAWN ON THE BOOKSHELF

Children's Books of 1912—In Two Parts—Part I

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

IT used to be a horn-book or sampler, with possibly a wood-engraving of some moral maxim turned to picture. But now! Now misty morn upon the mountain tops is not more radiant as to colour, more delicate in variety, nor does it more completely overlook the whole round world, than is and does the children's crowded bookshelf. The staid magnificence and necessary importance of the full day may not be here, but oh, the fun and frolic of the dawn, the fairy rings left shining in the dew-hung grass, the elfin music of the opening flowers!

The distracted parent, standing between a houseful of children on one side and a worldful of "juveniles" on the other, seeking harmonious combination of the two without too great an expenditure of time and money, may well sigh for the twilight before dawn, when choice was of the simplest. And the childless, turning over these gay and sumptuous volumes at the book-seller's, braving out their hapless state as best they may, can murmur at the extravagances of a spoiled generation, crying aloud that this beauty of type and binding, these exquisite illustrations and sweet imaginings are lost on "a lot of kids."

But are they? When, in all the years to come, is a new and lovely book, full of mystery and enchantment, peopled with the portraits of dwarfs and princesses such as an artist and a child are alone capable of conceiving, when is it or anything else received with so rapturous a welcome as on those early Christmases of candle-lighted tree and bulging stocking? No beauty, no true imagination, no fine development of Once Upon a Time was ever wasted on a child.

It is not the publishers' fault if any child is kept from his rightful inheritance of fairyland. Each season sees a rebirth of the classics in splendid new dress, of Hans Andersen, Laboulaye, Perrault, the Brothers Grimm and others of the noble company who have passed on after delighting the child world with stories unbelievably good. And sees, too, fresh wonder-tales and fairy doings quite as fascinating, work of new story-tellers on whom the ancient spell has fallen.

Half-a-dozen of Eugene Field's tenderest stories have been gathered into a charming volume under the title *Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse* (New York: Harper and Brothers). A fairy story is a story of a certain quality, not necessarily directly introducing the little people themselves, and this quality is strong in Field's work; a shimmer of fairy light pervades them. What could be more adorable than the story of the youth of Santa Claus, or the account of the Coming of the Prince? And the touching fancifulness of the tale of the little mauve mouse has been reached but seldom by any writer. As for Miss Florence Storer's picture of the mouse at its dance, that alone would make Christmas worth while; her illustrations both in colour and black and white go hand in hand with Field's own fancy, even touching on that hint of tears of which he was master, and that sets a last seal of beauty on a Christmas story.

Don wanted a brother for his Christmas present; a big one, with teeth and hair, capable of playing with garter snakes. Just what the gold-fish had to do with the matter is told by Julian Street in a deliciously amusing little story precisely the right length to read before bedtime (*The Goldfish.* By Julian Street. Illustrated by Eugenie Wireman. New York: John Lane Company). One does suspect the wicked cat, but, in spite of her, many a jolly chuckle rolls out of the book from the moment the covers are opened till you close them again.

Wonderland has many entrances, and Gertrude Knevels has discovered a new

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one in *The Wonderful Bed* (illustrated by Emily Hall Chamberlain. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company). Once within, one meets such things as the Angry Warming Pan, and sails in the "Merry Mouser," with its crew of pirate cats; and this is only the beginning! Another amazing country has been found by L. Frank Baum, that bold pioneer in the land of Oz. This new place is *Sky Island* (illustrated by John R. Neill. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company), and the book that tells about it is so crowded with fun and pictures, with extraordinary adventures and even more extraordinary creatures, that the boy or girl who gets it will find a whole winter none too short for its enjoyment.

Children, like ourselves, form habits in their likings. That's why they delight in having the same story told over and over. Better yet, they love to have the same characters go on into new stories. The live dolls have long been favourites with them, and this year the things that happen, the gnomes and fairies they meet, the old nursery familiars with whom they mingle, make splendid reading. Mrs. Gates has the true story-telling gift, and no child is mistaken in her (*The Live Dolls in Wonderland.* By Josephine Scribner Gates. Illustrated by Virginia Keep. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company).

Think of an afternoon spent with the Lost Grocer! And then open Mr. Robinson's big fine book and take a look at him; there he is, delectable, with his adventures thick about him. And he is only an item in *Bill the Minder.* Bill himself, who is cousin-germain to *Peter Pan* and *Alice in Wonderland*, leading on undaunted from one marvel to another. Child or grownup, the book will fascinate you, text and illustrations intermingling into one long delicious fancy that would make the longest and wettest rainy day a blessing to the most restless (*Bill the Minder.* Written and illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. New York: Henry Holt and Company).

Two books that the harassed mother, with the plea, "Please tell me a story" ringing in her ears, will find to be treasures for her need, are *Story Telling Time* and *Behind Dark Pines.* The former is full of short tales on all sorts of subjects, from fairies to "true" stories, collected from many sources, and the latter is kin to Brer' Rabbit, being the tales of an old Southern mammy charmingly set down by one of her charges (*Story Telling Time.* Compiled by Frances Weld Danielson. Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood, F. Liley-Young and Nana French Bickford. New York: The Pilgrim Press. *Behind Dark Pines.* By Martha Young. Illustrated by J. M. Condé. New York: D. Appleton and Company).

Very perfect, but more for their elders than the untouched hearts of children, is Richard Le Gallienne's beautiful book, *The Maker of Rainbows* (illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. New York: Harper and Brothers). In these stories the shadow of world-sadness mingles with the bright light of fancy, and into their fairy fabric is woven the darker thread bitterly spun from experience. The stories are as carefully wrought as the golden-filigree necklace of a queen, but daisy chains better become a child; keep this book for yourself; you will be glad of it, for the sake of Miss Green's exquisite pictures as well as for Le Gallienne's delicate art.

Close kin to the fairy are the folk stories, those lovely tales told while the world still seemed to man a fairyland and the dawn lay over all. John Harrington Cox has collected a number of these ancient explanations of the mystery and strangeness of life from many countries (*Folk Tales of East and West.* By John Harrington Cox. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). He retells these stories with something of the rare simplicity of diction that makes so greatly for the charm of the originals; and whether the source is old French or Dutch or Saxon, whether Chaucer or the Apocrypha supply the original tale, some flavour of their peculiar character remains. A few of these stories have never been put into print before, having come through the whispering ages by word of mouth.

As it happens, Mr. Cox did not go to Russia for any of his stories, but what of that when there is a whole volume of Russian *Skazki* in Post Wheeler's splendid collection (*Russian Wonder Tales.*

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Collected and translated by Post Wheeler. Illustrated by Bilibin. New York: The Century Company). There is a wonderful quality to the Russian imagination, and this finds full expression in these stories, told through the generations by peasant to peasant in their snow-bound huts, and by nurses to their charges in the palaces of the aristocrats. The pictures in colour by Bilibin are remarkably beautiful; his work in this direction has made him famous all over Russia.

From the north comes another book of folk stories. From Finnish runes and sagas, from adventures of many kinds, told and sung of in the long, monotonous metre that somehow fitted with the interminable winter, Mr. Baldwin has woven his tale of *The Sampo* (*The Sampo*. By James Baldwin. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). Heroes and fairies, witches and mermaids, with adventures bold and gay and manly, make the book a treat from cover to cover. Mr. Baldwin has not hesitated to let his own fancy embroider where it would upon the ancient imaginings; but the warp and woof is Norse.

The Old Testament contains some of the great wonder stories of the world, and these Dean Hodges has been retelling for young people in a fine prose, and with intense recognition of the romance and colour, as well as the deep humanity, of the episodes (*The Castle of Zion*. By George Hodges. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). The splendour and mightiness of the original has been retained, while much that might weary a child has been left out.

The step from fairies and magicians to knights and round tables is easily taken by children; it is a step, moreover, that often opens for them the gate of history. Not a boy but has longed for the age of chivalry and wished to win his spurs in a suit of armour. Mr. Holland has managed to get at least one such boy back where he longed to be, something in the fashion of Kipling's *Puck o' Pook's Hill*. An amulet of jade is this lad's *vade mecum*. By its means he steps right into a circle of knights, and goes forth turn about with each one of them after adventure; he finds it in plenty, meeting in the course of it with Lancelot, Arthur, Robin Hood and many another gallant of the days gone by. It is a book to set a boy's heart dancing (*The Knights of the Golden Spur*. By Rupert Hughes Holland. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. New York: The Century Company).

Speaking of Robin Hood, we have him too in a fine new dress fashioned by Louis Rhead (*Bold Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band*. Text and pictures by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper and Brothers). Mr. Rhead has gone straight to the old ballads for his matter, and has kept his prose to their straightforward, simple style; kept, too, the hero worship, the outdoor spirit, the gallant, boy-like heart that dominates the story of bold Robin. There will be tears shed over the last page, where Robin dies, and speaks his brave words at dying; but who would want to miss such tears from his life?

Swift did not write his masterpiece for children. It is the children who have inherited it, however, taking sometime or other the joyous journeys to Lilliput and Brobdingnag and the land of Houyhnhnms with the intrepid Gulliver. Two editions, each full of good pictures—and no story ever better lent itself to an artist's fancy—are waiting for admiration Christmas morning (*Gulliver's Travels*. Edited by Anna Tweed. Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. *Gulliver's Voyages*. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated by P. A. Staynes. New York: Henry Holt and Company).

Before story-telling time the picture season opens, but it lasts right on through, and is never entirely outgrown. Cecil Alden's delectable drawings of energetic pups, so alive you can almost hear them bark, belong to everybody, old and young, though ostensibly created for little folk who cannot spell as yet. To be sure, there is a story running along beside the dogs in a kind of jovial verse that looks like prose and really is neither, but the pictures are quite capable of telling everything without assistance. He has two new books this season (*Merry and Bright* and *TheMongrel Puppy Book*. By Cecil Alden. New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

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Rose O'Neill did a happy thing for picture land when she discovered the Kewpies and drew their portraits in a nice big book, telling, too, of their many delightful doings in a kind of Brownie verse. They are a bewitching little people, and certainly most à propos in their appearances, always proceeding to make things hum for Dottie just when the world looks bluest (*The Kewpies and Dottie Darling*. Verse and pictures by Rose O'Neill. New York: George H. Doran Company).

Another queer people of the picture world is the race of Peek-a-Boos, so magnificently drawn and coloured on huge oblong pages, and so occupied with delightful amusements, including the driving of the donkiest of donkeys and the eating of the most delicious-looking plumcake with their tea (*The Peek-a-Boos at Play*. By Chloë Preston. New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

With his *Bullet Book* Peter Newell struck something new, and this year's *Rocket Book* (New York: Harper and Brothers) is fully as amusing, with one astonished group after another pictured as the raging rocket flies up from the basement, where the janitor's "bad kid" set it off, through each flat above, working hideous damage in its course. Then it is so nice to be able to stick a little finger through the real hole left by the rocket—let them all do it, baby too.

As a finish to all these odd pictures and fanciful actions, there is a huge book full of the loveliest drawings in the most delicate colouring of many baby beasts (*The Book of Baby Beasts*. Pictures by E. J. Detmold. Description by Florence Dugdale. New York: Hodder and Stoughton). In truth to life and beauty of tint and line, these pictures suggest Japanese art, and it seems a pity to shut them within the covers of a book, even one so sumptuously beautiful as this. The child who gets this book must be a very good child indeed. It cannot be smudged up like the *Peek-a-Boos* or the *Kewpies*, for instance. But, then, beauty is often said to be a trial to its owner!

One wonders how Jessie Wilcox Smith has so long kept from making illustrations for that old favourite, "The Night Before Christmas," and all the more now that she has made them (*'Twas the Night Before Christmas*. By Clement C. Moore. Boston: Hougton Mifflin Company). The poem really seems almost to have turned into pictures under her hands. On the other hand, there appears to be no earthly reason for rewriting the poems of Longfellow in prose, pictures or no pictures. Surely there is nothing too obscure in his flowing verse for childhood's comprehension (*The Children's Longfellow*. Stories from the Poet's Works told by Alice Massey. Illustrated by E. S. Farmer. New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

One is glad, however, to see a reprint of that quaint little story, *Mrs. Leicester's School*, with its faint, delightful old English flavour, its old-fashioned youth. The illustrations, in Kate Greenaway style, are thoroughly appropriate, and it comes into the hurlyburly of our life today like the sweet tinkling of a spinet (*Mrs. Leicester's School*. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Winifred Green. London: J. M. Dent and Company).

Another story good to have with us is Arthur Sherburne Hardy's touchingly lovely *Aurélie*, told so delightfully by the wooden soldier to Antoine. Miss Green has made some perfect pictures to go with the text. Perhaps it is not precisely a children's story, yet children will love it, and in its present form it makes a particularly charming present (*Aurélie*. By Arthur Shelburne Hardy. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. New York: Harper and Brothers).

A handful of stories for children of any age, stories that concern actual childhood, and that are told with much feeling and skill, each in a book of its own, may fit in nicely at the end of our folk and fairy, and adventure of knight and magician article. One of these tells about a little tenement girl who sails away with her mother to an imaginary garden where nice and wonderful things happen to her; a garden that presently ceases to be imaginary (*Princess Rags and Tatters*. By Harriet T. Comstock. Illustrated by E. R. Lee Thaver. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). And another is the story of two little Maine children who spend a city Christ-

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mas with some friends, and find it a great deal of fun (*Their City Christmas.* By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). Then comes a fascinating Norwegian boy every child will be the better and jollier for knowing, and whom countless little boys and girls in Norway do know well (*Johnny Blossom.* By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson. Illustrated by F. Liley-Young. New York: The Pilgrim Press). Quite another sort of boy, but mighty taking all the same, appears in James Otis's stories of several newsboys who live in New York, and who have a number of adventures, and finally the great adventure of becoming prosperous (*Wanted, and Other Stories.* By James Otis. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers).

Stevenson's Vailima prayers have become classics. One doubts the same of this collection of prayers for children, in the form of verse; but they are pretty and simple, and many people are going to like them (*Prayers for Little Men and Women.* By "John Martin." Illustrated by John Rae. New York: Harper and Brothers).

A combination book and game is to be found in Wells's *Floor Games,* where a number of lovely games that must be played on a floor are carefully described and enthusiastically advocated. It is a good book, and children will like it, and like the games (*Floor Games.* By H. G. Wells. Illustrated with photographs by the author and marginal drawings by J. R. Sinclair. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company).

And now forward to books for boys and girls who have got past the fairy-tale age, and want stories that tell lives and doings like their own. School stories and Western stories, tales from history and biography, travels on real seas and through authentic countries. They will come back to the fairy stories some day; but these actual tales are good for them when they begin to tackle the realities, and to rub up against other boys and girls.

(*To be concluded*)

A BUDGET OF NOVELS*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

THE veteran dramatic critic, William Winter, once had occasion, in the course of a note concerning some drama, the name of which is forgotten, to speak of a young actor who played the part of the lover about as badly as it could be played. He said of him: "This young man exhibited every attribute of a poker except its occasional warmth." Was the actor so crushed as never to show his face again behind the footlights? Not a bit of it. He took the implied advice to heart and made the poker glow so fiercely that his next venture was a success and the one after that even more so. He became known among his fellows as an actor who was all flame and fire if nothing else. The bitter draught was his salvation.

Something of the same transformation seems to have been the fate of the hero of Mrs. Burnham's story, *The Inner Flame,* which as a story is no better and no worse than many another of the long list of tales, most of them mildly interesting and assuredly full of good example, which have come from this prolific writer in the last twenty or thirty years. The hero with the splendid name of Philip Sidney sees nothing to admire in women for three-quarters of the book. He devotes himself

*The Inner Flame. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Meadowsweet. By Baroness Orczy. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

A Health Unto His Majesty. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Jingo. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Jewel of the Seas. By Jessie Kaufman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Seer. By Perley Poore Sheehan. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Red Button. By Will Irwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

As He Was Born. By Tom Gallon. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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to Eliza, an old woman servant, by far Mrs. Burnham's best character, and strokes his cat with contentment almost to the last. But the stalwart young giant who is shown in the frontispiece breathing defiance to the world of society and listening to the call of Art is evidently made for something exciting, and before all is over he is wildly in love with the beautiful Kathleen and forgets all about his elderly slave and her cat. One of the characters tells us about an old coloured mammy who deplored the failure of her dear but mature mistress to marry. She said to her consolingly: "Never mind, honey, I'se known some old maids who settled down right happy and contented when they stopped strugglin'." When Philip Sidney stopped "strugglin'" against the net that the lovely Kathleen drew about him all was well with both of them. There is nothing in *The Inner Flame* to cause an outward conflagration, no questionable conduct upon the part of any one, no problems that need keep any one awake past midnight. It is a safe story for young people, which is more than can be said of all stories about the imperious call of Art, and it is pleasantly told.

For instance, one of the next books in the list, Baroness Orczy's *Meadowsweet,* has at least one character who ought to have been ashamed of herself. This is the beautiful Lady Jeffries, a lady who, though the adored wife of an honest baronet, allows herself to fall in love with a dashing young naval officer who cares nothing for her. Moreover, when the officer becomes madly enamoured of her ladyship's sister, a girl with the forbidding name of Boadicea, but a jewel for all that, and she returns his love, Lady Jeffries tries her best by lies and other devices to keep the pair forever apart and almost succeeds. Luckily there are plenty of decent folk in the story to help make Lady Jeffries all the blacker. There is a nice old man, Uncle Jasper, usually to be found perched upon the top of a step-ladder in his library studying a book on beetles and who never ventures away from home without a book or a beetle for consultation. There is Cousin Barnaby, a good study of the selfish man who demands ten times the attention and comforts he deserves and gets them; there is Aunt Caroline, who goes through the book wondering why she ever married her husband and is unkind enough to ask the poor man to enlighten her. If there is villainy, there is also some picturesque love-making described with success.

Love-making and lots of it, also with a background of some rascality, makes up the gist of Mr. McCarthy's *A Health Unto His Majesty,* a rattling good tale that is so much like Mr. Charles Major's romances in subject and treatment that one has to look now and then at the title-page to be sure that the author does not hail from Indiana. Curiously enough, Mr. McCarthy's book is about Charles II and Mr. Major's lost romance, *The Touchstone of Fortune,* had also that frivolous personage as protagonist. Mr. McCarthy takes Charles when he was a king of shreds and patches, a penniless outcast in Holland after his defeat by Cromwell. He still has a handful of retainers who live with their prince in a garret and dream of their reward if Charles Stuart ever comes to the throne. To the garret come a brave Englishman, Colonel Lane, and his pretty sister, Jane, who had helped Charles escape from England after his defeat and had fallen in love with him. It is Jane who devises the plot by which the Puritan, General Monk, is enlisted in the royal service, the upshot being the recall of Charles to the English throne. And it is Jane who, when Charles offers to forfeit the throne for her sake, pretends to play him false in order that he may for the time being forget all about pretty faces and apply himself to the stern task of winning a crown. Jane has her reward in seeing her hero upon the throne. If she lived long enough to witness the sad mess that Charles Stuart made of it during the next twenty-five years, she may have seen the folly of her sacrifice.

It may sound ungracious, but one cannot read *The Jingo,* or at least the present reviewer cannot, without the feeling that the many admirers of Mr. Chester's popular tales will deem themselves defrauded. If Mr. Chester can do anything, it is to give us the atmosphere of to-day, as he himself would say, "right off the bat," if that is the proper slang for it. His characters have always been so very modern that they expressed themselves in the slang not of to-day but of to-morrow. Old-fashioned people who happened by mistake to get hold of one of Mr. Chester's books might find its slang as incomprehensible as the expert newspaper reports of the last baseball game are to some of us to-day. His slang being ultra-modern, so were his people. They were all men and women, most of them young, who lived at a rapid pace in the liveliest place they could find. Such being the case, what will his readers say upon opening *The Jingo,* the scene

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of which is laid in the mythical island of Isola? To this island, nowhere on the map, comes a young American named Jimmy Smith, thrown there by shipwreck, the only outsider who ever reached the shores of Isola alive. He is found and nursed back to life by the lovely princess Bezzanna, whom Jimmy soon learns to call Betsy-Ann. The people of Isola are idealists of prehistoric calibre. Jimmy teaches them the beauties of such modern things as trousers, electricity, sewing machines, soap, matches, and especially American slang, which he describes to them as the modern improvement upon a dead language known as English. There was peace and prosperity on Isola before Jimmy came to bring such things as stock speculation and panics. It takes Jimmy nearly four hundred pages to demoralise Isola and Betsy-Ann. Forty pages of such fantastic fooling might prove mildly amusing, but four hundred! . . .

Miss Jessie Kaufman's first long story, *A Jewel of the Seas,* has a capital background in Hawaii, a country she knows and loves. As a story this is a slight affair, but the characters have vitality and they talk well. One of these characters is once asked if it is better to have half a pie or an imagination and decides in favor of the pie. Miss Kaufman evidently was not of this opinion, and chose an imagination. Nothing less than an imagination could have made her kill a rival after the manner described on page 207. The man found his sweetheart sitting under a cocoanut tree with the hated rival. He whipped out his pistol, but instead of shooting the man, he shot into the tree above him. It was at least ninety feet high, but so accurate was his aim that the nut he brought down hit his victim on the head, killing him instantly. The lover was acquitted: a verdict of accidental death was returned. There is an arch rascal in *The Jewel of the Seas,* a splendid gambler who sails the seas in a luxurious yacht used for swindling purposes. Assisted by a former vaudeville actress of beauty and charm the gambler hoodwinks the simple folk of the island, who swallow his tales of royalty with amazing appetite and sails away with his plunder.

Mr. Perley Poore Sheehan must have been reading Hauptmann's *The Fool in Christ* when he conceived *The Seer.* There is the same sort of atmosphere with, unfortunately, less of the Silesian dramatist's gift of evoking the poetry of fanaticism. The story is told by a young book-agent who in a Southern town meets a wandering revivalist in whom he sees vast possibilities for good. This man, the Seer, is a child of nature with a great heart and one idea—to uplift his fellows. Beginning with a circus tent to which the outcasts of the town are invited, the movement spreads until a new city known as Joytown arises. The Seer's creed is not that of the churches. He denounces all belief in hell. Kindness and Hope are his watchwords. He accomplishes miracles of regeneration and even cures the sick of their ills. Like many saints before him, he suffers martyrdom as his reward for a life of self-sacrifice. Mr. Sheehan just misses having written a big book. The theme is tremendous, many of the episodes are described with power, and the figure of the mystic Seer stands out well. It is a sincere attempt to accomplish something beyond the reach of most men.

The Red Button, by Will Irwin, is a detective story as good as a score of others, all turned out apparently on one model, that have delighted or bored readers in the last few years. This particular red button is found upon a fire-escape outside the window of a room in which a murder has been committed. On the floor above lives a South American woman, an invalid of beauty and mystery. She minds her own business, but she wears shoes with red buttons, and the detective who finds the button on the fire-escape soon discovers that it originally belonged to one of this lady's shoes. All of which goes to show that when you go to murder a gentleman on the floor below, be sure that the buttons on your shoes are sewed on tight.

An amusing little story, cleverly told, is Tom Gallon's *As He Was Born.* The hero, Felix Delany, is a young fellow of convivial habits engaged in getting rid as fast as he can of a small fortune. One evening at a noisy supper that Felix is giving to a lot of boon companions an old gentleman appears. The roysterers think that he has wandered into the house by mistake. They treat him with indignity, toss away his hat and compel him to dance for them. As he leaves his tormentors he announces that he is Felix's uncle and that he will be heard of later. When Felix gets to the end of his rope it is too late to apply to the rich uncle he never saw but on this unfortunate occasion. He is bankrupt, his creditors are legion, the girl he was going to marry breaks the engagement. Felix goes home and takes out a pistol to end it all. A ring at the door ushers in a visitor who announces that the uncle is dead and has left millions to Felix.

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But there is a queer condition. He must consent to be left at midnight in the woods on the outskirts of the town in which the uncle lived sometime within a month after the old gentleman's death. And he must be left there without a stitch of clothing—as he was born. Moreover, he must stay in that town for a month without telling his story to any one. At the end of that time he is to meet the executor at the same time and place to receive his clothes and his inheritance.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
2. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturges & Walton.) $3.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35.
2. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
5. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Hoosac Valley. Niles. (Putnam.) $3.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Honeymoon. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A Prisoner of War in Virginia. Putnam. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings. Sainte-Beuve. (Lamb.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Melting of Molly. Davies. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper) $1.30.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. London Lavender. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. Priscilla's Spies. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Letters of George Meredith. 2 vols. (Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. The Boy's Parkman. Hasbrouck. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Campus Days. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
3. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Three Brontës. Sinclair. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Camp at Sea Duck Cove. Clark. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Forest. Noye. (Ullrich.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

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6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Destroying Angel. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Midlanders. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Hamlet Problem. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
2. Soul and Sex in Education. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Mind Cure and Other Essays. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Texan Star. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
4. The Coming Generation. Forbush. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Twinkle and Chubbins. Bancroft. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Chronicles of the Little Tot. Cooke. (Dodge.) $1.20.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. Both Sides of the Shield. Butt. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts on Bob's Hill. Burton. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. The West Point Series. Malone. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Roger Paulding Series. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.

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DES MOINES, IOWA

Fiction

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Penny Philanthropist. Laughlin. (Revell.) $1.00.
5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Uncle Peter: Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.25.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Pluck on the Long Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. Retrospection. Bancroft. (Bancroft.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Boy Electricians as Detectives. Houston. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Four Corners in Japan. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
3. Tell Me a True Story. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Master of the Oak. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Art of the Musician. Hanchett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Honeymoon. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Story of the Iliad. Church. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Golightlys. North. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. The Lady Doc. Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. 2 vols. Fenollosa. (Stokes.) $10.00.
2. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
3. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) $1.00.
4. The Next Religion. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

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5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Man's World. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
5. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Montessori System. Smith. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. Love's Coming of Age. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
4. Plays. Tchekoff. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Mr. Achilles. Lee. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
5. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. The Montessori System. Smith. (Harper.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Billy's Decision. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Live Dolls in Wonderland. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Yale Book of American Verse. Lounsbury. (Yale Univ. Press.) $2.25.
2. Anson Burlingame. Williams. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. The New Religion. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Red Cross Girl. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. A Hoosier Romance. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Mrs. Lancelot. Hewlett. (Century Co.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

1. Barrack Ballads. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pewee Clinton Plebe. Stevens. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Lieut. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. Mrs. Eli. Olmstead. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. All the Year Round. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Caviare. Richards. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
4. The Flowing Road. Whitney. (Lippincott.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Master of the Oaks. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Thy Rod and Thy Staff. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. The Boy's Parkman. Hasbrouck. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Outpost of Eternity. Hamilton. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Pennsylvania Business Law. Sullivan. (Winston.) $4.00.
2. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Co.) $2.00.
3. Kent Hand Book. Kent. (Wiley.) $5.00.
4. Corporation Accounting and Auditing. Kenlon. (Burrows.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Quarterback Reckless. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Aircraft Boy of Lakeport. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

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6. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) $1.50.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Chatterbox, 1912. (Estes.) $1.25.
3. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Serena and Samantha. Hallett. (Sherman, French.) $1.25.
5. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
2. Historic Summer Haunts. Bullard. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Sanctuary. Peterson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Punky Dunks. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. The Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton. $1.40.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. Boy Scouts of Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Wind Before Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Polly of Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Junior Partner. Woolley. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Honeymoon. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
2. Culture of Personality. Randell. (Caldwell.) $1.50.
3. The Loss of the S. S. "Titanic." Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. South Africa. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery (Page.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder.) $2.50.
2. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
3. A California Troubadour. Urmy. (Robertson.) $2.00.
4. Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Fairy Tales. Grimm. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small.) $1.35.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. Fenellosa. (Stokes.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Seashore Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. C Q: or In the Wireless House. Train. (Century Co.) $1.20.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) $1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Marcia of the Little Home. Blake. (Appleton.) $1.20.
3. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Good Indian. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Sunshine Sketches. Leacock. (Bell & Cockburn.) $1.25.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Henry Frowde.) $1.25.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.30.
6. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. The Inner Flame. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn.) $1.25.
5. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand & McNally.) $1.35.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Literary Hearthstones of Dixie. Pickett. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Lessons in Truth. Gady. (Unity Tract Society.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Phoebe and Ernest and Cupid. Gillmore. (Holt.) $1.35.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Tempting of Tavernake. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland. Bullard. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any list			receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	281
2. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30	219
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30	210
4. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25	142
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner) $1.30	100
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40	65

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